TRANSACTIONS & REPORTS
OF THE
NEBRASKA
STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL. I.

Edited by Robert W. Furnas

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TRANSACTIONS AND REPORTS

OF THE

NEBRASKA

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, Jan. 1st, 1885.

To the Hon. James W. Dawes, Governor of Nebraska:

SIR—In accordance with the requirements of "An act to aid and encourage the Nebraska State Historical Society," approved February 27th, 1883, I hereby submit this the first report of said organization.

Very respectfully,

ROBT. W. FURNAS,

President.

PREFACE.

The preparation of this first report of the Nebraska State Historical Society for publication, while entered upon with much interest and pleasure, has been surrounded with many disadvantageous conditions. Principal among which has been want of time, owing to other pressing duties, since the work came into my hands. The Secretary left the state a year or more ago. Since then I have performed the duties of both President and Secretary. The books and papers of the Society came into my hands in a confused condition, requiring much time to digest and arrange. While not as much as I desired has been accomplished, I feel that a good work has been commenced, and now can be followed up under more favorable conditions.

I find it quite difficult to obtain existing desirable data and matter by correspondence. To be entirely successful requires personal visits and attention. This has not been possible heretofore, but will be resorted to more in the future.

In this report, in matter of biographies, I have, with a single exception, confined myself to those early pioneers who have died. The autobiography of Father Hamilton, the oldest of all, is so full of interesting history that I present it in this volume.

I have on file the autobiographies of many of the old and prominent citizens, still living, for future use.

As to future collections and reports, I feel I cannot too strongly urge the people of the state to make contributions. The importance of such work requires no argument. A moment's thought will convince all. Only let thoughts be followed by acts and an invaluable work is easily and quickly accomplished.

ROBT. W. FURNAS,
President.

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS.

ROBT. W. FURNAS, President, Brownville.
J. M. WOOLWORTH, 1st Vice-President, Omaha.
E. S. DUNDY, 2d Vice-President, Omaha.
W. W. WILSON, Treasurer, Lincoln.
SAMUEL AUGHEY, Recording Secretary, Lincoln.
MRS. C. B. COLBY, Corresponding Secretary, Beatrice.

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SILAS GARBER, Red Cloud.
J. STERLING MORTON, Nebraska City.
H. T. CLARKE, Bellevue.
LORENZO CROUNSE, Fort Calhoun.
C. D. WILBER, Wilber.

I.—ORGANIZATION AND PROCEEDINGS.

ORIGIN OF THE NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The present historical society was organized at the time, date, and under circumstances as hereinafter indicated. Some thirty or more days prior to Sept. 25th, 1878, the following circular was signed and generally published in state papers:

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The undersigned, impressed with the importance of collecting and preserving, in particular, such historical material as shall serve to illustrate the settlement and growth of the state of Nebraska, and knowing that much valuable to that end can now be obtained from living tongues and pens of those familiar from organization, and which may be lost by further procrastination, adopt this method of securing the organization of a state historical society. We call on friends of the object in view throughout the state to meet at the Commercial Hotel in the city of Lincoln, on the evening of Wednesday, September twenty-fifth, 1878, for the purpose herein indicated.

ALVIN SAUNDERS.	GEO. L. MILLER.
A. S. PADDOCK.	J. STERLING MORTON.
ROBERT HAWKE.	J. C. LINCOLN.
R. R. LIVINGSTON.	WM. ADAIR.
D. H. WHEELER.	J. L. EDWARDS.
E. LOWE.	ELAM CLARK.
JOHN L. CARSON.	E. B. FAIRFIELD.
SILAS GARBER.	G. C. BARTON.
FRANK WELCH.	E. H. ROGERS.
ROBT. W. FURNAS.	THOS. W. TIPTON.

The above circular letter was obtained by addressing the following letter to the parties:

BROWNVILLE, NEB., Aug. 12th, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR—Feeling, as I presume every citizen of this state does, the necessity for a state historical association, after some consultation with persons in several parts of the state, it is thought advisable to call a meeting at Lincoln on some day of the State Fair to effect the organization of a "state historical society." Would like your views, and, if favorably entertained, to use your name to such call. Please advise me at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

ROBT. W. FURNAS.

In pursuance of this call the following meetings were held, and the organization perfected:

LINCOLN, NEB., Sept. 25th, 1878.

Pursuant to a call heretofore published, the following named gentlemen convened at the Commercial Hotel, Lincoln, Neb.:

Dr. George L. Miller, Chris. Hartman, and J. T. Allan, Douglas county; Gov. Silas Garber and H. S. Kaley, Webster county; S. R. Thompson, T. P. Kennard, W. W. Wilson, and Samuel Aughey, Lancaster county; Rev. J. M. Taggart and J. H. Croxton, Otoe county; C. H. Walker, Franklin county; Hon. L. Crounse and E. N. Grennell, Washington county; Prof. C. D. Wilbur, Saline county; J. Q. Goss, Sarpy county; D. H. Wheeler and Wm. Gilmore, Cass county; O. T. B. Williams, Seward county; L. B. Fifield, Buffalo county; Rev. L. B. W. Shryock and E. Shugart, Gage county; Wm. Adair, Dacotah county; and Robt. W. Furnas, Nemaha county.

Robt. W. Furnas called the meeting to order, and on his nomination Dr. George L. Miller was elected temporary chairman. R. W. Furnas was elected Secretary on motion of D. H. Wheeler.

Dr. Miller on taking the chair delivered a short, appropriate, and pressing address on the importance of forming a historical society, and regretting that it had not been done before.

On motion of S. R. Thompson, the Chair appointed the following gentlemen Committee on Organization: S. R. Thompson, J. Q. Goss, D. H. Wheeler, J. M. Taggart, and Lorenzo Crounse.

The committee in due time made the following report, which was adopted:

Your committee to which was referred the matter of organization,

report favorably, and recommend that the name of the organization be "Nebraska State Historical Society." That the officers be one president, two vice-presidents, treasurer, and secretary. Also a board of five directors. Membership to be elective, upon the payment of a fee and annual assessment to be agreed upon hereafter. Also that committees be appointed on permanent officers and constitution and by-laws.

In compliance with recommendations of the report the Chair appointed the following committees:

On Permanent Officers: T. P. Kennard, Silas Garber, E. N. Grennell, O. T. B. Williams, and C. D. Wilbur.

On Constitution and By-Laws: D. H. Wheeler, J. T. Allan, L. B. W. Shryock, J. H. Croxton, and Samuel Aughey.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to meet at same place tomorrow evening.

GEO. L. MILLER,
Chairman.
ROBT. W. FURNAS,
Secretary.

LINCOLN, NEB., Sept. 26th, 1878.

Pursuant to adjournment the meeting convened with the following additional named gentlemen: H. T. Clark, Sarpy county; J. H. Brown, A. Humphrey, J. H. Ames, John Cadman, and A. G. Hastings, of Lancaster county; J. A. MacMurphy, Cass county; Hiram Craig, Washington county; J. J. Budd, Douglas county; F. J. Hendershot, Thayer county; S. A. Fulton, Richardson county; Theron Nye, Dodge county.

Dr. Miller, chairman, being absent, Gov. Silas Garber was called to the chair.

The Committee on Constitution and By-Laws, through Prof. Aughey, presented a constitution and by-laws, which, after being read in full, were adopted.*

Mr. Kennard, from the Committee on Permanent Officers, reported as follows, which report was adopted, and the officers declared duly elected:

---

*The constitution and by-laws as then adopted, and since amended, will be found in the Appendix to this report.

OFFICERS.

President—Ex-Gov. Robt. W. Furnas, Nemaha county.
First Vice-President—Dr. Geo. L. Miller, Douglas county.
Second Vice-President—Judge E. S. Dundy, Richardson county.
Treasurer—W. W. Wilson, Lancaster county.
Secretary—Prof. Samuel Aughey, Lancaster county.
Corresponding Secretary—D. H. Wheeler, Cass county.
Directors—Gov. Silas Garber, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Prof. C. D. Wilbur, Dr. G. C. Monell, and Hon. Lorenzo Crounse.

The committee recommend that the President and Secretary be *ex-officio* members of the Board of Directors, which by vote was agreed to.

Meeting adjourned to meet again at the same place September 30th next.

SILAS GARBER,
Chairman.
ROBT. W. FURNAS,
Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS.

As the annual and quarterly convocations are mere business meetings it is not deemed important that the details be given in an annual report. The proceedings of the first meeting are presented in full because of its historic character. Of all others a mere summary is presented.

ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 23, 1879.

Met at library hall, University building, Lincoln. Old officers re-elected. Ordered that Recording Secretary perform duties of both corresponding and Recording Secretary. Matter of Historical block was discussed, and W. W. Wilson, H. T. Clark, and O. T. B. Williams appointed a committee to memorialize the legislature to restore said block to the Historical Society. Secretary ordered to publish in pamphlet form 1000, copies of Constitution and By-Laws, also to have

a book-case made to not exceed in cost $16; $20 appropriated to defray incidental expenses of Secretary's office for the year.

Secretary reported that he had corresponded with various individuals in the state with a view to obtain historical matter and data, and had received fair responses. That he had received also historical documents from other state societies. That he had labeled all books and papers received, and properly filed matter obtained in manuscript form. The secretary asked for authority to purchase letter files. Granted. He reported that room could be had in University building free of cost for book-case and other property of the Society. Accepted with thanks.

ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 20TH, 1880.

Met in University chapel, Lincoln. New members elected: Geo. W. Doane, S. G. Owen, L. A. Kent, H. B. Mathewson, John Heth, D. Butler, J. Dougherty, V. Vivquain, and J. M. Woolworth; Rev. Wm. Hamilton was made a life honorary member.

Old officers re elected except J. M. Woolworth, who was elected 1st Vice-President in place of Geo. L. Miller.

The question of Historical block was again brought up, and after discussion a committee consisting of C. O. Whedon, J. M. Woolworth, and J. R. Webster was appointed to examine and report on the legal aspect of the case and to obtain unity of action on the part of the old and dormant "Nebraska Historical and Library Association" and this organization.

Robt. W. Furnas, J. M. Woolworth, H. T. Clarke, J. A. MacMurphy, and S. Aughey, appointed a committee to secure the co-operation of County Historical and Old Settlers' Association with this.

By-Laws of the Society were amended providing for quarterly meetings at such places in the state as might be agreed upon. The first was fixed at Omaha, and Judge Savage invited to deliver an address on the "Discovery of Nebraska."

Secretary allowed $25 for incidental expenses of his office and a salary of $100 for the year 1880.

Secretary reported he had, in compliance with instructions, printed Constitution and By-Laws; that the legislature had been memorialized to restore Historical block, but by efforts of citizens of Lincoln the prayer was not granted; that the old society had commenced legal proceedings to obtain said block; that some historical data had been obtained from individuals and county authorities, and filed. The whole number of books and pamphlets received during the year was 83; of manuscripts, 41; of historical newspapers, 51; of those not yet classified, 75. Total, 250.

The Secretary reported considerable feeling in the state as to the diversion of Historical block by the legislature—taking it from the Society and giving it to the city of Lincoln.

ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 11TH, 1881.

Met at University chapel, Lincoln.

Mr. Woolworth presented the following report from the committee appointed to examine the legal status of Historical block matter:

310 SOUTH 13TH STREET,
OMAHA, July 21st, 1880.

To the State Historical Society:

Your committee, to whom was referred the matter of the block number twenty-nine, in the city of Lincoln, claimed to have been appropriated by the state of Nebraska to the purposes of the State Historical Society, have had the same under advisement and report as follows:

1. By an act of the legislature of the state entitled "An act to provide for the the seat of government of the state of Nebraska, and for the erection of public buildings thereat," approved June 14, 1867, the commissioners for selecting the site for the capital were required to make three plats thereof, on which, among other blocks, were to be laid out "public squares or reservations for public buildings," and these plats were to be made public records by filing them in certain public offices.

2. The commissioners, having selected the present site of Lincoln for the purposes of the act, caused plats thereof to be made, on each of which block twenty-nine was designated as the "State Historical and Library Association Block," and on the legend it was thus referred to—"The following blocks are reserved for public purposes: * * * Block 29, for State Historical Library Association, incorporated August 26th, 1867." These plats were duly filed in pursuance of the act. The commissioners, in their report to the legislature of their doings, specially state that the reservation of a block for the State Historical and Library Association had been made.

3. On the 15th of February, 1869, the legislature passed a joint resolution adopting the plat, with "all reservations of public squares."

4. On the 26th of August, 1867, certain persons procured their incorporation under the general laws of the state "for the purpose of establishing a state historical and library association," and it is understood by your committee that that corporation is still in existence.

5. On the 24th of February, 1875, the legislature passed an act donating this block to the city of Lincoln for the purposes of a market.

6. Your committee, after the most careful consideration, are of the opinion that the state had, before the act of February, 1875, divested itself of all right over this block of land, and that the grant to the city of Lincoln was void. It is not clear to your committee whether the association which became incorporated August 26, 1867, and was referred to in the legend of the plats, is entitled to the block. Your committee recommend the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That a committee be raised composed of three members of this Society, to be appointed by the Chair, to confer with the State Historical and Library Association, incorporated August 26th, 1867, for the purpose of harmonizing and uniting their interests, and in connection with, or apart from, the said Association to institute proper legal proceedings to have the act of the legislature granting block 29, in Lincoln, to that city, declared by the proper judicial courts null and void.

All which is respectfully submitted.

J. M. WOOLWORTH,
J. R. WEBSTER,
CHAS. O. WHEDON,
Committee.

My only criticism on this report is that I hardly wish to admit a doubt of the title of the old incorporation (see page iv., top). In respect to Mr. Woolworth's judgment, I defer to his opinion.

I am in favor of the uniting of the two societies.

J. R. WEBSTER.

Reported also that the old society had revived and put itself in shape to work in harmony with this organization to secure, if possible, the property in question.

J. A. MacMurphy, J. M. Woolworth, Lorenzo Crounse, C. H. Gere, and C. O. Whedon were appointed a committee to draft a bill and ask its passage by the legislature, recognizing this organization as a state institution, requiring the President to report annually to the governor, as other institutions, and the state to print such reports as public documents.

J. M. Woolworth, J. R. Webster, and C. O. Whedon appointed committee on union of the old and this society.

The President announced that he had much valuable historical matter he would present to the Society when it was in condition to care for and preserve it.

Mr. Woolworth gave an outline account of a historical mantel-piece he was constructing in his new building in Omaha.

At this meeting Dr. A. L. Child, of Plattsmouth, read a paper, "Gold at Pike's Peak—Rush for—Stampede." (This address will be found in its place in the Appendix.)

A quarterly meeting was appointed for April, at Nebraska City, and J. Sterling Morton invited to address it. Also, a meeting was provided for at Plattsmouth, in October, the orator to be selected hereafter. No meetings, however, were held at either of these places.

The old officers were all re-elected.

Secretary reported he had sent out 600 of our circulars, 200 of our Constitution and By-Laws, and had written 211 letters; that he has on file 800 books, pamphlets, and manuscripts; that he encounters increased and bitter opposition because of action of Lincoln people and the legislature in the matter of the Historical block.

Dr. Child presented the organization with a copy of "Fremont's First and Second Expedition, 1842–3–4," for which thanks were extended.

Owing to absence of officers there was no annual meeting held in 1882.

ANNUAL MEETING, JANUARY 17TH, 1883.

Met at Commercial Hotel parlor, Lincoln.

Death of Moses Stocking announced. R. W. Furnas, S. Aughey and W. W. Wilson were appointed a committee on resolutions expressive of the feelings of this Society at the loss of Mr. Stocking.

The old officers were re-elected. The office of Recording Secretary was revived, and Mrs. C. B. Colby elected to fill this place.

W. H. Eller was elected a member of the Association.

The Secretary reported now on hand 925 books, pamphlets, and manuscripts.

R. W. Furnas, David Butler, and C. O. Whedon were appointed a committee to again ask the legislature for recognition as a state institution, and for a small appropriation to collect historical data and matter, and to obtain, if possible, a room in the Capitol building for library and other accumulating matter.

An hour was spent in relating reminiscences, participated in by Messrs. Merritt, Allan, Grennell, Wheeler, Clark, Dinsmore, Mullon, Furnas, and others.

The following is the Treasurer's Report, from organization to date:

SYNOPSIS OF REPORTS

For every year since the organization of the State Historical Society.

Year 1879.

To amount fees and dues	$60 00
By amount paid out on order	54 59
Balance	$ 5 41

Year 1880.

Balance, as per report of '79	$ 5 41
To amount fees and dues	64 00
	$69 41
By amount paid out on order	50 80
Balance	$18 61

Year 1881.

To balance on hand as per report of '80	$18 61
To amount fees and dues	24 00
	$42 61
By amount paid out on order	42 00
Balance	$ 61

To the Hon. R. W. Furnas, President of Nebraska State Historical Society:

I have the honor to submit my annual report, as your Treasurer of Nebraska State Historical Society, for the year 1883:

To balance on hand, as per report of '81	$ 61
To amount fees and dues	35 00
To cash received of state treasurer, as per appropriation by legislature	500 00
	$535 61
By cash paid State Journal for letter heads, as per voucher	9 00
Balance on hand	$526 61

Respectfully submitted,

W. W. WILSON,

Treas. Neb. Hist. Society.

LINCOLN, NEB., Jan. 2d, 1884.

This balance is deposited in 1st National Bank, Lincoln, in name of Nebraska State Historical Society, the $500 to draw 3 per cent interest if left for three months or longer.

HISTORIES OF COUNTIES.

We have collected, and have on file, reliable, detailed histories of the following counties, together with many interesting reminiscences connected therewith. These are entirely too voluminous for publication as part of this report. But will form the basis, as valuable data for future historical use and publication.

Antelope county.
Boone county, prepared by S. P. Bollman.
Butler county, prepared by G. L. Brown.
Colfax county, prepared by Wm. Draper.
Clay county, prepared by Dr. M. Clark.
Cuming county, prepared by E. N. Sweet.
Cass county, prepared by A. L. Childs.
Cedar county, prepared by L. E. Jones.
Dixon county, prepared by Ed. Arnold.
Dawson county, prepared by T. J. Jewett.
Dodge county, prepared by L. J. Abbott.
Douglas county, prepared by E. Estabrook.
Dacotah county, prepared by Wm. Adair.
Franklin county, prepared by M. O'Sullivan.
Furnas county, prepared by W. E. Crutcher.
Fillmore county, prepared by W. H. Blaine.
Gage county, prepared by W. H. Somers.
Howard county, prepared by R. Harvey.
Hamilton county, prepared by L. W. Hastings.
Hall county, prepared by Wm. Stolley.
Johnson county, prepared by Andrew Cook.
Knox county, prepared by A. L. Towle.
Lancaster county, prepared by C. H. Gere.
Merrick county, prepared by J. L. Martin.
Madison county, prepared by Judge M'Callum.
Nemaha county, prepared by Robt. W. Furnas.

Otoe county, prepared by J. Sterling Morton.
Polk county, prepared by A. Nance.
Pawnee county, prepared by J. L. Edwards.
Red Willow county, prepared by Royal Buck.
Seward county, prepared by O. T. B. Williams.
Saline county.
Saunders county, prepared by Moses Stocking.
Sarpy county, prepared by S. D. Bangs.
Webster county, prepared by H. S. Kaley.
Washington county.
Wayne county, prepared by R. B. Crawford.
York county, prepared by F. M. Connelly.

II.—PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS IN AND ABOUT OTOE COUNTY.

To James Fitche, of Nebraska City, the Society is indebted for the following recollections, reminiscences, and records. A portion are papers read before the Otoe county Old Settlers' Association, and others as furnished and published in the local newspapers.

The following is a paper read by Mr. Fitche, at an Old Settlers' meeting:

On the 19th of May, 1855, I left Muscatine, Iowa, in company with Mr. John Hays, Mr. Raymer, and Mr. Gates, together with their families, bound for Nebraska. When about half way across the state of Iowa we met families returning, who assured us if we went into the territory we would not get out alive.

Our small party paused to hold a council and the majority were inclined to recede. I was consulted as the senior. My reply was, "'On, Stanley, on,' we are this far, let us see the elephant." Had my family been along, my decision might have been different.

I have always looked on that moment as one upon which hinged our weal or woe; especially when I look around upon the numbers it brought into this place, you would scarcely believe, were it possible for me to enumerate, and all due to my "elephant speech" on the bleak prairies of Iowa.

On the 6th of June, '55, I first put foot on Nebraska soil, guiding the near ox by the horn off the ferry boat at Florence. Oh, how warm, and the river so muddy; it seemed thick enough to make slapjacks. I asked the pilot what made the water so dirty. He said 'twas the last river in creation, and when the Almighty finished all the rest he gathered up all the slops and made the Missouri.

We camped in a ravine where now stands the beautiful and wealthy city of Omaha.

LOOKING FOR SHELTER.

The next day, in company with Mr. Hays, I started for Tekama.

The first night out we experienced a terrible thunder storm, and not a vestige of shelter; not even a glimmer from a shanty to cheer the lonely night. The second day the heat was excessive, and doubly oppressive for want of water. Toward evening we struck a trail leading to timber which we followed, thinking to find water, but not a drop to moisten our parched lips. Upon entering the timber we saw a large tree with a chip taken out, and on close inspection noticed an arrow or finger pointing the direction we came, under which was written, "Four miles to Tekama." To the heart and hand that placed that small though potent inscription there we might attribute the preservation of our lives. It is needless to say we took courage and retraced our steps. About 12 o'clock at night we reached the city, consisting of one tent and two small cabins covered with bark. Here we found Mr. John Young, an old acquaintance, who gave us tea and refreshments which revived us greatly. After a sound sleep and hearty breakfast we each laid claim to a section of land, after which we returned to camp, feeling so rich. Go away with your small eastern lots. I would not take one as a gift. We have never since viewed our possession; for aught we know they have been sold for taxes.

We again hitched up "Buck" and "Berry," and our party recrossed the Muddy, traveled down the Iowa side, and pitched our tents opposite this place. Mr. Hays and myself crossed in a flat-boat. Was kindly received by Mr. John McMecham and family, at whose house good square meals were dished up by a young boy who grew up to be the good man Edward Henry.

AT NEBRASKA CITY

Wending our way up, not Main street, but a ravine where now stands Pinney & Thorp's mill; the hot sun scorching us suggested something to take, and had we known that Wallace Pearman could have slaked our thirst, gladly would we have patronized him, for we were "orful dry."

After viewing for several days the beautiful limpid streams skirted with timber, the undulating prairies dotted all over with choice flowers, and comparing all with the country surrounding Omaha, we concluded to make this our future home. Accordingly, on the first of August I started back to Muscatine, Iowa, for my family, on foot, a distance of over three hundred miles, with a little "grub," a quart canteen, and

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two and one-half dollars in my pocket. On one occasion I traveled six miles out of my way to get a canteen full of water. Two nights, being unable to reach a house, I lay on the prairie with no covering but the starry decked canopy of heaven, with nothing to break the monotony save the buzz of the mosquito, who, like a hungry creditor, insisted on presenting his bill. I made the night short for fear Mr. Wolf would find lawful prey. The only weapon I had was a one bladed knife to sharpen my pencil—the only dangerous weapon I ever carried was when, in our country's need, Col. Ivers, some others, and myself, in order to show the blood of our forefathers and the ambition of our mothers, carried an old rusty musket and drove the Indians into the Rocky Mountains, where Col. Chunington put his foot on them. If my own gun was ever loaded some other person fired it off, or the load is in her yet.

Please excuse the divergence. To resume, I arrived home after about three months' absence, and when nearing my house two little boys seeing me ran in trembling with fright, and said to their mother, "here comes a crazy man."

TO JOHN BOULWARE'S MEMORY.

Soon again I turned westward with my family, and on the 10th day of October, 1855, again set foot in Nebraska, taking up our abode in a most dilapidated shanty situated on Kearney Heights, and known as Christy's college, where we were visited soon after by Mr. John B. Boulware, and on casting his eye around he said, "This will not do, I have a better house near the landing, move into it." And gladly we accepted the proffered kindness. Moving was easy, a few wheelbarrow loads and we were confortably situated in the new quarters. The next day Mrs. Boulware called, and in her we found a friend indeed, only equaled by her husband. The memory of all their kind deeds will ever be cherished by our family, and so far as dollars and cents could repay them, John was remunerated with both principal and interest in after years when he visited us at Camp Creek.

ONLY A PORTION.

Mr. President, these are but the outlines of the initiatory steps over the threshold of Nebraska. I suppose every one here remembers too well their own checkered path. In those days I considered myself a

pretty good carpenter, but unfortunately my tool chest, together with some other things shipped from Muscatine, did not arrive until the following spring. Then the all important question arose as to how I was to support my family, with cruel winter staring me in the face, no tools to work with and no acquaintance with the only firm that kept them. One morning I plucked up courage—did I say courage, not I, for I had none. However, I got to the store by the ground not complying with my foolish wishes to open and swallow me up. What a task for me to ask an entire stranger to trust me for a set of tools. One of the proprietors was pointed out to me, who proved to be Mr. Nuckols, of the firm of Nuckols, Hail & Vandorn. I approached him with a bow and the salutation of the morning, and commenced to tell my story; that I was a carpenter with a large family; then come the tug of war; he surveyed me a moment from head to foot, then said, "do you intend to remain here?" "Yes." It was easily answered for we could not get away. He turned and said, John, let this man have what he wants. That sounded good, and after selecting such things as I stood most in need of, John said, is there anything else? That sounded still better. I have always thought John was the nearest "white" of any man I ever knew, when gathering up my tools. Mr. Nuckolls asked me if I could do a job for Judge Bradford. It was a small one, for which he paid me a five dollar gold piece. Oh! how large it looked. And just here I claim to have made the first window sash by hand that was ever made in this city.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

But, Mr. President, I find neither time nor space will permit giving in detail the vicissitudes of our early days in Nebraska. A trip to Sidney for a little salt, thence to Sonora with a grist of corn, making the trip with oxen, taking several days. Our daughter's marriage to S. B. Davis, being the first wedding in Kearney; the cake being a sad affair—no eggs to be had and flour scarce. Our moving to the claim in mid-winter, with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero, the poverty stricken oxen sticking in a snow bank, two children shivering in the sled, and my hazardous tramp several miles for Mr. F. Simms to help with his team. Then our cabin with its dirt roof leaking for several days after a rain, the occupants sitting up in bed with a bucket

or pan to catch the drops, and after the sleepy holder was drenched with the contents, dozing off, perhaps to dream of shingle roofs and board floors. The trial of having a grist ground at Jamison's mill, which only made six revolutions a week, as the old logs lying around will testify to this day. Necessity being the mother of invention, I made a grater of enormous size, on which we ground our corn, often at the expense of skinning our knuckles; the marks I now carry.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF MINISTERS.

Once a minister came, and after addressing the few settlers, all dispersed without inviting him to dine. Perhaps they all felt like ourselves, too poor and proud to offer the man of God what would hold soul and body together. At all events, I invited him home, all the while pondering over in my mind what we could set before him; the clouds were somewhat removed when I thought of the plate of butter in the root house, which was a great luxury those days. I felt easy until the table was being set, when, alas! vain hopes. Our dog "Trusty," so untrue to his title, had stolen the butter, and sorrowfully we watched the preacher wash down the dry corn bread with the familiar beverage, corn coffee; and that was the last Camp Creek ever saw of Mr. Preacher.

THE OLD COW GONE.

Then the cattle died, the loved cow was long on the lift, and, like a funeral procession, every morning the family gathered around the prostrate form, lifting, steadying, and caressing her, fully impressed that a cow was a good thing in a family where milk was scarce.

In conclusion, Mr. President, you may think, to contrast eighteen years ago with the present, I am going to tell you that I am rich; but I cannot say that. but if we could have been half as comfortable then as now, would have felt rich. I have occupied too much of your time and the half is not told.

SUMMARY.

Well, it gives me pleasure to look around on not only our own children but our grandchildren. I do not like to be profane, but I could live in this healthy Nebraska until I saw the third and fourth generation, for this is my place, here will I stay, for I do love it well.

LETTER FROM S. F. NUCKOLLS.

Read before the Old Settlers' Picnic on June 17, 1874.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
June 10, 1874.

Maj. J. W. Pearman, President Old Settlers' Association:

I thank you kindly for the honor done me in your letter of the 26th ult., in behalf of the Old Settlers' Association of Otoe county, Nebraska, extending to me an invitation to deliver the annual address before your Society at the fourth reunion, to be held this present month.

I would most gladly accept your invitation, but now is the busy mining season, and I have other and pressing duties that prevent, so that I must decline this opportunity of meeting my old friends in Otoe county—the best friends that man ever had.

It was October 1, 1846, when, being just twenty-one years of age, I left my native Virginia and traveled two hundred miles on foot to Wyandotte, on the Ohio river. There I took passage on a steamboat to St. Louis as a deck passenger. I have before me my passage ticket, which read as follows:

STEAMBOAT SWATARA.

Trip No. 4. 1846.

S. F. NUCKOLLS

Paid Deck Passage to St. Louis.

To Wood and Coal.

From St. Louis I made my way by land to what is now called Civil Bend, but which was then known as Hog Thief Bend, about five miles from Nebraska City. On the steamer Swatara I had made the acquaintance of William Lambert, who lived there. When I arrived at his house he told me I could board there gratis, as long as I pleased, if I would help "grit;" as there was no mill in the country and all the corn meal had to be made in that way.

The next day there was a horse race, and as every one present had bets on the race except A. A. Bradford, Deacon Lambert, and the writer, we three were elected judges of the races. Judge Bradford was then county clerk of Atchison county, and he persuaded me to go down with him to Linden, Mo.

In a few days there was a wedding to take place at Mrs. Cornog's in Hog Thief Bend, to which all Linden went, ere the sun was low. But lo! the Methodist circuit rider, who was to tie the knot, did not come because the Tarkio river could not be crossed. The impatient guests arranged with B. M. George, sheriff of that county, to perform the ceremony between Wm. Wells and Miss Cornog. Mrs. Cornog was opposed to this proceeding, but every one else said it was all right; so the ceremony was performed, turkey and pigs eaten, and there was dancing on the puncheon floor of that log cabin "till daylight did appear." Two days thereafter the minister arrived and learned of the circumstance, and insisted that they should be remarried according to the forms of his church, which was duly done.

Judge Bradford, who was prominent at this wedding, some years afterwards was connected with Hon. J. S. Morton, Hon. J. F. Kinney, and Horace H. Harding in inducing Joseph Murphy, of Iowa, to give a grand oyster and champagne supper at the Nuckolls House, Nebraska City. At this social gathering there were present such eminent men as Gov. S. W. Black, A. J. Hopkins, E. A. Des Long, Dr. J. C. Campbell, John B. Boulware, W. R. Craig, Wm. McLennan, Geo. E. Crater, W. R. Sroat, C. H. Cowles, Dr. Wm. Dewey, J. H. Decker, Wilson M. Maddox, Gideon Bennett, Dr. Henry Bradford, H. P. Bennett, Gen. H. P. Downs, N. S. Harding, Thomas Morton, Judge Edward R. Harden, of Georgia, M. W. Riden, Mills S. Reeves, and many others. Hon. J. F. Kinney presided, and, after all the wine in town had been drank, at the expense of Murphy, the following resolutions were introduced by Hon. J. S. Morton, and unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, We are convened here this evening, at the invitation of a distinguished and eminent member of the high and honorable profession of the law—a bright particular star in that firmament of legal erudition, whose effulgence illumines the fertile and magnificent valley of the Missouri river—Joseph Murphy, Esq., of Fremont county, Iowa; therefore, be it

Resolved, 1. That in the intellectual economy of Joseph Murphy are all the elements and acquirements appertaining to the sound, practical, and profound lawyer, the ever reliable, staunch, active, energetic, and sagacious Democrat.

2. That the said Joseph Murphy, for his honesty, integrity, and indomitable industry and sobriety, is peculiarly fitted for a seat upon the supreme bench of the supreme court of Utah, for which place he seems to us *the man*—the man furnished at this crisis in the affairs of that polygamous commonwealth, as Napoleon was to France, by the hand of a never erring destiny.

3. That we earnestly, solicitously, anxiously, and prayerfully petition His Excellency, James Buchanan, the President of the United States, to nominate and, by and with the advice and consent of the United States Senate, confirm our friend and host as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah. And furthermore, be it

Resolved, That we wish Joseph Murphy, Esq., long life, honor, happiness and prosperity in this world; that we thank him for this entertainment; and that when late he may be called to *return* to heaven, his ecstatic psychological essence may evaporate to sing forever and ever beneath the ambrosial palm trees of that viewless world, where the Hesperian oligarchy blooms perennially forever and aye.

A newspaper printed up the river, called the *Bugle*, in 1854, published the following:

The Military Reserve on which Nebraska City is situated has not been publicly abandoned. What assurance have settlers that the War Department will not order the whole Reserve—six miles long, three broad—upon which the pleasant town site of Nebraska City is situated, to be sold to the highest bidder? The public buildings are yet unsold, and the people may at some future day find their happy homes subject to the auctioneer's hammer.

During the fall of the same year the first foot race took place, in which Wilson M. Maddox was beaten by the writer.

In 1855 the first legal "mill" occurred, before Judge E. R. Harden, of Georgia. Hon. O. P. Mason and H. P. Bennett engaged in physical combat, but no blood was shed. The court was much astonished at western habits.

During the same year Hon. J. S. Morton became interested in the Nebraska City *News*. Upon his first arrival with his estimable wife they visited the printing office, then in the second story of the old Block House, in company with the writer, finding Shack Grayson the sole person in charge, who afterwards—owing to his early associations—became a distinguished member of the Mississippi legislature.

In 1856 the proprietors of Nebraska City, fearing that the town of Wyoming would eclipse Nebraska City, concluded to buy that town, and did so, but they did not pay much for it.

Later in the same year Riden & White published the following statement of the stock market:

Nebraska City lots, $50 to $300. No choice ones offered.

Omaha scrip, no inquiry.

Omaha lots, no sales.

Wyoming lots, heavy transfers to capitalists.

Hamilton, ten shares for a brass watch and a little black dog.

Otoe, Gideon Bennett reports that no sales made except to those who will build.

Delaware, no inquiry.

Powhocco, 20 shares for an old blind horse and two Peter Funk watches.

Fairview, 36 shares for a big white dog and an old gun.

Xenia, 50 shares for a gilt watch chain and ten cents *cash*.

Fredonia, 20 shares for a pewter watch and a pair of boots.

Brownville, lots donated to any man who wears store clothes.

Kearney, 7½ miles distant, too high (on the hill).

In January, 1857, the Otoe County Lyceum was established, and the following officers elected:

President—W. R. Craig.

Vice-President—Wm. E. Pardee.

Recording Secretary—Philip K. Reily.

Corresponding Secretary—H. H. Harding.

Librarian—H. M. Giltner.

Treasurer—Francis Bell.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. O. B. Dunning.

Trustees—Joshua Garsiele, M. W. Riden, Henry Bradford, S. F. Nuckolls, M. K. Kay.

In 1858 the great firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell commenced freighting for the government from Nebraska City to Utah, New Mexico, and military posts in the West. During that year they started out 4,000 teamsters, with 3,000 wagons, and over 30,000 head of oxen. Their business was managed by Alexander Majors, Esq., in a manner that gained the admiration of the country and gave the city an impetus in every branch of business.

The writer and other old settlers were invited to go out to camp to see the first train started, upon which occasion Mr. Majors addressed the "Outfit" as follows:

Ox Teamsters: I am a moral and religious man, and feel it my duty as a member of society to carry out and enforce so far as possible a wholesome moral influence; therefore I give every employe one copy of the Holy Bible to defend himself against moral contaminations, and also a pair of Colt's revolvers and a gun to defend yourselves against warlike Indians; and each of you are required to sign a contract to the effect that while in our employ you will not use profane language, nor get drunk, nor gamble, nor treat animals with cruelty, nor interfere with the rights of citizens or Indians; nor do anything ungentlemanly towards

any one; and a violation of this agreement shall make you liable to a discharge and a forfeiture of your wages.

We pay the highest prices that are paid for the services that you are now about to engage in, and your good behavior is a part of the value that we receive for what we pay you.

If it were right to take a man's labor for nothing, which it is not, I would not allow any one of you to travel with one of our trains if you would board and find yourselves and work for nothing, and at the same time violate the rules of propriety just laid down to you.

It is my desire that our firm shall be a means of largely benefiting our employes while they are associated with us. To do this, we must have rules and discipline for your government, which must be obeyed, otherwise there will be confusion, and your standard of morality would be lowered. There are two distinct kinds of influence that affect the children of men—what we call the bad and the good. If men enjoy the genial and wholesome influences desired, they must be practically right in their lives. Otherwise the bad influence will take hold of them.

I desire you, wagon masters, to be kind and gentle and dignified toward the men in your care, and for this your reward will be the respect and gentlemanly deportment of your men toward you.

I want you young men who are placed under these wagon masters to obey them, and shall anything then go wrong they will be held accountable for any blunders. Now, young gentlemen, you will observe by the rules established that I do not require you to sign a temperance pledge, but to keep from getting drunk. I will, however, suggest that the only sure way to keep from getting drunk is not to drink at all.

If I had a weakness of that kind, and a man calling himself my friend invited me to drink, I would consider him more an enemy than a friend. There are some here who may say that they cannot refrain from the habit of swearing. Perhaps you have not thought of what a wicked thing profane swearing is.

Many young men have mistaken notions in regard to this practice. I may think it an accomplishment, while it is a shameful disgrace. It carries with it other evils that you would be ashamed to acknowledge that you were guilty of.

Many say that it is the only bad habit they have—that they hate a liar or a coward. They forget that it is next to impossible to swear without commencing with a lie. The greatest cowards in the world are the most profane and vulgar swearers. No man who calls upon the Almighty to damn his soul means what he says. If he did he would not be guilty of such blasphemy. Now, young gentlemen—you who think that you cannot refrain from swearing—I will now tell you of three positions where it would not be possible for you to swear. I will call with you upon your mother sitting at her center table with the old family Bible on it, and two or three other ladies with her. Could you introduce me to them and wind up with an oath? Not one of you is so degraded as to be guilty of doing so.

I will now go with you to church. We will place three Christian ministers in the pulpit, fill the pews with fathers and mothers with their little curly headed, blue eyed, and rosy cheeked boys and girls. Is there a gentleman among you that could bring out a profane oath with such surroundings? The next situation

in which we will make the test will be in the position in which we are now associated. We are here in our rough costumes, we have the ox yoke, the huge wagon and log chain, and our situation is one that gives us nothing to bolster up or restrain us, but the manhood and remembrance of our good mothers and their advice. Now, young gentlemen, I will say to those who assert that they cannot help swearing I will cease speaking for two minutes, so as to give time for any man who is now present who says that he cannot refrain from swearing to deliver himself from some of those huge oaths. [A pause.]

So now, not one of you seems burdened with a desire to swear. I thank you, young gentlemen, for standing the test, and pray that you may always maintain true integrity and refrain from profane practices. If perchance I meet one of your mothers I pray that she will not say to me that while you were in our employ you lost your good name, and my aim shall be to send you back to your homes with your habits and business qualifications bettered instead of lowered. Now, young gentlemen, in time of peril remember your fathers and mothers who raised you, and the God who sustains you.

And now, Old Settlers,
Farewell. I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love to thee.

F. S. NUCKOLLS.

OTOE COUNTY IN EARLY DAYS

By E. H. Cowles, One of the Oldest Settlers.

Thinking a sketch of the early history of good old Otoe county would be a readable article in your columns and at the same time be appropriate to the times, I will give a few items of the many incidents that fell under my observation at an early day in the organization, settlement, and progress of the territory; more particularly that which refers to the then Pearce, but now Otoe county.

As my books and papers referring to transactions which happened in those days were all burned when my house was burned, I can only speak from memory and approximate as to dates. It should be remembered that this whole country bordering on the Missouri river, including Kansas, was called Nebraska territory, or the Great American Desert, supposed to be an uninhabitable waste; not until about from '50 to '54, during the great California emigration, which passed over nearly every portion of this wild country, was the fact generally known that this vast country possessed agricultural qualities unsurpassed by any portion of our wide-spread country. Stimulated by these facts a few adventurous individuals put a practical test to the productiveness of the soil by planting different kinds of grain and

vegetable seeds, with the happiest results. Conspicuous among these is the name of General Southerland, an exile leader of the Canadian rebellion. His writings and lectures, fortified by his experimental knowledge, contributed no little in kindling the fire of excitement which soon after swept along the other side of the river, until even the women seemed to excel the men in enthusiasm, even the very chickens as they crowed seemed to hurrah for Nebraska.

During the summer of 1853 communications with Indians disclosed the fact that the Kickapoos, half-breed Missouris, Otoes, and Omahas were not only willing but anxious to sell their lands to the government. In order to facilitate business we determined to call a convention to meet at St. Joseph, Mo., during the winters of '53 and '54, for the purpose of memorializing the President and Congress in regard to the necessity of taking early steps to treat with the Indians, organize the territory, and open it up for settlement.

The convention was called, the delegates from this part of the country were: H. P. Bennett, from Glenwood, Iowa; A. A. Bradford and W. McEwen, from Sidney, Iowa; H. P. Downs, from old Fort Kearney, Nebraska; S. F. Nuckolls and C. H. Cowles, from Linden, Mo.

In starting from Linden nothing unusual occurred to disturb our happiness until near Savannah, Mo. Mr. Nuckolls and myself being in a buggy behind the rest, in hurrying up we drove astride a stump which proved a little too high for our buggy tongue, breaking it in several pieces, compelling us to switch off for repairs. But it is better to be born lucky than rich; Mr. Nuckolls having a lumber wagon a short distance behind, which soon came to our relief, taking us in tow for St. Joe, where we landed all right.

The convention being organized the next thing that occurred to interfere with our harmonious action was in the committee room of the committee on resolutions, Charles F. Holley, chairman. We played mock-congress from "dusky eve until early morn," the committee being nearly equally divided on a resolution substantially as follows:

Resolved, That the emigrants in the territory ought to receive the same protection to property that they enjoyed in the states from which they emigrated.

Of course property, in the resolution, meant slaves. We finally *compromised* by agreeing to report nothing on the subject, little dreaming that we were making a small ripple in the tidal wave which was

so soon to sweep over the bloody plains of historic Kansas and finally culminating in a national wide-spread fratricidal strife, forming an epoch in our history both humiliating and degrading to the morality and intelligence of a people possessing all the advantages of a high state of civilization in the nineteenth century. But the convention closed harmoniously with the best feeling over a champagne supper provided by the wide-awake and enterprising citizens of the then village, but now the city of St. Joe. Next morning we all took our leave, McEwen and myself in a buggy, Downs on horseback, (Bradford and Nuckolls going another road on business). Here again I was doomed to more bad luck; just as we were entering a long unsettled prairie we not only broke our buggy-tongue, but an iron axle. Here again we were compelled to switch off for repairs. Downs, seeing our misfortune, said he never forsook a friend in trouble, stuck by and assisted us like a brother until we were fully repaired and on the track again. We could only make headway against the drifting snow and wind by letting down our buggy-top and taking the full benefit of the storm, with the thermometer from 18° to 20° below zero. We stood it however, until we arrived at my home in Lincoln, Mo., a little frost-bitten, otherwise all right. Here we rested a little and partook of such refreshments as the landladies (my wife and her sister, then a young girl, now the widow Jasen) had provided. Excitement being on tip-toe, a goodly number of our friends visited us to hear our report, which we proceeded to give that night over a box of cigars, etc. For the condition of the room and the amount of manual labor necessarily expended on it next day I will refer you to the landladies aforesaid.

The early settlement of Nebraska seemed to be a fixed fact, treaty or no treaty. The objective points for town sites and towns was the first thing to be taken into consideration. In order to get ahead of any one else, one Green, Johnson, and myself agreed to locate forthwith at Table Creek, or old Fort Kearney, as it was then called, but *we* agreed to call it *Nebraska City*, and to build and to take a stock of goods there as soon as navigation opened in the spring, provided we could get the consent of H. P. Downs, a sergeant in the regular army detailed to take care of the military reservation and government property at old Fort Kearney, the fort having been moved to where it now is.

Next morning after the arrangement I started for the purpose of seeing Downs and getting his permission; this was about the first of of February 1854. Not being very well posted in such matters I concluded to go by Sidney, Iowa, and let A. A. Bradford know about the enterprise, for the purpose of getting his advice as to the safety of the movement. So far as the B mile reservation was concerned, Downs was supposed to be monarch of all he surveyed, except the ferry, of which Boulware had enjoyed the exclusive right for many years. Bradford went over with me to see Downs, who cordially received us on our arrival; I think we found Charley Pearce and Charley Bearwagner there. We soon let Downs know our business. He, Downs, proposed that if I would take him in as partner in place of Mr. Johnson, that we would proceed at once to make a show for a town; that seemed to be the only safe course, I agreed to it at once. I went to work forthwith to build a store-house and a dwelling for myself. We were to buy a stock of goods to be shipped as soon as navigation opened. As Mr. Nuckolls was soon to start for St. Louis to buy goods, we agreed to see him for the purpose of getting him to buy our goods for us. For this we agreed to go to Linden the next day; as I had to go by Sidney with Bradford, we were to meet at Austin for dinner. While there we saw Mr. Nuckolls passing, so we all went to Linden together; we told Nuckolls our plans and asked him to buy our goods, which he readily agreed to do without any extra charges, saying that he thought it would pan out well and proposed to make it a third larger and go in with us, which we readily agreed to while at Linden. Nuckolls bought of Downs an undivided half interest in the prospective town site, paying Downs enough to enable him to furnish his quota in buying the goods. This much being arranged the paramount object now was to provide ourselves with customers; for this purpose an early treaty with the Indians became a necessity.

For this purpose runners were sent out to convene the Otoe Nation at a point near the mouth of Platte river, for the purpose of signing a preliminary treaty and to make arrangements for the chiefs to go to Washington. The delegates selected to assist in drafting the preliminary articles of the treaty between the Otoe Nation and the United States of America were H. P. Downs, C. W. Pearce, with Hon. A. A. Bradford as minister plenipotentiary extraordinary, to form alli-

ances, conclude peace, and make treaties. Upon meeting, the Indians eating dog-supper, smoking the pipe of peace, they at once proceeded to business. The necessary papers were soon made out, and signed on the part of the Otoe Nation by Artakeeta, principal chief, and Big Buffalo, White Water, and Kickapoo, chiefs of bands. In order to make the thing effective at Washington the signature of Major Gatewood, the legally appointed agent of the United States, became an imperative necessity which there was no getting over. For that purpose he was sent for (found at Glenwood, Ia.) and his services soon procured. The chiefs were to start for Washington immediately, with Maj. Downs as escort. The programme now was that Downs was to go to Washington with the Indians to assist in the final ratification of the treaty; Nuckolls to St. Louis to buy the goods, and myself to keep making a show for a town, by building my houses, etc. Here matters took a turn which were not as favorable as we desired. The excitement in Congress over the slavery question prevented the ratification of the treaty at an early day as we had expected. Downs wrote from Washington that the Secretary of War had informed him that if the whites settled over here on the Indians' land he should feel that it was his duty to order them off and to remove them by force if necessary. Under this state of facts Mr. Nuckolls very prudently thought it best not to take the risk, and came home (after having waited in St. Louis several weeks) without buying the goods, thus bringing the enterprise to an abrupt termination at least for the time being.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable news a goodly number of us had to move over during the spring of '54 and commenced a permanent settlement. Having completed my buildings, and being out of employment, I concluded to take the risk alone, and in June started for St. Louis in company with Messrs. S. F. Nuckolls, Columbus Nuckolls, and Mr. Hall, Mr. Nuckolls rendering me every needed assistance in buying and shipping my goods, which were safely landed about opposite where the elevator now stands. I soon had my goods in position to accommodate my customers, nearly all of whom were Indians. I had not been in operation long before sure enough as had been expected Major Hepner, the newly appointed agent, received instructions to order all the whites to leave this side of the river. This of course was a little trying on me, as all that I had was hourly in danger of being confiscated.

To make the situation more critical and alarming, the Indians having become in possession of the facts and taking advantage of them, they soon formed themselves into a war party and came upon us, painted in a manner most hideous to behold, frightening men, women, and children, ostensibly for the purpose of driving us from their land, but the real object was to levy a tribute upon the inhabitants. In this they were successful, as many of the old settlers can testify, to the tune of from five to forty dollars. But the order from the War Department was to go. Major Hepner requested us to call a mass meeting and pass resolutions that we would go and he would send them on with his report. This was done in order to stay proceedings, thinking that before Major Hepner could make his report, and the War Department learn the real state of facts (which were that we didn't intend to go) that the treaty would probably be ratified, and the territory opened up for settlement. Fortunately in this our hopes were well founded.

HISTORICAL LETTERS FROM FATHER DE SMET.

The following letters were written by Father De Smet, a Roman Catholic Missionary among the Northern Indians in a very early day. One was written to the St. Louis Historical Society, and the other to A. D. Jones, Secretary of the Old Settlers' Association of Omaha. They are valuable historical data:

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, December 9, 1867.

Mr. N. Ranney, Secretary of the Historical Society of St. Louis:

DEAR SIR—I received your kind favor of the 5th instant. Your kind invitation of the 16th ult. I intended to answer by attending your meeting of the Historical Society of St. Louis, on the 7th; this being Saturday, I was much occupied at St. Francis Xavier's Church, and I regret I was unable to accomplish my desire on this occasion.

The question of locality which has arisen about old Fort Atkinson, or Council Bluffs, built in 1819, I think I can answer satisfactorily. During the years 1838 and 1839 I resided opposite what is now called the city of Omaha. In 1839 I stood on the bluff on which the old fort was built in 1819; some rubbish and remains of the old fort were still visible, and some remaining roots of asparagus were still growing

in the old garden. Fort Atkinson was located where now stands the town of Fort Calhoun, Nebraska territory, about sixteen miles, in a a straight line, above the city of Omaha, and forty miles by river; Mr. Cabanne's trading post was ten miles, by land, above where now stands Omaha city. Manual Kisa had a trading post one mile above Cabanne's. I met Captains Joseph and John La Barge, and proposed the question of the former site of Fort Atkinson, in order to test the accuracy of my memory, and they confirmed it in every particular.

Most respectfully, dear sir, your humble servant,

P. J. De SMET, S. J.

St. Louis University, December 26, 1867.

Mr. A. D. Jones, Secretary Old Settlers' Association, Omaha, Nebraska:

Dear Sir—My absence from St. Louis has delayed my answer. You have the kindness to inform me that we are still entitled to a reserve of land, on which the old mission house and grave-yard were located in New Council Bluffs. All I could learn on the subject is: several years after the last missionary among the Pottawatomies left that location he was applied to by the Catholic bishop of Dubuque, and ceded to him all the right to the mission claim. How the bishop has acted upon this cession in his favor I have never been informed. I would feel obliged to you to obtain further information on this subject.

To the best of my own personal knowledge, and assisted by Capt. Joseph La Barge, the old explorer of the Missouri river, I will here answer your various queries: First. "Where was old Fort Calhoun located?" Fort Calhoun was never located; it took the name of Fort Atkinson, which was built on the very spot where the council was held by Lewis and Clarke, and was the highest and first military post above the mouth of Nebraska river. Second. "Where was old Fort Crogan?" After the evacuation of Fort Atkinson or Calhoun, either in 1827 or 1828, or thereabouts, the troops came down and made winter quarters on Cow Island—Captain La Barge states it was called Camp Crogran. The next spring the flood disturbed soldiers and they came down and established Fort Leavenworth. Col. Leavenworth was commandant at the breaking up of Fort Atkinson. Third. "There is an earthen remain of fortifications on the east bank of Omaha; do you know who built or occupied it?" The remains alluded to must be the site of the old trading post of Mr. Heart.

When it was in existence the Missouri river ran up to the trading post. In 1832 the river left it, and since that time it goes by the name of "Heart's Cut-Off," having a large lake above Council Bluffs city. Fourth. "Do you know of either soldiers or Indians ever having resided on the Omaha plateau?" I do not know. A noted trader by the name of T. B. Roye had a trading post from 1825 till 1828, established on the Omaha plateau, and may be the first white man who built the first cabin on the beautiful plateau where now stands the flourishing city of Omaha. I cannot call to memory the signification of the word Omaha.

My time is much occupied at present. Should I find later any point worthy of communication in reference to our old mission, the New Council Bluffs, the early history of Omaha and Nebraska, I shall take great pleasure in forwarding it to you.

Very respectfully, dear sir,

your humble servant,

P. J. De SMET, S. J.

FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN NEBRASKA.

The following correspondence relating to the first white child born in Nebraska was published in the *Omaha Herald* at dates indicated therein:

Brownville, Neb., January 29, 1880.

Dr. Geo. L. Miller, Omaha:

Dear Sir—The enclosed letter I have just received. Being of a historical character, I hand it to you for publication, hoping by that means Mr. Harnois may be able to obtain desired information.

I would ask, too, that any one being able to communicate any facts, would do so either through *The Herald* or direct to me, as President of the State Historical Society, that we may have them for file.

As Father Hamilton, now of the Omaha Indian agency, was, in an early day, connected officially with the Indian tribes named, he will be more likely to know of the matter referred to than any other person. Send him a copy of *The Herald* containing this correspondence, "marked," please. Yours,

ROBERT W. FURNAS.

The letter of Mr. Harnois is as follows:

St. Joseph, Mo., January 23, 1880.

R. W. Furnas, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I have for quite a while past thought I would write you inquiring who were the first whites (of whom you have any knowledge) born in your State. My father, Mr. Peter Harnois, thinks that my sister, Mrs. Rosa Knight, of this city, has the honor, she being born in 1842, November 11th, and I in 1844, November 12th. My father at the time was a government blacksmith and was working for the Pawnee Indians. Think he worked for them five years, and five years for the Otoes and Omahas. My father and mother are both living and are here, have lived here over thirty years.

Very respectfully
your obedient servant,
JOHN HARNOIS.

Brownville, Neb., February 2, 1880.

Dr. George L. Miller:

Relating further to the question, "Who was the first white child born in Nebraska?" I have received the following letter from Father Hamilton, which I hand you for publication. Yours,

ROBT. W. FURNAS.

Omaha Mission, Neb., February 13, 1880.

R. W. Furnas, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Your favor was duly received, but in the pressure of matters relating to the mission school, was forgotten, till I accidentally picked up a fragment of the *Omaha Herald* (sent to Susette La Flesche), containing your letter and Mr. Harnois' letter also.

I answered a similar inquiry some years ago, when Judge Kinney, of Nebraska City, thought a child of his, born while on the way to Salt Lake, in 1833, was the first white child born in Nebraska.

I came to the Iowa mission at or near Highland in 1837 (Dec. 29), Mr. and Mrs. Irvin came out in the spring and met in St. Louis. Rev. Mr. Dunbar and Samuel Alice, who had spent some time with the Pawnees and had gone that far east to meet their future companions in labor, returned to the Pawnee mission on the Platte river that same spring of 1837. I do not know how many children

these men had. Mr. Alice had four grown up and still living as far as I know, and some I think died. Mr. Dunbar I think had several, one not long since in Topeka, Kansas, John B., I think professor in some institution there. He could give more definite information as to the time of their several births.

But these were *not the first* born in what is now Nebraska. Rev. Moses Merril was missionary to the Otoes, Mr. Irvin thinks, for about ten years. He died near Bellevue, I think about the time Mr. John Harnois thinks his sister was born. Mr. Merril had been laboring many years among the Otoes before Mr. Irvin and myself come to the Iowas. I saw an account of a missionary meeting in Maine a few years ago, at which a Mrs. Merril made some remarks, an aged lady, and I have no doubt his companion in labor among the Otoes. They must have gone there in '32, '33, or '34, I think not later. I never saw them. Mr. Irvin did, and said they had several children.

I think a family by the name of Chase lived there about the same time. In the winter of '37 and '38 I met a gentleman who had been among the Poncas (it may have been the year following), who spoke of a missionary who was appointed to the Poncas, but resided some distance this side of their village with his wife.

Rev. Edmund M. Kinney went to Bellevue in 1846. I went there in 1853.

If any one wishes the honor of being the first white child born in Nebraska he will have to search records about 10 years before 1842.

Yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

Dr. G. L. Miller:

I will endeavor to throw some light on the subject of the early births of Nebraska, as propounded by John Harnois, through the solicitation of ex-Governor R. W. Furnas, President Historical Society. During the lengthy correspondence that I had with Capt. Bissel and General Ranney, some years since, in which I took issue with those eminent and worthy gentlemen in reference to the location of Council Bluffs, I obtained many historical and interesting facts, among which were the marriages and births of those early days. Mr. E. Luther wrote to me that he went to Fort Atkinson, afterward Fort Calhoun, and formerly Old Council Bluffs, in 1818, and remained there until 1823. During that time he said there were two

marriages and two births, but did not inform me as to what were their name or even the sex.

After Omaha had become a village of some importance, a young gentleman informed me that he was born at Fort Atkinson and was the first white child born in Nebraska.

Mr. Allison, who came to Bellevue in 1834 as a teacher and missionary, informed me that a Mr. Rentz, a blacksmith and married man, resided there, to whom was born the first male child of that agency, and that his, Mr. Allison's, daughter, afterward Mrs. Captain Holland, our former city marshal, was the first female born at that mission.

Fort Calhoun was abandoned and the troops sent to Fort Leavenworth about 1827. If the young man above referred to was born even up to the year of evacuation, he was ahead of Mr. Harnois. But we have at least two others. Mr. Rentz's son born at Bellevue previous to 1834, and Mrs. Holland, daughter of Mr. Allison, born at that mission in 1834, and others a few years later, were all older than Mr. Harnois.

ALF. D. JONES,
Secretary O. S. A.

The following letter is from Rev. Wm. Hamilton, who was a Presbyterian missionary among the north-western Indians, commencing in what is now Kansas, in 1837:

OMAHA MISSION, March 4, 1868.

A. D. Jones, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Yours of February 22d is received. I would have replied at once, but thought I would enquire of Le Fleche, to see if the traditions of the Omahas was the same as that of the Iowas, from whom I first received the traditions. It is as follows:

A long time ago the Iowas (they call themselves Pa-ho-cha or Pa-hu-cha), Otoes, Omahas, and Missourians (called Ne-yu-ta-ca) were one people, and in their traveling they encamped in four bands on the river (perhaps the Missouri or Mississippi). The Iowas encamped on a sand-bar, and the dust blew in their faces, and they received the name of Pa-hu-cha, or "Dusty Men." They are called Iowas only by other tribes and the whites. Long, in his "Expedition," interprets it "Gray Snow." "Pa," or "pah," is used for the nose of the

human face, or for the head of an animal, but not for the human head. "Ho-cha" is "dusty," hence of a dirty gray color. "Pa," scarcely distinguishable from "pah," the nose, is the name for snow; hence Long's mistake, being ignorant of their traditions. Ne-u-tach, the Missourians, encamped at the mouth of a stream, "Ne-u-cha-ta," hence they were Ne-u-cha-ta—"at the mouth." But Le Fleche says the same men were in a canoe, and were drowned, "ne," "water," "o-cha-tan-ye," "died in;" ne-o-cha-ta, "drowned," or "died in water." The Omahas encamped above, on the stream "E-ro-ma-ha," contracted into "O-ma-ha," which means "above," with reference to a stream, or "above, on a stream." To understand the word, I must add that they have three words translated "above." "Mang-gre," with reference to height, "air;" "o-me-re-ta," with reference to a country, "bordering on" or "near a stream;" "e-ro-ma-ha," with reference to the stream where your position is. Literally, Omaha is "e-ro-ma-ha," with reference to Bellevue, but "u-re-ka-re-ta," with reference to this point. Le Fleche gives the same meaning to the word that the Iowas do. The way the Otoes get their name is hardly fit to be named. Otoes, Iowas, and Missourians speak the same language. Omahas, Poncas, Osages, and Thonges speak a kindred language, but far more guttural, the two last named especially so. Hoping the above may prove satisfactory, I remain,

yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

In connection with the letter of Father Hamilton, I desire to add the following facts:

During my term of four years as agent for the Omaha Indians, I took pains to learn all possible as to the origin, meaning of name, etc. From the oldest chief, Noise, or Muttering Thunder, I learned this tradition, and which I give as near in his own language as possible:

"A long time ago" (that is about as definite as time can be obtained from an Indian) "our fathers came from where the sun wakes up" (far east). "They were looking for a new home, where the sun goes to sleep" (in the far west). "They crossed the Ne-shu-da" (Missouri) "river way down below here, and out onto the sea land"

(meaning the western prairies). To abbreviate the interview, the chief proceeded to relate that, after wandering on the prairies for a long time, they became discouraged. Dissensions and differences of opinion prevailed, but all agreed to go back to the Ne-shu-da river. The tribe divided into four bands, as indicated by Father Hamilton, and started eastward to the river. What is now the Omaha tribe—their band reached the river farther north than either of the other three bands and for this reason were called the Ma-has. The interpretation of the word "Ma-ha," given me by Noise, was "farthest up the river," "up yonder," "up above the others."

As proof of the original name, "Ma-ha," I have now in my possession original documents, credentials of chiefship, given to the "Ma-ha Indians;" one, in Spanish, given in 1794 to "Wa-ging-a-sa-by, head chief nation Ma-has;" two given by "James Wilkinson, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the U. S., and Governor of the Territory of Louisiana, and Supt. Indian affairs," given on July, 1806, to Wa-ga-sa-by; one to Wash-co-ma-ni, chief of the Ma-has; and one to Wa-ho-ra-ka, a soldier of the Ma-ha nation.

Lewis and Clarke, in the narrative of their expedition in 1804–5–6, speak of the "Ma-ha nation" and "Ma-ha village."

ROBT. W. FURNAS.

SOME HISTORICAL DATA ABOUT WASHINGTON COUNTY.

W. H. Woods, of Fort Calhoun, Washington county, furnishes me with following data:

Hon. R. W. Furnas, President Nebraska Historical Society:

DEAR SIR—Agreeable to our promise to continue our investigations, we, last Tuesday, visited the site of the old village mentioned in Bell's History of Washington County, page 39, as the site of an old Mormon settlement of 1845; but thought by Mr. Grenell and others to have been of much older date, and probably a farm station or outpost of either Fort Atkinson, which lay about one mile east, or Fort Calhoun, four miles south.

The location is but a few rods north of the present De Soto P. O.,

near Mills station, in a cultivated field belonging to the Hon. T. M. Carter. The buildings were in two rows, running north and south, and the foundations were so well laid as to be a continual annoyance to the plowman yet. Here in company with Mr. C. we scratched around in the frozen earth with our feet, and were rewarded by finding an old butcher knife, a piece of a glass dish of an antique pattern, and a portion of a tombstone, with the letters O and N in perfect condition and an S partly gone, making the word "son," the same being the end of the name. The top was neatly chiseled and ornamented, and of a species of reddish sandstone. Four kinds of brick were found, from a very small variety almost as hard as granite to a very large one, each differing in hardness, yet all keeping good condition. The small ones are covered on one side with a species of cement, and we understand of these kind were made the floors in the houses of Fort Calhoun and then covered with a thin coating of this material to form a smooth even surface.

We next visited the cave of the De Soto "Light Horse Brigade," Bell's History, page 38. The entrance was too much closed by the caving in of the bank and a stream of melted snow water to obtain an entrance. We will try again. The boys in the neighborhood who were inside last summer think they passed about forty feet, when they found a depression in the floor, probably a magazine or rifle pit, and as the entrance was nearly closed and they had no torches, they did not investigate further. Mr. C. also kindly presented us for the Society the lock and key to the door of the old Waubeek Bank, of De Soto, 1857, A. Castetter, now of Blair, teller. See Bell, page 38. The lock is a formidable affair, and apparently as good as new, and cost, Mr. Grenell says, twelve dollars and a half. The lock of the safe is in the possession of Mr. Grenell.

Mr. Carter has a five dollar bill of the old bank of De Soto that a few years ago could have been purchased for a few cents, now considered of more than face value.

This portion of Nebraska promises to open up a rich field for the antiquary, the dry-a-dust of those particularly interested in the early days of our now wonderfully prosperous state of Nebraska. Brick that have been buried in foundation and cellars for over half a century are being constantly exhumed and used, and they are in just as perfect condition as they were when first laid. Fire-brick, also in the

most perfect order, are also still here, the last remaining monuments of the old hearthstones, many of them, no doubt, as bright and beautiful in their surroundings as the joy and cheer that may pass around the hearthstones of to-day. They have left behind them also specimens of their handicraft, their arms, coins, metals, etc., many of which are now in the hands of our citizens. The site of the old blacksmith shop under the bluff has been established and a careful digging may reveal many things. A portion of the old dairy house still remains just west of town; the old spring still running, surrounded by the same stones, quarried and brought from Rockport hills probably more than sixty years ago.

The old grave-yard, too, on the highest point of the bluff west of the fort, may yet bring forth some treasures in names, dates, etc., as it is but a few years, I understand, since the last stone fell.

We have now added to our collection in addition brick, fire-brick, fragments of cement, a barrel of a flint-lock musket, a cannon axle weighing about fifteen pounds, of charcoal iron, hand-forged, the points turned in a lathe, but of inferior workmanship; also specimens of hand-made nails, used in the construction of their buildings, and three varieties of delf, all varying in color, design, and thickness, one with a green figure and the other blue.

For many years there has been a legend current here that two lieutenants from the South, stationed at Fort Calhoun, fought a duel here upon the point of the bluff about a half mile north of the fort, and that both were killed and buried where they fell. Mr. A. P. Allen reported a few years ago that a portion of one of the grave stones had been plowed up and thrown over against the timber, and in conversation with Mr. Frahm we learned that the stone was in the possession of his little seven-year-old son Otto, and that the other one had been for some time on the premises, but now mislaid, and that it bore the word "Hanson." The one in the possession of little Otto he kindly presented to the Society. It is of triangular form, evidently from the center of the monument, is six by twelve inches in size, two and one-quarter inches in thickness, of limestone, and bears the following part of the inscription complete, except the letter C, here noted, and other marks not strictly legible, ——— C—eniber, 30 years.

Mr. Frahm's son, Freddie, also permitted us to examine and measure the head of the femur and also a section of vertebræ of a mam-

moth found upon Mr. Frahm's farm. The former originally measured thirty and the latter fifteen inches in circumference.

W. H. WOODS.

To Hon. R. W. Furnas, President Nebraska State Historical Society:

Mr. Craig having called our attention to certain discoveries made at the dairy house and spring, already mentioned, while building his fish ponds, we again visited it, and found that after the stone had been removed that the extreme diameter of the well was about eight feet, of octagon form, a curb having first beeu made of three sided cottonwood posts with two-inch cottonwood boards, spiked upon the outside of these with a peculiar form of hand-made nails of various length and thickness, and so well preserved was the wood that we had hard work to secure good specimens of the spikes, although the latter were as good as though but recently driven. About two rods east of this, where some charred timbers had been exhumed, we found a portion of an oak framing timber 8x8, with the tenon and oak pin in good shape, also three-inch oak plank measuring about fourteen inches in width and mortised across the end to make a smooth joint. These were evidently a portion of the milk room, and by placing on edge on the outside of a frame and placing the earth back they would require no nails; no marks of nails could be found upon them, and they came from out of the side of a high bank. Mr. Grenell and others expressed doubts about the age of the well, and cited us to Mr. Daniel Franklin for information, but in conversation with the latter gentleman we think we are in the main correct.

Our attention has also been called to a ditch and earthwork half a mile south of the fort. But as it runs across a bend in the prairie with steep banks and timber on three sides, it was probably a sod fence for garden or corral purposes.

W. H. W.

Mr. E. H. Clark, now of Blair, in 1856, probably planted the first orchard in Washington county, which is now a portion of the residence property of Hon. L. Crounse. The next year two or three others were planted, and three or four years after the well known Stevens or Grenell orchard was planted. They have all made a good growth, and been more than ordinarily fruitful. We, to-day, measured one of the neatest, smooth-trunked apple trees it has ever been our

pleasure to examine, and found it to measure four feet and nine inches in circumference two feet above the ground. We also examined the deciduous trees planted by the roadside at the same time, and give the result with the same kind of measurement: White elm, 5 feet and 10 inches; hackberry, 5 feet 7 inches; black walnut, 4 feet 3 inches; coffee bean, 3 feet 6 inches; black locust, 5 feet 8 inches; while cottonwood planted by the late Col. Stevens at the present residence of S. N. Pennell in 1863 measures 6 feet 6 inches.

Mr. Hiram Craig thinks he has the largest transcendent crab tree in the state, three feet ten inches, while a Scotch pine planted by our venerable horticulturist, Dr. J. P. Andrew, measures thirty-two inches And it may be a matter of surprise to many to know that by close observation of a number of years we can find less than a dozen trees now standing upon this plateau that were here at the time of the evacuation of the fort. At that time, said a trader at Fort Randall in 1853 to Mr. Chester Bannister, of this place, I was a soldier at Fort Calhoun, and the river ran where is now the old slough, and the timber on the other side of the stream was not larger than a man's thigh. This then is the hundreds of acres of large cottonwoods cut by the settlers during the past twenty-five years. The channel of the river would have been about seven-eighths of a mile from the present depot of the St. P. & O. R. R. The channel now lies, by recent government survey, a fraction over three and a quarter miles from the above building. This is from the surveyor's note book the day the line was run.

In 1856–'7 the steamboat landing was about half or three-quarters of a mile west of the present channel, supposed to be the exact spot where stands the cabin near the still water, known as Nichol's shanty.

For the benefit of travelers by railroad we would state that the camp of Lewis and Clarke was supposed to have been nearly east of the first railroad bridge north of Calhoun. This may have been the reason why this spot was chosen by the two unfortunate young men spoken of in a previous issue.

Mr. Woods, in a subsequent letter, referring to his previous communication, adds the following notes:

And here also remain the younger scions of the old black locust grove (probably the first artificial grove planted in Neb.), from which

hundreds of trees have been sold and planted in Iowa and Nebraska. Horseradish and asparagus still remain in the old garden, from which our citizens have supplied themselves for the past twenty-five years. Several varieties of plums are also supposed to have been brought here and planted at the same time.

In addition to which, Mr. Gideon, now of Iowa, states that in 1865 he first ploughed up the sod, and in so doing he came across a number of fragments of grave stones in two places at some distance apart. The one was of a white color, and the other much darker in color, and also differed very much in thickness, the white being the thicker; and that the stones lay in a line from N. E. to S. W., which would also agree with the shadow of the sunlight coming from the east and shining squarely upon both parties to this sad affair. We know that two kinds of tombstones were used by the solders, as we have the two kinds referred to here, but not both from the same place.

We have reason now to suppose that the plank used were barge plank, brought up from below with them, probably a portion of the boats used in coming.

Should you chance to pass here on S. C., St. P. & P. R. R., by a little study of this rough diagram you can have some idea of the points of interest. The plan is drawn for two city blocks for each section as numbered, streets included. The cemetery is upon the high point of bluffs north of the grove, five blocks west and four north of depot, and is at present marked by a large pile of manure hauled upon it. (*) is very near where Legerd states that an Indian chief was buried with his pony and trappings, and for several years his friends came to hold lamentations over his grave.

W. H. WOODS.

From Washington county papers I present the following data relating to death of old settlers in that county:

HUMPHRIES—On Saturday, March 16th, on a U. P. train, in Western Nebraska, Mr. Edwin Humphries, of this place, aged 64 years.

Ed. Humphries was well and favorably known to almost everybody hereabouts. He was one among the first settlers in this county, locating at De Soto in May, 1855, where he continued to reside until last fall, when he moved to Blair on account of failing health. He has been troubled with a dropsical affection, and has been steadily

declining for several months. On Friday last he started on a trip to Colorado, seeking relief in a change of climate, and this effort proved fatal, for on Saturday evening a telegram announced his death on the cars at a point near Julesburg. The remains were returned by express, arriving here on Monday, and the funeral was held on Tuesday from Germania Hall, services being conducted by Rev. Doherty, of Omaha, according to the faith of the Episcopal church. Ed. was a warm hearted, genial man, and a citizen of sterling integrity, who had many friends and no enemies. He leaves a wife and one son—Wm. Humphries, of this place—to mourn his loss. He served with credit during war times in the Second Nebraska Calvary, and has always been recognized as a progressive member of the body politic. His death is the falling of another landmark in the early history of this county.

WARRICK—At his home in Cuming City precinct, this county, April 25, 1883, Amasa Warrick, aged 58 years. Funeral at the Baptist church at 11 o'clock to-morrow.

The subject of the above notice was born in Clearfield county, Penn., Aug. 10th, 1825. *Coming to Nebraska in 1856*, he located where Watson Tyson now lives. The next year he moved to the spot where he died, and has lived there with his family ever since, respected by all who knew him. Only a few months since Mrs. Warrick died from an attack of small-pox, and now her husband has gone to meet her in that happier and better land. By honesty and frugality Mr. Warrick accumulated a competency, supplying each of his children with a home for himself or herself as they reached their majority. He leaves eight children, respected, highly esteemed young men and women, to mourn his death. No man who ever lived in Washington county was more thought of or more highly respected by his neighbors and acquaintances than "Uncle" Amasa Warrick, and certainly none were ever more entitled to it. He lived as he died, an honest, conscientious, Christian man, respected by the rich and beloved by the poor, whose friend he always was.

FRANKLIN—At the residence of her son, W. B. Franklin, in Fort Calhoun precinct, on Saturday, July 14, 1883, at seven o'clock A.M., Huldah Franklin, wife of Daniel Franklin, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

Mrs. Huldah Franklin, who died at her son's home near the village of Fort Calhoun last Saturday, was one of the oldest settlers of

Washington county. She came to Nebraska with her husband twenty-seven years ago the 23d day of the present month, and located near Fort Calhoun, where she has ever since resided. She was approaching her seventy-fifth birthday, and had been married about fifty-three years. Her husband, Daniel Franklin, and four children, Warren B., Monroe, D. L., and Mrs. Dean Slader, who are left to mourn her death—all reside in Calhoun precinct. Pioneers of the county who knew her as a kind and obliging neighbor years ago will join her friends and relatives in mourning her death.

RELICS.

The Society is in possession of the following valuable relics:

INDIAN DOCUMENTS.

A commission as chief of the "Ma-ha" Indians to "Wa-ging-a-saby." El Baron de Carondalet, Caballero de la Religion de San Juan, Mar de Campodelo Reals Exercistas Gobernador General, Vice Patrono de las Provincial la Louisiana, of Florida Occidental, Sub-inspector General de las Tropas of Milcias de las Mis Mas de," dated New Orleans, May, 1796.

A commission to "The-ro-chy" (two sides of a cow), "Chief Soldier of the Ma-ha Nation," dated July 27th, 1815. Given by "William Clark, Governor of the Territory of Missouri, Commander-in-Chief of the Military thereof, and Superintendent of Indian affairs."

Also two other Indian commissions given by same authority. One to "Wa-ho-ra-be," "Soldier of the Ma-ha Nation," of date August 4th, 1815. One to "Wash-ca-ma-nee" (The Hard Walker), as "Second Chief of the Ma-ha Nation," of date July 27th, 1815.

A commission to "Wash-com-ma-nii," a "Chief of the Ma-has," given by "James Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, Governor of the Territory of Louisiana, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs," dated July 27th, 1806. This com-

mission clothes the chief with a "medal" as a badge of special authority.

While the names "Wash-ca-ma-nee" and "Wash-com-ma-nii" are spelled somewhat differently, the two commissions, without doubt, refer to one and the same person.

Another commission, of same date as last named, and issued by same authority to "Wa-shing-ga-sa-be," "Chief of the Ma-has," and on him was "bestowed the great medal."

There is no doubt, too, but that "Wa-ging-a-sa-by," named in the first commission referred to, and this last named "Wa-shing-ga-sa-be," while spelled somewhat differently, refer to the same person. The name in our language is "Little Black Bear."

These documents were presented by Robt. W. Furnas.

An old Spanish coin of the value of six and one-fourth cents, "Hispan et ind. R. M. F. M. Carolus IIII, Dei Gratia 1798." This coin was picked up at old Fort Calhoun, Nebraska, and presented by W. H. Woods, of that place.

The gavel used by Gen. Bowen, President of that portion of the old Territorial Council at Florence, after the legislature split at Omaha. It is made of hickory wood, handle and body of gavel, both with bark on.

Autograph letters from Henry Clay, Horace Greeley, Horatio Seymour, Wm. Cullen Bryant, and P. T. Barnum.

The original and first telegraphic message received on Nebraska soil.

Douglas town shares, of date 1856.

Brownville hotel scrip, of date 1857.

Copy "*Newport Mercury*," a newspaper published "Newport, Tuesday, December 19th, 1758."

The Omaha Indian dialect, in manuscript, as prepared by Henry Fontanelle.

A small volume each of the Sioux and Creek Indian dialect, in print.

All items named after the Spanish coin donated by Mr. Woods, were presented by Robt. W. Furnas.

An Indian scalping knife, presented by F. J. Hendershot, Esq., of Hebron, was taken in a fight between Indians and whites in Thayer county at an early day.

FIRST FEMALE SUFFRAGIST MOVEMENT IN NEBRASKA.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, Council Bluffs, Iowa, under date of Dec. 26th, 1878, furnishes the following, relating to the first female suffragist movement in Nebraska. She prefaces with this historic note:

My first visit to Omaha was July 4th, 1855. The day was being celebrated. Omaha was then a small place. The Douglas House was the only hotel. The speaker's stand was erected in front of it, across the road. The dinner table was out doors, on the east side of the street. Acting Governor Thomas Cuming was the orator. Omaha was then but eight months old.

On the 29th Dec., 1855, I received an invitation, of which the following is a copy:

OMAHA, N. T., Dec. 28, 1855.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer:

The undersigned would respectfully invite you to deliver an address on Woman's Rights, or any other subject you may select, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on any evening that suits your convenience, during the sitting of the legislature.

B. R. FULSOM.	WM. LARIMER, JR.
C. B. SMITH.	J. STERLING MORTON.
H. C. ANDERSON.	A. D. KIRK.
WM. CLANCY.	L. HARSH.
A. F. SALISBURY.	J. H. DECKER.
THOS. GIBSON.	J. M. THAYER.
J. H. SHERMAN.	A. A. BRADFORD.
C. W. PIERCE.	T. R. HARE.
P. C. SULLIVAN.	M. W. RIDEN.
W. A. FINNEY.	W. E. MOORE.
E. B. CHINN.	C. MCDONALD.
J. HOOVER.	S. A. CHAMBERS.
W. B. BECK.	

The following is my reply; this correspondence was published in an Omaha paper, and from that I copy:

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, Dec. 31, 1855.

GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the 28th inst., extending to me an invitation to lecture in your city during the sitting of the legislature, is received.

Feeling, as I do, the importance of the Woman's Rights movement, and its bearings upon the welfare of the whole human race—realizing most deeply the injustice done to woman by the laws of our country in relation to the property rights of married women, &c., I shall take pleasure in complying with your request by presenting for the consideration of your citizens generally, and the members of the legislature particularly, some thoughts on the question of woman's right of franchise. It will afford me especial gratification to bring this subject before you at this time, when your legislature is about adopting a code of laws for the government of the territory.

Should it meet your wishes, I will be with you on Tuesday evening, the 8th of January, or at such other time as will best suit your convenience.

Respectfully,

AMELIA BLOOMER,

To Wm. Larimer, Jr., J. H. Sherman, and others.

A correspondent of the *Chronotype*, of this city, wrote from Omaha of this lecture as follows:

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, who had been formerly invited by member of the legislature and others, arrived at the door of the State House at 7:00 o'clock P.M., and by the gallantry of Gen. Larimer, a passage was made for her to the stand. The house had been crowded for some time with eager expectants to see the lady and listen to the arguments which were to be adduced as the fruitage of female thought and research. When all had been packed into the house who could possibly find a place for the sole of the foot, Mrs. Bloomer arose, amid cheers. We watched her closely, and saw that she was perfectly self-possessed—not a nerve seemed to be moved by excitement, and the voice did not tremble. She arose in the dignity of a true woman, as if the importance of her mission so absorbed her thoughts that timidity or bashfulness were too mean to entangle the mental powers.

She delivered her lecture in a pleasing, able, and, I may say, eloquent manner that enchained the attention of her audience for an hour and a half. A *man* could not have beat it.

In mingling with the people next day we found that her argument had met with much favor. As far as property rights are concerned, all seemed to agree with the lady that the laws of our country are wrong, and that woman should receive the same protection as man. All we have time to say now is, that Mrs. Bloomer's arguments on Woman's Rights are unanswerable. We may doubt the policy for women to vote, but who can draw the line and say that naturally she has not a right to do so? Mrs. Bloomer, though a little body, is among the great women of the United States; and her keen, intellectual eye seems to flash fire from a fountain that will consume the stubble of old theories until woman is placed in her true position in the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges. Her only danger is in asking too much.

Respectfully,

ONEIDA.

So much interest was created by the lecture that a bill was drawn up and introduced into the legislature giving to woman the right of franchise. This bill, I think, was drawn and presented by Gen. Wm. Larimer, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa. It was not until the last day but one of the session that this woman suffrage bill came up, by special order of the House. A number of ladies were present to hear the discussion. Gen. Larimer spoke ably and eloquently in favor of the bill. On the vote being taken, it stood as follows: Yeas—Messrs. Boulwere, Campbell, Buck, Chambers, Clancy, Davis, Hail, Decker, Haygood, Hoover, Kirk, Larimer, Rose, Sullivan.—14. Nays—Messrs. Beck, Bowen, Gibson, Harsh, Laird, Miller, Moore, Riden, Morton, McDonald, Salisbury.—11.

Having passed the House, it was sent to the Council, where it was twice read, but failed, for want of time, of coming to a third reading.

The session was limited to forty days—it was drawing to a close—there was considerable wrangling and excitement over county boundaries, removal of the capital from Omaha, etc.—men talking to kill time until the last hour of the session expired, and the woman suffrage bill not again reached, and so was lost.

There was no little excitement concerning the matter, pending the action of the legislature on the bill and afterward. Gen'l William Larimer was the special exponent of the bill. The opponents presented him with a petticoat, over which there came near being a general melee.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Every old settler in Nebraska will remember "Father Hamilton," early and so long a missionary among the western Indians. I solicited his biography for this report from his own pen. The following letter in response I feel would be marred if it were changed, even in the "dotting of a single 'i,' or the crossing of a 't.'" I therefore present it just as it came to me.

DECATUR, BURT COUNTY, NEBRASKA,
May 22nd, 1884.

Robt. W. Furnas, Esqr., Brownville, Neb.:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your kind favour of March was duly received, and it was then my intention to comply with your request as

soon as I could. I had much on hand that needed attention, but a longer time has elapsed than I intended, ere I should make the attempt to reply.

Without further apology, I remark, I was born in Lycoming Co. (now Clinton), Pa., on the banks of the Susquehanna, West Branch, on the First of Aug., 1811. The house that my father built shortly before his marriage is still standing, and is the home of my youngest sister, now in her 78th year. I am the youngest of eleven children, all of whom, with one exception, lived till mature life, and five of whom are still living. My father was a farmer, and settled there before the revolutionary war, and was among the number of those who composed what was called "The Big Runaway." His father was killed by the Indians, while peaceably engaged on his farm; yet the Indians had no warmer friend than my father, one evidence of which was his anxiety, when I offered myself as a Foreign Missionary, that I should be sent to the Indians in our own country.

I worked on the farm till my eighteenth year, and part of the time till in my 21st year, studying and preparing for college with our Pastor, Rev. J. H. Grier, and, in part, privately. I went to college in Washington, Pa. (now "Washington and Jefferson College"), and entered the freshman, half advanced, and graduated in two and a half years, in the fall of 1834. Four of our class of twelve still live; one, the Hon. Wm. Russel, who has been in congress, who also received the first honours; the other two, with myself, are in the ministry. During my junior and senior year, I kept bachelor's hall, as more economical than boarding, though boarding could then be had for $1.50 a week, and in the club it cost a dollar a week. It cost me thirty-seven and a half cents a week, during the first winter, when alone—coal, 31¼; light, 6¼; washing, 25; but when my brother, J. J. Hamilton, now also in the ministry, came from the plow to get an education, our boarding cost us seventy-five cents a week. I gained one year, and he gained two and half, going with two classes from the start. By boarding ourselves we had more quietness and more time to study, and needed less exercise, our principal food being bread and butter and milk, with occasionally a taste of meat, or some little delicacy, such as apple-butter. My brother, though keeping up with two classes, had no equal in mathematics, while he was doubtless the equal of the others in the other branches. At the request of the class,

no honours were given. Four in my class participated in the honours, the second honour being divided between two. If I may be pardoned for referring to self, as illustrating how some things were done, I may say that I told the one who got the third honour how to parse all his words in Greek, and wrote his Greek speech for him, which he drew by lot, and could not write one sentence in Greek correctly. Then, as a little amusement, I wrote my last composition in Greek Sapphic verse, and exchanged with the other member for criticism—S. L. Russel—but he did not go into the room to criticise, but asked me to exchange on the portico, and the professor readily excused him when I told him of the manner of exchanging. This was near fifty years ago, and is mentioned simply as illustrating how some things were done.

As my father was unable to do more for me I at once engaged in teaching in Wheeling, Va., but as the bully of Wheeling undertook to cowhide me for whipping his boy—quite a youth—and was laid up himself under the doctor's care, and it produced quite an excitement (those were the days of slavery), I did not stay long though all the virtuous part of the town sustained me. I left and went to the seminary at Pittsburgh, or Allegheny. Do not suppose I carried any *deadly weapons*, this I have never felt it necessary to do even in the Indian country. At the seminary I boarded in a private family and taught three children three hours a day for my board and a room in the attic. Having a prospect of a school in Louisburg, Pa., I went home in January, 1835, and taught school in Bellefonte, Pa., for over two years, studying divinity privately while teaching, and was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Northumberland in the spring of 1837, and returned to the seminary, resuming the studies with the class I had been with. During the summer I was accepted by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions as their missionary, and was married to Miss Julia Ann N. McGiffin, daughter of Thomas McGiffin, Esq., of Washington, Pa.; went back to my parents, was ordained in October, 1837, by the same Presbytery of Northumberland, and started west on my journey by stage, taking near a week to reach Pittsburgh. This we left on the 30th of October, 1837, and reached Liberty Landing on Saturday, November 18th, having been on the way nearly a month (from Pittsburgh), and more than a month from my home in Pennsylvania, and traveling from St. Louis to a point where Glasgow now stands, by stage. We had 86 miles yet to go to

reach the place of our future labors. Forty-five miles of that was on horse back to the old agency nine miles below East Black Snake Hills, where St. Joseph now stands. This we reached on the 27th of December, and were detained at the agency on account of there being no way to cross the Missouri River till it should freeze. From the agency to St. Joseph I footed it, while my wife and a little Indian girl and white girl in Mr. Ballard's family rode a-horseback. The ice was only strong enough to cross on foot, and we waited till the trader bought a mule from an Indian, and hiring it and an Indian pony, my wife rode the mule and the two girls rode the pony, while I took it afoot. We had twenty-five miles to go to reach the Indians on Wolf creek, and night overtook us at Musquito creek, still seven or eight miles from our place of destination. As it was intended for us to get through, no provision was made for camping out, or for dinner, supper, or breakfast. It was very dark, and knowing nothing of the road we encamped on that stream, and I spent most of the night in cutting wood, having an axe in my saddlebags, in which I fixed a temporary handle. The next morning we started breakfastless, and reached Wolf creek about eleven o'clock. The water at the ford lacked only three or four inches of coming over the pony's back and the bank was very miry, and not till near four o'clock did we get over, all getting wet. Fortunately, though it was the 29th of December, it was for the time of year moderate, or we might have perished. Mr. Irvin and wife were there in a log shanty, and we were most kindly received by them and shared their hospitality till we could fix up the other end of the log house for our home. He had a small quantity of flour and we got some corn and beef from the trader at Iowa Point, six miles away, when it was issued to the Indians. I walked this six miles on one occasion and ground corn on a hand-mill as long as it was prudent to stay, and carried the meal home on my back. On another occasion I went to Fort Leavenworth, fifty-one miles, to take the borrowed mule home, expecting to cross there and go thirty miles further to reach St. Jo. that now is, over eighty miles, to get to a place only twenty-five miles from the mission, and return the same way, but when I got to the fort the cold of the preceding night rendered the river uncrossable on account of the ice. About sundown, when I was near twenty miles from the garrison, though I then knew nothing of the distance, there came up

suddenly what would now be called a blizzard, and it seemed as if I must perish if I had not had a buffalo robe on my saddle which a trader, who traveled with us from St. Louis, when we left him at Fayett, gave to Mrs. H., saying we might need it. The next day I started back, having obtained a sack of flour at the garrison through the kindness of Gen. Kearney, and got home on the third night near midnight, having had to break the ice to cross Wolf creek. It was February before we got our trunks, and then I had to make another trip, which took ten days. During this absence my wife and Mr. Irvin and wife had the pleasure of trying to live on the siftings of corn meal. But I need not go further into particulars, as this is a specimen of much of a similar nature. The Iowas then numbered about 800 souls, and the Missouri Sacs about 500. I do not suppose fifty of those then living are alive now. It was a common thing for them to continue their drunken sprees for days together, or till they had killed some of their own number, when they would swear off, as it was called, for a certain number of days, but before the expiration of the allotted time some would break over the rule, and then it was like one sheep going to water, a signal for all to follow. I spent over fifteen years of my missionary life among them, and Mr. Irvin, who had kept a diary, told me some time before I left that they had then in their drunken sprees murdered about sixty of their own number, while not one was killed by any other tribe, though they killed others in cold blood. At first they were very jealous of us, thinking we came to trade, and when told that was not our object they told us we might then go home as they could conceive of no higher object. They, however, became our warm friends, and generally came to us when in a difficulty. I was once waylaid, as the interpreter told me, by the head chief, a very bad man, when I had gone to mill and was returning after night. I however took a different road near his house without knowing why, and thus avoided him. We had also been under their consultation when they wished to commit murder, but they crossed the river and shot a white man in the bottom. No-Heart, when a little drunk, told Mr. Irvin that we should not die—a remark not understood at the time—but plain enough when we heard of the shooting across the river. All this happened before the purchase of this country in 1854. I had a pistol and bowie knife drawn on me by a white man who had been blacksmith, and was then farmer, who

was burnt in Texas for shooting the prosecuting attorney in court, confessing at the stake the murder of several whites and Indian James Dunham.

I was transferred from the Iowa and Sac mission on Wolf river, to the Otoe and Omaha mission at Bellevue, Neb., in 1853, reaching Bellevue on the 6th of June, that year. During that summer Col. Manypenny visited them with a view to getting their consent to sell a portion of their lands. They had a long council and hardly seemed to know what was best for them to do, but they were all very particular to tell him that they were chiefs and that their fathers were chiefs. Their agent, Major Gatewood, was ordered to bring a delegation to Washington with a view to making a treaty. He at once proceeded to call councils and made treaties with the Otoes and Omahas, which I believe was noticed when he reached Washington. He was a man who felt the dignity of his office, and sometimes was ready to be advised, as was illustrated by his giving his report to the printer at St. Mary's to print him some copies for government to save the trouble of writing them. The printing was done, and as the type was set, it was much easier to make that report a part of his next issue, than to distribute it and set up new matter; so the public got the report of the agent before the agent reached Washington, who started to carry his own report to headquarters, being, I presume, called there on business.

Col. Peter A. Sarpy had much to do with making these Gatewood treaties, but to his credit be it said, that when they had made choice of their present reserve, he earnestly opposed the agents trying to get them to to go the Blue with the Otoes. With all his faults he had a kind heart, and was a warm friend to the Indians, as is evidenced by his helping them when in need, and leaving to his faithful wife a legacy of two hundred dollars a year, while those who have inherited his wealth have for years tried to keep her out of her just dues. In fact, it has only been obtained for some years by employing a lawyer to collect it. This has been the case only since the death both of John B. Sarpy and his son.

After the treaty was made and the Indians supposed they had a home of their own choice at Blackbird Hills, they were kept in doubt for some time while efforts were made to get them to go elsewhere, and it was only when the facts were laid before the Hon. Walter Lowrie, Sec. of the Pres. Board of Missions, and he went to Washing-

ton and laid the whole matter first before the Commissioner of I. Aff., then before the Sec. of the Interior, then before the Sec. of War, and finally before President Pierce, that with a resolute stamp on the floor, he said, "I say they shall go there."

I could relate many things in connection with the treatment of the Indians that ought to make us, as a nation, blush, but it would require a book to tell all I have witnessed of fraud practiced upon them, and by many persons things that I have personally known to be true would now hardly be believed. Much has been written on the Indian problem, but there is only one way of solving the problem that has troubled so many wise heads; that is, to give them the Gospel, and if possible, in their own language, and civilization will follow or go along with equal pace. The policy of teaching them English is well enough, but the idea of driving their own language out of their minds may do to talk about, but will not be done in many generations. Even the few who seem to understand our language as well as we do ourselves (only a few) prefer speaking in their own. Their mode of thought is so different from the English, and I might say, from all modern European languages, that it is a great barrier to their acquiring our language perfectly. It must be a work of time, and while they are instructed in the English, the great truths of the Gospel must be heard in their "own language wherein they were born." With this instruction in religion and the education of the young, strict justice on the part of our government should be done to them. They have rights that seem to have been little respected.

Although I seemed to offend an agent forty-six years ago by saying the whites would have this country before long, and I could not believe what he so confidently asserted again and again, that they could not, for it was set apart *forever for the Indians*, yet time has shown that what he could not then believe has almost literally come to pass. When the treaty was ratified, it was not long till great numbers were seeking a home in what was thought, not a century ago, to be a desert country, and only fit for the huntings grounds of the Indians. When I came west in 1837 most of Iowa was unsettled and owned by Indians, and the buffalo roamed over it, there being a few settlements on the Mississippi. I have seen all west of the Missouri settled up, and I might say, as far south as Arkansas. When asked in an early day how far my diocese extended, I replied, I supposed

north to the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and west to the summit of the Rocky mountains, as at that time I knew of no other Presbyterian minister within these bounds. Rev. Dunbar had been among the Pawnees, but had left. The population of the United States did not at that time exceed fifteen millions of souls. Now what do we see? Churches and schools all over this then Indian country and a population of fifty-five millions.

In the early settlement of Neb. there was much excitement and some bloodshed, but the greatest excitement was about the location of the capital, as on that depended the future wealth of many, as they supposed. Had Governor Burt lived, it was his intention to examine the country, and then place the capital where it would be most beneficial to the territory, not to the individual or himself, though he was a poor man and in debt. I suppose I was better acquainted with him than any others, except those who came with him to the territory. He was remarkable for his kindness of heart and his sterling integrity, as those who came with him testified and as I could bear witness to, as far as I knew him. His kindness led him to listen to the proffered advice of those who came to consult about their own interest, when he should have enjoyed perfect quietness. His state of health required this, and I was anxious to secure it for him, but the people would not let him rest. I might almost say he was worried to death. I feared the consequences from the first, but caution was of no avail to those who hoped to get rich by his deciding according to their wishes. The end came, and it does not seem a harsh judgment to say, that to some it did not seem to be regretted. After his death, and before his remains had left the Mission, plans were made, and arrangements made to carry out those plans, to place the capital at Bellevue. These plans were talked over in the room where the corpse was lying, while I was opening the zinc coffin to fill it with alcohol and soldering it up again. The talk was intended to be blind, but I understood it well enough. It was between the acting Gov. Cumming, and a man called Judge Green, who had before asked me the price of the mission reserve, four quarter sections. The plan was to purchase it of the Board of F. Missions and then locate the capital there. Three or perhaps four were interested in this plan, the acting Gov., the aforesaid judge, and a Mr. Gilmore. Judge Green was to ostensibly accompany the corpse to S. C., but to go to New York when the di-

verging point was reached and make the purchase. Judge Green had told me that he would give $25,000 in gold for it, saying he did not wish me to think he was rich, but he could command the money in gold. I had asked fifty thousand for the reserve. He went to N. Y. and agreed with the Hon. Walter Lowrie to give the fifty thousand, but asked sixty days to consider. He was to telegraph at the end of that time. He did not telegraph as agreed, and Mr. Gilmore, who was then living in Omaha, told me it was at *his advice* that he did not telegraph, saying it was the *pressure*, the *pressure* meaning they could not borrow the money. The next move was to get bids, not from Bellevue alone, but from the different towns that wanted the capital. The Bellevue Land Claim Association promised liberally, but none had as yet titles to what they promised, only claims. Judge Ferguson then came to me and said everything was now arranged to secure the capital at Bellevue, except one thing. The L. C. A. had promised liberally, but acting Gov. Cumming asked one hundred acres of the mission reserve, and he assured me that if that was given, the capital would be placed at Bellevue. I replied without hesitation, not one foot to the man, but was willing to recommend the giving of it to the county or territory. This, I suppose, decided the matter. Some years after, when conversing with Judge Briggs about the amount Omaha was taxed for the capitol and R. R., I said, all of Bellevue could have been purchased for a trifle of what they had paid out to secure these things for Omaha, and then they would have been independent. He admitted the fact, and added, "we are not done yet." I have never regretted my refusal, though some of the citizens blamed me, but our Board never blamed me.

Though Bellevue is, I think, the most beautiful town site on the Missouri river that I have seen, and I have seen many, it is a very small place yet, though for years Omaha seemed to fear it; they have now grown beyond the fear of it, and, I think, are now taking a lively interest in the Synodical College located there. That, if successful, will be of far more advantage than the capital. It has lost none of its beauty or natural advantages, and if Omaha goes on according to expectations, it may soon be a part of Omaha. One wiser than mere man has ordered all things well. But I need not dwell on what is recorded elsewhere. This fall will complete fifty years since I graduated, and a great change has taken place in our country since

then. When a boy the mail was carried on horseback between Williamsport, twenty miles east, and Bellefonte, thirty miles west; now there is a railroad on each side of the river, and also a canal on one side. It was a winter's job to tramp out the grain with horses, taking a week to thresh and clean from 80 to 100 bushels of wheat. The first thresher in that country was built by one of the best farmers, and by hard work they could thresh 90 bushels in a day, and clean it the next day. Harvests were cut by the old-fashioned cradle, and mowing done with the scythe; often the old-fashioned Dutch scythe, which was sharpened by hammering instead of on a grindstone. Perhaps I should except the machinery of the whisky bottle, without which it was thought the harvest could not be cut. The first harvest of my father's cut without whisky, my brother and I told him if he would not have any whisky we would cut the harvest. We did it, and the bottle was never necessary after that. I need not speak of how these things are now done. Our school books were Webster's Spelling Book, the New Testament next, and at times the Old Testament, then Scotch Lessons, and afterwards Murray's English Reader. I think as good scholars were then made as they make now with all the change of books. We could not buy ruled paper, but ruled our paper with a hammered lead pencil. I never attended Sabbath school except as a teacher, as there were none in that part of the country. But if I may return to the early history of the Indians, near fifty years ago, the contrast is almost as great. I then saw a man riding a horseback, and his wife walking and carrying a load, and the little girls also carrying something, and boys, if there were any, carrying a bow and arrows. Before I left the Iowas, I saw the wife on the horse, and the man walking. The same may be said of the Omahas. Now it is quite common to see the man and his wife riding together in a wagon. Then, the women packed their wood, often three miles, on their backs —that was in summer; now it is hauled in wagons, the men generally doing the work when able. Then, when not on the hunt, they were, when sober, either playing ball or cards, or some other games; now they are engaged in farming. True, they keep up their dances, i. e. the heathen part, but generally take the Sabbath for them, as they pretend they work on other days, but they also work on the Sabbath. The members of the church attend meeting, and often others; and I have often gone from Decatur to the Mission through storm, when most

of the whites thought it too stormy to attend church, and found a house full of attentive listeners. The Omahas are on their farms, and a large portion of the potatoes and corn brought in to Decatur comes from the Reserve. They raise a good deal of wheat, many of them breaking each year about five acres of fresh prairie to add to their farms. The prairie breaking that I have seen I think is far ahead of what the whites do. One Indian told me that a white man offered him a half dollar an acre more than he was willing to give a white man, because he did it so much better. Some of them have built houses, purchasing the pine lumber and hiring Indian carpenters to do the work. And I must say that the houses put up by the Indians are better and more substantial than those put up for them by Agent Painter. The Omahas are also increasing in numbers, and are a sober people. I have seen but one drunken Omaha in over fifteen years, and he could talk English. Although a large part of them keep up their old superstitious habits, they always listen to me when I visit them at their homes, and seem often to be interested. Occasionally, some one may make some objections, but a few kind words overcome their objections, and they listen to the truth. Last Sabbath I stopped at White Horse's, and found the door shut and no answer to my knocking. I passed on a couple of hundred yards, and was talking to some Winnebagos, who were stopping there, when his wife came and inquired what I wanted, and when I told her I was teaching the Indians, she said her husband wanted me to go back and teach them. They were in another part of the house. There are over sixty members in the church now, besides a number have died and some in triumph of faith. It is over thirty years since I left the Iowas, and they have greatly diminished, as have the Otoes and Sacs. Whisky has been their ruin. The Pawnees, too, have greatly diminished, less than one-third what they were fifty years ago, perhaps not a fourth or even a fifth of their number. So have the Poncas. According to their history, when they first came to the Niobrara they encamped in three circles instead of one, on account of one circle requiring so much space—numbering not less than three thousand souls. The Omahas encamped in two circles. The Poncas were hunters while the Omahas cultivated some patches. The tradition is that the Omahas, Poncas, Iowas, and Otoes came from the south-east, from below St. Louis, and crossed the Mississippi near that; while

the Quapaw, tradition is, that they were also with them, but separated there, they going south or below (their way of expressing south), while the others went up or north—up signifying north, as the streams flowed from that direction. They traveled on till they reached the Vermillion. There they made a village, and after a time kept on north on the other side of the Missouri river, till they went some distance up that stream, and then crossed it and came down on this side, the Otoes and Iowas going before. When they reached the Ne-o-bra-ra (the correct way of spelling it), the Poncas staid there, and the others came on down, and the others eventually went still further down, while the Omahas stayed at Omaha creek, and, at times, on the Elkhorn or at the Blackbird Hills, and eventually at Bellevue. They think it must have been as much as 300 years ago. When they first came to this country there were some other Indians roaming over it, but not Sioux. They did not hear of the Sioux for a long time. There were some battles among them; and the Omahas raised some vegetables, as corn and beans, and the Poncas traded meat for corn, etc., with the Omahas.

There is no doubt that the Osages, Kansas or Kaws, Quapaws, Omahas, Poncas, Otoes, Iowas, Winnebagoes, and the different bands of Sioux were formerly one people, and to these might be added the Mandans and Hedatse, and perhaps others, as their language shows, the Osage being the most guttural and the others as named less so, yet they need an interpreter to talk together, except the Iowas and Otoes, and Omahas and Poncas, and Osages and Kaws. The Chippewas, Pottawattomies, Kickapoos, Sauks (Sacs) and Foxes, Weas, Peorias, Peankeshaws, Kaskaskias, and, I think, Shawnees, show a common origin. No resemblance between the languages of this latter class and the former. The Pawnee is again different; but a mountain tribe, I think the Crees, show a resemblance; and a tribe far in the north, above the Yellowstone, in language resemble the Sacs. The Missourians were slaves to the Osages, but ran off and came to the Otoes, and became mingled with them, and have nearly lost their own language, only a few old people speaking it; but while they speak the Otoe, it is with a peculiar manner, showing it is not their native tongue, speaking very slowly, as if they were not yet familiar with it to speak it as the Otoes. The Pawnees seem to have come originally from the south-west, near Mexico.

The Indians do not worship idols as many heathen, that is carved idols or images, but are idolaters in the true sense of the word, but the idol is more in the mind and they apply the name of God to many things or ideas—different gods for different things. Wakanda in Omaha, Ponca, etc. Wakanta in Iowa, Otoe, and so forth. Waka-tangka in Sioux, which really is the great or war god, Tangka, Sioux, tangga, Omaha, tanra, Iowa, signifying great. Waka is snake in Iowa and Otoe, and uda is good in Omaha, perhaps good snake, as pe is good in Iowa, and peskunya is bad, or not good, while uda is good in Omaha, but pe-azhe in Omaha is not good, showing the pe retained in the negative. Great Spirit is introduced, I have no doubt by the whites, as the only idea of spirit is the spirit of a person. Moleto or moneto is the name of God in the Sac and kindred languages, and a Sac interpreter told me it meant big snake. Is there in this something handed down from the fall? I have discovered I think traces of the creation and flood among the Iowas. It is quite a long story. The Chippeways invented a system of writing and taught some Kickapoos, and a few Sacs learned it from them, but it must have been formed from the English, as the letters resemble the English considerably though the sounds are different, using sixteen letters, four of which are vowels. The Sac language is as musical as the Greek. The Winnebagoes use a term for God signfying the maker of the earth, but also the same nearly as the Iowas. There is a tradition that a part of the Iowas left the tribe and went off to hunt sinews and never returned, and lost their language, and that the lost ones are the Winnebagoes. But perhaps I have given you enough, or too much. If in any thing I have not been full enough, if you will ask questions I will try to answer them. I have printed down just such things as came into my mind, and as you will see not in very regular order, but you may get some ideas from this hasty sketch that will suit you. I do not write a plain hand unless I write slowly, and in the caligraph I sometimes get in a hurry. I often think of you and remember your kindness. Remember me kindly to your family.

Yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

I wrote without referring to the circular, and since looking at it find there are some things I can answer, as sources of streams, but may

not be able for a week or so. Though poor and often without a cent I would be ashamed to ask pay of you for contributing what I can.

Yours truly,

May 26th, 1884. WM. HAMILTON,

INDIAN NAMES AND THEIR MEANING.

The following interesting paper concerning Indian names and their significance was furnished for this report by "Father Hamilton," long a missionary and teacher among our Western Indians.

NAMES DERIVED FROM THE INDIAN LANGUAGES.*

The name of the Kansas river is doubtless derived from the Kansas Indians, who lived on that stream. They were often called Kaws, and the river in an early day was called the Kaw river. The Iowas called the Indians Kantha, which means swift. Their own (the Kansas Indians) mode of pronouncing that word would be Ka-za, and this they called themselves, but whether they had another name I am unable to say. Most Indians speak of themselves by a different name from that by which they are known by the surrounding tribes. It is sometimes said that Kansas means a good place to dig potatoes. *This is a mistake.* The Iowas called the river To-pe-o-kæ, which signifies a good place to dig potatoes, from to, pota toe, pe good, and o-kæ to dig. The name is preserved in the town Topeka, as near as the whites get in pronouncing Indian names. Wolf river is simply a translation of the Iowa name for that stream, Shun-ta-Nesh-nang-a. Musquito creek took its name from the quantity of musquitoes that troubled some who encamped on it. Its Indian name, eneshae, signifies a ripple. The Platte, is as you are aware, a French word signifying broad, and is a translation of the Indian name signifying the same thing, Ne-brath-kæ or Ne-prath-kæ in Iowa and Ne-brath-kæ in Omaha, or as some speak it, Ne-bras-ka. I formerly thought that as the government interpreter could not sound th, but used s where it occurred, we were indebted to that fact for calling our state Nebraska, and think so still, though if it was derived from the Omaha, it would be Nebrathka or Nebraska according to some of their own people. The

* Æ as a in fate; a as a in far.

Ne-ma-ha keeps its true pronunciation, better than any of the others, signifying *muddy water*. The Tarkeo is from the Iowa, signifying full of walnuts, but the true pronunciation would be Ta-kæ-o-yu, from takæ walnut, and o-yu full. Neshnebottany signifies a stream on which a canoe or boat may pass: Nesh-na, stream; pachæ, a boat, o-wæ ne to make a way or passage, Nesh-na-pa-chæ-o-wæ ne, (or nyæ). Nodaway is Ne-a-ta-wæ, Iowa, a stream that can be jumped over, or it might mean jumping water. Chariton is from the Iowa, signifying an abundance of *some thing* of which there was an abundance there, in that stream or near its mouth. I never saw the English word but once and that was more than fifty years ago, or during the Florida war. It is a root that grows in wet places, and is as large as a cucumber and larger, and much resembles those cucumbers that have two or three holes running horizontally through them, the top bears a seed like a small acorn. It was said that the Seminoles when hardly pressed retired to the swamps and lived on these roots. The Indians gather them and boil them for food. Sha-ra is the Iowa name of the root, and to, plenty. It sounds like a French name, but it is Indian. Ne-o bra-ra is a Ponca word and signifies broad or shallow water, the same as Nebrathka. I may here remark that in giv ing names the French nation always give to i the sound of e and to e the sound of a, hence the common mode of spelling it Niobrara. Ne, is water. The Missouri I think derives its name from the Sioux language in which water is Me-ne; smoky or roily is suchæ in Iowa, zheda in Omaha, and something like it in Sioux, as all speak of it under a term signifying smoky or roily or foggy as the word often signifies. The spelling is after the European pronunciation of i as Minnehaha, Minnesota, etc. It is thus that the true pronunciation of many names is lost by not attending to the signification. Mississippi is almost pure Sac, signifying, *not Father of waters*, but *great* or *large water*. Ma-sha, *great*, and se-po, a stream. The Iowas call it Ne hon-ya, signifying the same thing; the Omahas Ne-tang-ga, great water. I do not think of others just now.

The tradition of the Iowas is that a long time ago the Iowas, Otoes, Missourians, and Omahas were traveling together, and the Iowas encamped on a sand bar and the wind blew the dust on their faces, and hence Pa-hu-che, dusty nose, or dusty face; as pa is not only the nose but the head of an animal, and is so applied at times to persons.

Long, in his expedition, translates it gray snow, as the difference between pa snow and pa nose is hardly perceptible. Ho-chæ, dirty, gray, etc.

The Omahas encamped above on the stream, Eromaha signifying up or above on a stream; hence Omaha, called Mahas formerly.

The Missourians encamped at the mouth of the stream, Ne-u-chæta, *at the mouth of the stream*, hence Ne-u-tach, the name they go by. But this seems to contradict the saying that they were escaped prisoners within the recollection of the older ones, unless it refers to previous history.

The Otoes derive their name from a transaction or love scrape between an Otoe chief's son and an Iowa chief's daughter, Watota. They call themselves Che-wæ-ræ.

The Omahas have a similar tradition about the Missourians, except that instead of encamping at the mouth of the stream, there were two persons drowned in the stream, and hence the name ne, water, and u-chæ, to *die in*, *i. e.*, to drown ta, at a place, as Ne-u-chæ-ta, to be drowned at.

The meaning of compound words cannot always be known from the several parts, and is only known from tradition, and many of their names have lost their original signification.

Though many of these tribes cannot converse with one another their language shows a common origin, as Osages, Kansas, Quapas, Omahas, Poncas, Iowas, Otoes, Missourians, Mandans, Hedatse, etc., and various bands of Sioux. So of the Chippeways, Ottawas, Pottowattomies, Kickapoos, Sacs, Foxes, Peorias, Peankeshaws, Kaskaskias, or Miami tribes, and many others, as I think I mentioned to you in a former letter.

I wrote to you in the former letter in much haste, and forget whether I told you of my second marriage. We have three children, the oldest in her fourteenth year. Many thanks for what you enclosed. It may interest you to know what was done with it. We paid for some paper for our room and study, so we will think of your kindness when we see it. With kind regards,

Yours truly,

WM. HAMILTON.

P. S.—Mr. Fontenelle has been on the Logan Thomas claims for near two months.

W. H.

The following Indian names of streams and localities, is furnished by Henry Fontenelle:

Nebraska—Name of the Platte river, meaning flat river.

Nemaha—Name of the Nemaha river, meaning Omaha's river.

Neobrara—Niobrara or Leau qui court river, meaning wide river. Leau qui court is the French name of the running or Niobrara river, meaning the "water that runs."

The letter O was always annexed or prefixed to Mahas, Omahas is proper. The early voyagers, the French, abbreviated the word or name by leaving off the O and calling them "de Maha," instead of des Omaha.

Ohio—Although not in this state is an Omaha word, meaning come along. Ohie, or Ohahe, came by.

I cannot just now think of any more Indian names of streams or localities.

HISTORY OF OMAHA INDIANS.

At request of the editor of this report the following traditional history of the Omaha Indians is furnished by Henry Fontenelle, a reliable, intelligent, educated half-blood of that tribe:

DECATUR, NEB., Aug. 18th, 1884.

Robert W. Furnas, Brownville, Neb.:

DEAR SIR—I send you a brief tradition or history of the Omahas, as you requested, but I fear it is not all you want. Like other persons of limited means I have but little leisure to study or write, and have been away from home most of the time since last spring, and have had to improve what little time I could catch while at home to write it out, as you know my education is limited, and have not as fluent use of the English language as I would wish, and consequently I make a poor out at writing history or anything else. Had I plenty of time to study and write, and make researches I might have made it longer and go more into details, and it might have been more interesting and entertaining.

I once wrote a biography of Logan for the *Burtonian* (our county paper), which you will find in the last and largest history of Nebraska published in Chicago, which should you want you can find.

I send you the slip of paper containing the death of my aunt, etc. If you need it, or should you not, or at any rate, please send back to me when done with. I had the pleasure of seeing her while in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1873, also two of her daughters, one of whom a widow lady living now in Chicago.

Mr. Henry Allis will be at the State fair with the original manuscripts written by his father, to let you see, and hope to be there myself, if possible. I am

Very respectfully, etc.,

H. FONTENELLE.

The tradition of the Omahas handed down to this date is, that they were living at the mouth of the Missouri river in a destitute condition (no date is given), when by accident some one of them found an ear of corn in a mole hill, the kernels of which were divided among the different bands or families. From that time hence corn has been cultivated by them. The Quapaws, now of the Indian territory, go farther back. Tradition tells them that they and the Omahas were one tribe; that they emigrated down the Ohio river from its sources down to the mouth of it, where a controversy took place as to the direction they should take, when finally a part of them went down the Mississippi and called themselves "Ogoh pæ," meaning descending or going down. They settled on the west side of the Mississippi on that part of the territory now the state of Arkansas, and were there until they ceded the country to the United States, and moved westward. The other part of the tribe moved up the river and called themselves "Omaha," derived from the word "Kemoha," meaning against the current, against the wind. The Omahas, as stated, tradition takes them back only to the mouth of the Missouri river. In their migrations up the river nothing of importance is mentioned until they reached a point on the Big Sioux river, where they located their village, and lived many years in confederation with the Iowas, Otoes, and Winnebagos. In dissensions among the Omahas a part of them separated and went southward, and became independent tribes of the Kaws and Osages. After many years residence on the Sioux river, at or near the red pipe stone quarry, they went on up the Missouri with the other tribes mentioned, until they reached a point opposite the mouth of White Earth river where they crossed the Missouri to the west side and explored the country west of that point. The coun-

try being barren and soil poor they could not successfully raise corn. They lived there but a short time and moved down the west side of the Missouri river (still with the other tribes that started with them from the Sioux river), until they arrived at a place opposite the mouth of James river of Dakota, and lived there many years. The Iowas located at the mouth of Iowa creek, near the present site of Ponca, Nebraska. The Otoes went on south until they came to the mouth of the Elkhorn river where they settled on the east side of the river. No account is given of the Winnebagos after they left the Sioux river. How long the Omahas remained at their village opposite the James river we know not. When tradition tells us they moved on down the river to a place where the Omaha creek disembogues out the bluffs at the present site of Homer, Nebraska, and established a village there many years before a white man was known to them. It was at that place the Omahas first saw the white people. Some of the Indians were on the bank of the Missouri, and espied some strange beings on the opposite side building a boat, preparing to cross the river. The white people came over loaded with blankets, cloths, trinkets, and guns. It was then, and at that time, they first knew the use of fire-arms. A year or two afterwards five different traders established trading posts at the "cross timbers" (a belt of cottonwood timber stretching across the Missouri bottom about half way between Decatur and Tekama, Nebraska), where the Omahas and traders made their rendezvous semi-annually to trade.

Up to this no mention is made of any great chief until Blackbird comes into prominence with Ta-ha-zhouka, the father of "Big Elk the First." Blackbird was the first great chief known to white people, and his memory is held sacred by the Omahas for his rare intelligence and good traits. He held supreme command over his people. His words were law and obeyed as such. At the same time he is remembered as a good and gentle disposition, and loved by his subjects. Blackbird and Ta-ha-zhouka were the first Omaha chiefs that made a treaty of friendship and peace with the governor of the territory of Louisiana at St. Louis, where a recognition of his being chief of the Omahas was given him by the governor on paper, the date of which we forget. It is still kept by his descendants as a sacred relic. And at this time a portrait of Blackbird was painted, which at the present time hangs in the "Palace of the Louvre," at Paris, France. Not

many years after that time he returned from a visit to the Pawnees at their village on the south side of the Platte river opposite the present site of Schuyler, Nebraska. The Pawnees at the time were visited by that terrible scourge, the small-pox. He took the disease as soon as he arrived home, and died in a few days. His last request was, that he should be buried on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri, so that he could see the white people in their travels up and down the river, as he was very fond of them.

On account of their enemies, the Sioux, who made incessant wars upon them, and outnumbered them, they moved out to the Elkhorn river (named after Ta-ha-zhouka, meaning elk's horn), where they lived until the year 1832 or '33 when the small-pox broke out among them. In their consternation they scattered in every direction over the prairies. After a great many of them died the disease left them. They collected again, but abandoned that village and went back again to their former home on the Omaha creek, and lived there until A.D. 1845. Again, on account of their inveterate foes, the Sioux, making continual wars upon them, they moved down the river to a place four miles west of Bellevue. They lived there one year when their next great chief, Big Elk the First, died, and was given a Christian burial by the missionary at Bellevue, the Rev. Mr. McKinney, who preached the funeral sermon over the remains, and interpreted by Logan Fontenelle, U. S. interpreter. He was buried on the spot where now stands the Presbyterian College. In excavating the grounds preparatory to building the institution, no doubt the spot held sacred by the Omahas was desecrated by digging away his bones. What was done with them we know not. The memory of Big Elk is dear to the Omahas for his good traits, and is conspicuous for his executive abilities. He commanded respect among all the white people that knew him. His son and successor, "Big Elk the Second," was a man of natural abilities, but took to dissipating, and died from the effects of prolonged debauch at the foot of Blackbird hill, and was buried by the grave of Blackbird in 1852.

Contemporary with the last Big Elk was a conspicuous character by the name of White Buffalo, sometimes erroneously called "White Cow," a natural and gifted orator. For several years before he died the writer of this was U. S. interpreter, and it was with much regret I could not well enough use the English language to interpret and

convey the utterances of strong emotion in his eloquent speeches made before U. S. authorities, and upon particular occasions before assemblies. He was noted for his quaint, humorous pleasantries. It may not be amiss in this narrative to cite an incident when White Buffalo with other chiefs was in Washington in A.D. 1851, in council with the commissioner of Indian affairs. The year previous to that time the Indians of the plains had committed depredations upon emigrants traveling across the plains to California. The Omahas of course had to take the blame as well as other Indians west of the Missouri. The commissioner had occasion to speak of the depredations, and said to the Omahas that if they did not quit molesting the emigrants he would send out soldiers and big guns among them and kill them all off with one puff of his big guns. White Buffalo got up and straightened himself before the commissioner and said: "My Great Father, I fear not death. I have fought my enemies in many battles. I have courted death in the din of hot strife of battle with deadly foes, but death has thus far disdained me. Send out your soldiers, send out your big guns, and to prove to you, should I be your prisoner, I will crawl into your big gun and tell you to fire away!" The speech created some sensation among the white bystanders, but his colleagues took it as a good joke, as White Buffalo never merited the name of a "brave warrior" in any meritorious act in battle. During the winter of 1855 and 1856 agent Geo. Hepner issued provisions to the Omahas at Omaha City, at that time but an embryo city. After the provisions were all given out, the agent held a council with the chiefs. During the council, a Mr. Wm. Brown brought an account against the Omahas for hogs killed and taken by them. Sufficient evidence was given to prove that no Omahas were seen in the vicinity of Omaha City or Council Bluffs for four months previous to the time Brown lost his hogs. White Buffalo stepped up to Mr. Brown and said: "My friend, why do you charge us with a theft we did not commit. Your hogs were frozen to death." And in mock solemnity he puts his hand on Mr. Brown and pointing upwards, tells him to send his account to the Lord Almighty "who caused the snow and cold weather that froze your hogs." The jeers of the bystanders rather nonplussed Brown. He walked away and never mentioned hogs again to the agent or Omahas. White Buffalo was a great counselor to his people, and his counsels had effect by the argumentative and

convincing manner of speech he gave it. While sick, a few days before he died, he was visited by their agent in company with the U. S. interpreter, when White Buffalo made a few sensible and pertinent remarks; he was buried on a high bluff overlooking the river just above Decatur, Neb.

In September, 1853, the U. S. commissioner of Indian affairs visited the Omahas, and in council made overtures for the purchase of their country. The Omahas signified a willingness to acquiesce in the offers of the commissioner. In a council of deliberation on that occasion Logan Fontenelle by acclamation was created principal chief. All the chiefs of the Omahas were invited to Washington by the commissioner to make a treaty for their country, which was consummated and signed on the 16th day of March, A.D. 1854, the territory ceded by the Omahas embracing about one-fourth of the State of Nebraska, in the north-eastern part. The Omahas reserving for their home three hundred thousand acres where they now live, and are making rapid strides toward civilization.

In June, 1855, Logan went with the tribe as usual on their summer buffalo hunt, and as usual their enemies, the Sioux, laid in wait for the Omahas in vicinities of large herds of buffalo. The first surround they made on the buffalo the Sioux made a descent upon them in overwhelming numbers and turned the chase into battle. Four Omahas were killed and several wounded. In every attempt at getting buffalos the Sioux charged upon them. The Omahas concluded it was useless to try to get any buffalo and retreated toward home. They traveled three days and thinking they were out of danger, Logan, one morning, in company with Louis Saunsoci and another Indian, started on ahead of the moving village, and were about three miles away when they espied a herd of elk in the distance. Logan proposed chase, they started, that was the last seen of him alive. The same moment the village was surrounded by the Sioux. About ten o'clock in the morning a battle ensued and lasted until three o'clock, when they found out Logan was killed. His body was found and brought into Bellevue and buried by the side of his father. He had the advantage of a limited education and saw the advantage of it. He made it his study to promote the welfare of his people and to bring them out of their wretchedness, poverty, and ignorance. His first step to that end was to organize a parol of picked men and punish

all that came home intoxicated with bad whisky. His effort to stop whisky drinking was successful. It was his intention as soon as the Omahas were settled in their new home to ask the government to establish ample schools among them, to educate the children of the tribe by force if they would not send the children by reasonable persuasion. His calculations for the benefit of the tribe were many, but like many other human calculations his life suddenly ended in the prime, and just as he was ready to benefit his people and sacrifice a life's labor for helpless humanity. After Logan was killed the Omahas went to Bellevue instead of coming back to the reservation whence they started, and wintered along the Missouri river between Calhoun and the reservation, some of them at Bellevue. In the spring of 1856 they again went back to their reservation, where they have been since. The first years of their residence here they went on their usual summer and winter hunts and depended on the chase for subsistence. The game grew scarcer as the country settled up by the white people. When in the fall of 1870 they were obliged to go a long distance down on the Smokyhill river in Kansas, and found but few buffalo, they started homeward disheartened and in a destitute condition, and would have suffered was it not for the kindness of the commander of Fort Hayes, who liberally supplied them with bacon and flour. They arrived home satisfied that it was no longer any use to try and subsist upon the chase, as the buffalo and elk had disappeared from their usual haunts. They concluded to till the soil and emulate their neighbors, the white people, was their only alternative, from which time they have progressed rapidly, and have labored diligently in making themselves comfortable homes and take an interest in educating children. They have two flourishing schools that accommodate on an average eighty to a hundred children every year. They also have now about forty of their children at Carlisle, Pa., and Hampton, Va., schools supported by the United States government. Many of them have comfortable frame houses built by proceeds of their own earnings. They market surplus wheat and corn every fall. On the fourth of July, 1884, Ebohumbe, son of Chief Noise, died, after prolonged sickness, an exemplary and useful man for his emulative example in trying to live and labor like the white people and accumulating property. He owned at the time he died sixty head of cattle and forty or fifty head of hogs, three span of large horses, and

took to market every fall large surplus of wheat, corn, and hogs. White Horse, a descendant of the great chief Blackbird, who is living, is another among the Omahas who sets good example, by trying to live like the white people in farming and dwelling in a comfortable house, as well as by precepts given to his people at every opportunity; in turning them from their old habits to civilized ways of living; but these are only examples of many that try to better their condition; and should the Omahas progress as they have in the last ten years, another decade will see them competent citizens.

Some months after the foregoing had been handed me, Mr. Fontenelle wrote me as follows:

By invitation I was at the dedication of the Bellevue College, and the burial of the bones of the Omahas that were taken up in preparing the grounds for the building. I was entirely ignorant of what was done with the bones at the time I wrote the history of the Omahas for you, and I regret very much of having written the sentence of censure, in saying a desecration was committed in digging away the bones of "Big Elk." An apology was due Mr. Clark, the founder of the college, which I did offer. I now wish that that sentence in the History be erased, and substitute the following:

"Much credit and praise is due Hon. H. T. Clark for the kind, Christian act in carefully taking up the bones of Big Elk and others that were buried there generations ago, and put them in boxes and stored them until the appropriate and fitting time of the dedication of the College to its noble use, when they were reburied immediately in front of the building—upon which occasion eloquent and fitting expressions were given by the venerable missionary, the Rev. William Hamilton, and others."

HENRY FONTENELLE.

NOTE.—The editor of this report was, during the life-time of "White Cow," or "White Buffalo," agent for the Omaha Indians, and familiar with the peculiar characteristics referred to by Mr. Fontenelle. A reference to two instances may not be an unpleasant digression.

I was once sent for in great haste by "White Cow," on an exceeding bitter cold day in December, the messenger stating the old Indian was about to die, and desired to make his will, appoint his successor, and such like. I went at once, and found the old man stretched out on a buffalo robe before a blazing fire, in his tepee. He quickly as possible arose to a sitting position, greeted me, lighted his pipe and passed it around—a universal custom, and indicative of friendship and good will. He then proceeded to state his case. He was old, sick, and expected never again to get up and around. He wished a twelve year old grandson, then in the mission school, to succeed him as chief. He wished to be buried or rather placed in a sitting position, on the high bluff of the Missouri river, back a mile or so from the tepee, his face to the river, that the spirit might continue to see the steamboats passing up and down that stream.

I promised all his wishes should be complied with.

The old man thanked me for the promise I made him, then, exhibiting his tattered and not over cleanly, meagre wearing apparel, he said one of his standing ought not to be buried in such an outfit, and hoped I would see he had an entire new suit of clothes—blanket and breech-cloth. This too I promised him. He dropped his chin on his breast for a moment, in deep thought, then raising it, directed the interpreter to say to the Father—a name always given the agent by the Indians—that he was a very kind, good man to thus grant his requests; that he very much desired to thank in person the Father for the new suit of clothes he was to be buried in; that after he, the chief, was dead and buried he could not do so; therefore he thought it best he have the new clothes before he died, that he might have the pleasure of extending thanks in person. The real object in view in sending for me was at once unveiled. The old man wanted a new suit of clothes, and adopted this circuitous mode of obtaining them. The joke was considered so good that I complied with that request, as with others, and sent him next day a new suit. In about a week the old man came up to my office with it on, and thanked me very cordially.

At another time "White Cow" came bounding into my office with an interpreter, and in a very pompous manner threw back his blanket, lighted and passed his pipe, and at once proceeded to deliver himself after this style:

"Tell the Father," said he to the interpreter, "that I am the oldest

and most prominent chief in the tribe; I have traveled to see the Great Father at Washington; I have always been the white man's friend. I am going to visit my friends and relatives, the Ponca Indians, and must have presents to make them. I shall ask from him many things to this end, and expect to get them all."

My knowledge of the old man led me to suspect an African somewhere in the fuel pile, and I was disposed to humor the procedure. "Well," I said, "tell me what you want, and all you want." He said first, "he wanted tobacco, and plenty of it." "How much?" I enquired. "Ten kegs," he replied—that nothing less than that would suffice one of his rank. After talking the matter over for some time, I adopted a course always vexing to an Indian; I commenced to plead poverty, and beg of him. I reminded him that he was very rich; owned hundreds and thousands of acres of land he was not using; and horses almost without number, for which he had no use; and that he should make me presents, and not me to him. The old man assumed his favorite position when in thought, of dropping his chin on his breast. After a few minutes he raised his head, and looking at me very seriously, said to the interpreter: "Tell the poor man that I am old enough to be his grand-father; I have traveled much, and seen many thousand of men and women, white men and Indians, of all sizes,"—then placing his outstretched hand, palm down, to about two inches from the floor, added—"but tell him I never saw a white man no higher than that before."

All the old man wanted and came for was a single plug of tobacco, which, of course, he got.

Some months after this "White Cow" sickened and died. I had him buried as he desired, by having an improvised chair provided, the body placed in a sitting position in it, and surrounded by a stone and wood structure.

III.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

AMELIA FONTENELLE LOCKETT.

This lady, notice of whose death appeared in last week's *Economist*, was a native of Louisiana, and a direct descendant of a powerful family of the French nobility, a daughter, if we are informed correctly, of the Marquis de Fontenelle, a nobleman of great wealth and character, whose property was contiguous to the city of Marseilles, but who in all probability had sought, like many others, either health or increased fortune on the fertile shores of New France.

The family was in every respect a remarkable one. A young and adventurous brother of Mrs. Lockett, who left Louisiana at the early age of sixteen to embark in the perilous fur trade in the far West, in his traffic with the red men was deeply smitten with the charms of a young Indian maiden of rank in the then powerful Omaha tribe. After a romantic wooing, like a great many others, he determined to make her his wife, and the twain were united by the renowned Father DeSmet, the courageous missionary and priest, whose name is a household word in most homes west of the Missouri. The issue of that marriage was Logan Fontenelle, successively warrior, hunter, scout, and chief of his powerful tribe. No word of praise need be spoken of Logan Fontenelle to those who have ever heard his name. A large and thriving city in Eastern Nebraska is his monument and bears his name. Renowned for his courage, bravery, and kindness, and hospitality to the whites in their most critical time in the West, he was admired and loved by all from the Missouri to the Rockies. He was killed in battle about the year '54 on a high bluff overlooking the Missouri river—a spot where many pleasant hours have been spent by the writer of this—and a spot which neither he nor any one who has seen it will be likely to forget.

Mrs. Lockett was a lady of striking appearance, and the merest novice in the science of faces would not have failed to detect in her countenance the traces of the great strength of character which she possessed to the last. She was a thorough gentlewoman of the old French type, and spoke very little English. She had long been in feeble health.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL NOTES PERTAINING TO THE FONTENELLE FAMILY, AND EARLY DAYS OF NEBRASKA.

While at New Orleans during the Exposition of 1884–5, a very intelligent, well preserved, elderly lady called at my office, Nebraska Headquarters, introducing herself as Mrs. Thompson, then of Chicago, and cousin of Henry Fontenelle. She was an exceedingly fluent and interesting conversationist. She entered into details as to the history of the old French Fontenelle families. Before she left my office, I begged her on returning to her home, and at leisure, to furnish me in writing what information she had given me verbally during the to me pleasant hour of her visit. In due time I received the following:

CHICAGO, ILL., March 12, 1885.

Gov. Robt. W. Furnas, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—My daughter and self reached home safely. I regret we could not have remained longer in New Orleans. We enjoyed very much your pleasant company at Nebraska Headquarters. The souvenirs you were kind enough to give us will ever be cherished as pleasant remembrances of our visit to the Exposition.

In compliance with the promise made you I herewith hand you a rough sketch of mother's and uncle's lives, as narrated to you when at your office.

The records of the old St. Louis cathedral at New Orleans shows registered the baptism of Lucien Francois and Amelia Fontenelle, 1803. They were the children of Francois and Marieonise Fontenelle, then residing at a point below New Orleans, called Burat, a settlement near Pointe a la Hoche. They were originally from Marseilles, France, and of royal descent. A few years after the date given, one of those terrible freshet hurricanes visited the section where this family resided, swept away and drowned the whole family, destroying all traces of the plantation. At that time Lucien and Amelia were at New Orleans in care of an aunt, Madame Merlier, for the purpose of being educated, and were thus saved. About the year 1816, Lucien was a clerk in a New Orleans banking house. His aunt, who had charge of the children, was a very haughty, austere, cruel woman. One day, for some cause, she struck Lucien. This so wounded him

that the same night he packed up a small bundle of clothing and confiding his secret to the old colored nurse, Sophie, left for the wild West. Time rolled on and Lucien was not heard from. In the meantime his sister Amelia married Henry Lockett, an eminent young lawyer of New Orleans, nephew of Judge Henry Carleton, for many years judge of the supreme court of New Orleans. Fortune favored him with wealth and a family of daughters, who in turn married and settled in New Orleans.

Twenty years after Lucien left home, the servant of Mrs. Lockett informed her one day that a gentleman in the parlor desired to see her. On entering the gentleman clasped her in his arms and called her sister. She freed herself as soon as possible, denying any relationship, as her brother, she claimed, was a white man, and this one, to all appearance, was an Indian. He insisted he was Lucien Fontenelle, but the sister would not believe him. He then asked if the old servant Sophie was alive. She was, and was called in to identify him. She failed to recognize him from appearances, but stated if it was really Lucien, a flesh mark on his right foot would identify him. He pulled off his boot and stocking, when Sophie, finding the mark, he was thus identified.

He was a thorough Indian, to all appearances. He told his sister when he left home he went to St. Louis, there joined the American Fur Company, going all over the great North-west as far as Hudson bay, crossing the Rocky mountains and through what is now Oregon, Washington, and other western states and territories. He could speak ten or fifteen different dialects. He was intimate with the Chouteau family at St. Louis, and at one time expected to marry in that family. He was well supplied with means, and was lavish with his money. He said his home was where Bellevue, Nebraska, now is, and that he had married an Indian woman of the Omaha tribe, at which his sister became very indignant. He remained in New Orleans some six weeks when he left for his home among the Indians, promising to return some time again. On his way he was taken sick and died, as near as we could learn at a point which is now Alton, Ill. Where he was buried was never known. A few months after he left New Orleans a Catholic priest calling himself Father De Smet called on Mrs. Lockett, in New Orleans, and stated he had been with Lucien in his last moments, administering to him, and that his last request was that

he should see his sister and ask her to take his only daughter, and his fortune was at her command to care for and educate her, and the priest to educate the other children, three sons.

At that time Mrs. Lockett was wealthy and moving in most aristocratic society, and had no need of her brother's money. She told Father De Smet she could not take the daughter, and he was welcome to the money for the use of the children. She then thought no further of the matter.

In 1870 or 1871 a notice appeared in a St. Louis paper asking for heirs to some property in Bellevue, Nebraska. Remembering Lucien had resided there, inquiries were made as to what had become of his children. After corresponding with several persons it was learned from Father De Smet that he had performed a marriage ceremony between Lucien and the Indian woman, and that there were three sons and one daughter, whom he had baptized in the Catholic faith. Logan, one of the boys, had been killed in battle, and the others, he thought, resided in Nebraska. After searching for the property and records of grants Lucien had mentioned when in New Orleans visiting his sister, nothing was found further than that a grant had been promised, but not consummated.

In 1874 there was noticed in Chicago papers the arrival of a party of Indians from Washington in charge of Agent Gillingham and Henry Fontenelle, interpreter. A daughter of Mrs. Lockett, residing in Chicago, called at the St. James hotel where the party was stopping expecting to find some of the old Fontenelle family, perhaps a grandson of Lucien. She was joyfully surprised to find the son of her long lost uncle, after a lapse of thirty-eight years. Since then they have corresponded regularly.

Amelia Fontenelle died at Tallahassee, Florida, some two years since, at the ripe age of 81, still the same aristocratic French woman. While her fortune fled with the late rebellion she never accustomed herself to privations. She was connected to Hon. Pierre Soule, at one time member of congress. Also to Jules Caire, a prominent gentleman of New Orleans, as well as Dr. Armand Merlier, a celebrated surgeon of New Orleans, her first cousin. There are but two daughters remaining of the once large family of eleven children born to Amelia Fontenelle and Henry Lockett, one in New Orleans, the other in Chicago.

There are now living in Havre, France, two granddaughters of Madame Merlier, and second cousins to Henry Fontenelle. Their mother died some years ago. They have splendid residences in Havre, and are of the nobility.

Very truly your friend,
MRS. A. L. THOMPSON.

DEATH OF GOV. FRANCIS BURT.

Gen'l John S. Bowen, Blair, Nebraska, sends the following clipping from the New York *Times*, of date Nov. 9th, 1854:

THE DEATH OF GOV. BURT.—The Omaha (Nebraska) *Arrow* extra, of Oct. 18th, contains the following particulars of Gov. Burt's death: Francis Burt, governor of Nebraska, died at the old Presbyterian Mission House, at Belleview, at about 3½ o'clock this morning, retaining at the last hour a realization of his situation, and surrounded by the friends who accompanied him from his Carolina home. Immediately upon his arrival in the territory he was confined to his bed by sickness, occasioned by the long and tedious journey hitherward, commencing, we are informed, upon reaching the limestone country of Tennessee in his overland journey to Louisville, Ky. Retaining, about an hour previous to his death, a consciousness of his situation, he called his friend, Mr. Doyle, who had accompanied him from South Carolina, to his bedside, and gave such directions concerning his private matters as the urgency of the case seemed to demand, then calling Rev. J. Hamilton to his bedside, after a brief conversation, he passed into that sleep which knows no waking. He was a native of Pendleton, S. C., and was about 45 years of age. He leaves an affectionate wife, two sons, and four daughters to mourn their afflicting bereavement. One son attended him and was with him in his last moment of life, and will return to the paternal roof with the corpse of him who in the prime of life, with high hopes, left his native land but a short time ago to enter upon the discharge of the arduous duties to which he had been assigned. In Governor Burt the people of the territory have lost an intelligent, efficient, and generous officer, whose death is most truly lamented by the people of Nebraska and the adjacent towns in Iowa.

GOV. SAMUEL W. BLACK.

The following biography of ex-governor Samuel W. Black was written and furnished the Nebraska State Historical Society by his daughter:

Samuel W. Black, Colonel of the Sixty-second regiment, was born at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1818. He was the son of Rev. John Black, D.D., one of the earliest and most distinguished of the Covenanter clergymen of the state. He received a liberal education, and chose the law as his profession, in which he soon rose to a lucrative practice, and withal became prominent in political life, being especially effective upon the stump. He married, when very young, the daughter of Judge Irvin, of Pittsburgh, by whom he had four children. In the Mexican War he served as Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania regiment, and acquitted himself with great distinction. He was appointed United States Judge for Nebraska territory by President Buchanan, in 1859. In the spring of 1861 he recruited the Sixty-second regiment, of which he was commissioned Col. and was assigned to duty in Monell's brigade of Porter's division. He was engaged at Hanover Court House, where the enemy was put to flight and his camp and garrison equipage and many prisoners were taken. The enemy soon began to make himself felt on the left bank of the Chickahominy, and on the 26th of June, 1862, fought a stubborn battle at Beaver Dam creek. The Pennsylvania Reserves were upon the front, but the brigade to which Col. Black belonged was soon ordered to their support. Col. Black led his men forward with that fervor and enthusiasm which always characterized him, anticipating severe fighting, but the Reserves were able to hold their position, and Col. Black, though under fire, was not engaged. In the night the Union forces retired to Gaines' Mill, where, on the following day, the battle was renewed with great fury. At the very outset of the battle the Sixty-second Pennsylvania and the Ninth Massachusetts were ordered to advance under a terrific infantry fire. They charged across a ravine in their front, and gained the woods on the opposite side, handsomely driving the enemy. But while making the charge, and before the woods were reached, Col. Black, while the heroic effort which he inspired was in full tide, was killed. Few Pennsylvania soldiers, at

the time of his death, had made a brighter record, and none could look forward with better hope of advancement. He died deeply lamented by the whole state and mourned by a wide circle of personal friends.

Of his personal traits the following obituary from the pen of John W. Forney, conveys a vivid idea: "Twenty-two years ago, more or less, a young man electrified the cities and towns of Western Pennsylvania by his peculiar and irresistible eloquence. He was more boy than man. His fine face and laughing eye, his well-knit and handsome figure, his winning voice, and his mother-wit made "Sam. Black" the wonder of more than one exciting campaign. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman who was an object of veneration and love in thousands of hearts, and whose life had been one prayer and sacrifice and thanksgiving to God, Sam. inherited a fervent religious sentiment, and frequently punctuated his political appeals and legal arguments with Bible points and periods, and how he loved that old gray-haired father! In his most impulsive moments, however surrounded or flattered or aroused, whether fired with indignation or reveling with merriment created by his exuberant humor, a mere allusion to his father called tears to his eyes and gratitude to his lips. To fall in the battle-field, and for his country, was to die as Samuel W. Black preferred to die. If there was one trait conspicuous in him it was courage, and courage of the purest chivalry. It called him to the fields of Mexico, where he plucked laurels almost from the cannon's mouth. It always made him the champion of the weak or the wronged. It made him irresistible at the bar, and in the exciting passages of public life it demanded the obedience of the bully and commanded the highest respect of the true gentleman."

His first great effort as a lawyer was in the celebrated trial of the notorious mail robber, Braddee, of Uniontown, in 1841. Upon that occasion he gave evidence of great genius and commanding eloquence. From that period until 1846 his rise in the profession was almost unprecedentedly rapid, when he abandoned the profession of the law for that of the soldier. As Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers in Mexico he distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo and Pueblo. His career in Mexico was so brilliant as to induce the Democracy to nominate him for Congress, while he was still in the field. In the Democratic State Gubernatorial Convention, in 1857, he was a prominent candidate for nomination, receiving upon several ballots forty-seven votes. Shortly afterwards he went to Nebraska.

MRS. MARY T. MASON, WIFE OF JUDGE O. P. MASON.

She was born in New Hampshire, in 1836. Her maiden name was Mary I. Turner. She and Mr. Mason were married in Madison county, New York, 1854. They came to Nebraska in February, 1856, locating at Nebraska City, Otoe county. She died at same place, May 15th, 1874, aged 38 years, leaving four children, aged at that time, Jessie, 14; Grace, 10; Alice, 5; Bessie, 3. June, 1882, Jessie Mason and F. L. Harris were married, and located at Ord, Valley county, Nebraska.

Mrs. Mason was a devoted, working member of the Episcopal church. Her strength of character and nobility of life find expression in her life work, and the children she left. In early life her education had been conducted by her mother, who saw in her child the germ of the great mental powers that so enriched her maturer years. Finally her school career was finished, and her brilliant intellect coupled with kindly impulses of the heart won for her the love and respect of all her acquaintances, retaining them in after life as admiring friends. Loved, because lovable, of a disposition whose sweetness drew around her many warm and devoted friends. Her place may be filled at the social board she brightened and illuminated by her presence, but nothing can fill the aching void left in the hearts that cherished her, by her sudden recall to the angelic regions.

A newspaper, speaking of her death at that time, said:

It is a sorrowful task to speak to a bereaved household of the high order of mind that rendered their loved one a congenial companion to many gifted spirits; to remind them of her strong practical sense, that created the unostentatious comfort of her own home. It is hard to tell them this now, in their hour of bitter longing "for the touch of a vanished hand," for the "sound of a voice that is still." And yet we can speak comfort to all who loved her; for with the hope of a Christian faith we feel those traits are not lost in death. Stillness and dust may be our portion here, but from the outer gates of the invisible realm comes the blessed revelation that there is life for us somewhere.

The fond husband seemed
To have loved with a wild idolatry,
A being formed of mortal dust,—
One early doomed to die.

Yea, devoted husband, she whom you so fondly cherished, whom you cared for with more than woman's tenderness, and upon whom the winds of heaven were not allowed to blow roughly, is sleeping in the icy arms of death.

Loving relatives and friends, who so agonizingly prayed for the precious boon of her dear life, she is

Sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
With clasped hands of silent trust,
Folded with a Christian meekness,
O'er her treasured heart of dust.

She was a member of the Otoe county Old Settlers' Association, and at the annual meeting preceding her death, read the following poem, prefacing with this language:

"Gentlemen, Ladies, and Little Ones; Fathers and Mothers, Sons and Daughters; what I have written is from the heart. Should it speak to the heart, my desire will have been granted."

Oft the sun has risen in glory,
Run his course and sank to rest;
Moon has told her wondrous story,
As she sailed far down the west.

Buds have opened—blossoms faded;
Ice-chains bound the brooklet's tongue;
Snow-wreaths Winter's hand had braided
Over tree and shrub been hung.

Oft has Spring smiled on dark Winter,
Kissed away his icy breath;
Summer brought its warmth and shimmer;
Autumn, hues that whisper "Death."

Shifting scenes, like fleeting shadows,
Flit along o'er mem'ry's page;
Time and distance seem to narrow,
Youth smooths out the lines of age.

The present vanishes from sight,
Pristine beauty fills the land;
And on the left and on the right,
Unmarred works of nature stand.

A pilgrim band o'erlooks the scene,
Behind them lie friends and home,
Before them glimmers Hope's young dream—
Above them Heaven's blue dome.

While underneath their wandering feet
The grasses bend, the brooklets flow;
And from their steps the deer retreat,
And hide themselves in covert low.

The wild flowers open starry eyes,
Wild birds carol soft and low,
Trees fling green banners to the skies,
As summer breezes come and go.

The ancient block-house shelter gives,
To hearts all brave—nerves all steel;
In soldier's barracks ladies live,
Learning lessons true and leal.

One by one homes dot the landscape,
Acres sown bring forth the grain;
Industry, abroad at day-break,
Wakes to busy life the plain.

Wall by wall a city rises—
Goodly sight and fair to see,
Future hands will draw the prizes—
Weave the laurels yet to be.

Wagons yield their place to railroads,
Moonlight pales before the gas;
Who can tell all the new modes,
Years and science bring to pass.

Pioneering has its hardships—
Witness those who're gathered here,
Need had all of heartfelt worship,
Bended knee and prayer sincere.

Out of perils, out of sorrows,
Out of dangers dark and drear,
Out of many dread to-morrows,
Safely out of dismal fear,

His right hand has lead us onward,
Through the paths we could not know;
His great love has brought us forward—
In his strength still may we go.

Pioneering has its hardships—
But it has its pleasures, too,
Friendships true take root and flourish,
Watered by the heart's rich dew.

Joy and mirth made gladsome music
In the pauses of our care,

Dance and frolic, song and laughter,
Rippled through the evening air.

Age looked on and smiled approval,
Youth told o'er the story old,
How love's darts denied removal,
Cupid's cells would not unfold.

Children laughed and sang and shouted,
Tossed their curls and waved their hands;
Dog and cat and bird they routed—
Those bright-eyed, mischievous bands.

Then, at last, the twilight faded,
Wood and plain wore sombre hue;
Shadows, ere while faintly shaded,
Into deeper blackness grew.

Time's remorseless, restless finger,
Marked those days so wild and free—
Would not let them longer linger,
In the way of yet to be.

Tender mem'ry took the treasures,
Classed them with her rarest gems—
Hung on high the pictur'd pleasures—
Crowned the toils with diadems.

The past is not unmarked by graves,
Those graves we oft bedew with tears;
O'er many hearts the cypress waves—
Hearts that throbbed with ours for years.

Hands we've clasped in friendship true,
Folded lie o'er breasts of snow,
Dear faces, lost to loving view,
Pillowed lie on earth-couch low.

The old settler's chain has parted,
Links are missing here and there,
But, loved ones and true hearted,
We shall find them bright and fair.

Just beyond the sin and sorrow,
Just beyond the worldly strife,
Where there is no dread to-morrow,
In a land of endless life.

There we'll bind once more our love-chain,
Make it lasting, make it strong—
Wrenched, lost or riven ne'er again,
While the ages roll along.

To-day we've met, to-night we part,
Who shall say when next we meet,
What heart shall miss its kindred heart?
Whose quick pulse has ceased to beat?

God of love and God of mercy,
Whoso'er it chance to be,
Fold them in Thine arms so gently,
Bear them safe o'er Death's cold sea.

Bring them safe to homes of glory,
Builded by our Father's hand,
There to chant in loving story,
Memories of this precious band.

And, oh Father, hear, I pray Thee,
Hear these words and grant this prayer,
May each dear one now before me
Spotless wedding garments wear.

Dr. GILBERT C. MONELL AND HON. PHINEAS W. HITCHCOCK.

The biographies of these two old and prominent citizens were written by Mr. G. M. Hitchcock, grandson of Dr. Monell, and son of Mr. Hitchcock.

Dr. Gilbert C. Monell was born Oct. 20th, 1816, in Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y., and was his parents' second son. As his father could afford to do so in but one case, the elder brother was alone accorded a college education, and the subject of this sketch was thrown upon his own resources at an early age with a fair common school education. He, however, at once made the resolve to acquire himself what his parents were unable to give him. He took a salaried position in a country store, and began at the same time earnestly to prosecute the studies preparatory for a college course. He was enabled by strict economy and by a gift from his father, to raise a sufficient amount for a three years' course, and by self education while at work in the store, he fitted himself to enter Union College in the Sophomore year, abreast fully with those of his own age. He graduated at the age of nineteen years, and soon thereafter married Miss Lucinda Carpenter, in 1836, and then for a short time he continued his mercantile occupation, but only for the purpose of supporting himself while he

studied medicine in New York city. Completing his course there, he, with his wife and little son returned to Orange county, N. Y., and located in Newburg. Here a large practice soon rewarded his early privations, and in the specialty he made of the diseases of women his success was so great as to bring patients from New York city and New England.

After nearly twenty years of a hard working professional life the Dr., who had in the meanwhile acquired a competence, moved west in 1857, with his family, at that time consisting of his wife, one son, John J. Monell, and one daughter, Annie, and located in Omaha.

His two objects had been to establish his son in the West, and to break off the practice of his own profession.

Here Dr. Monell identified himself with the new republican party, and as an outspoken abolitionist was for some time a chief owner of the leading republican paper of Nebraska.

He was the founder of the *Rocky Mountain Daily News*, the first newspaper of Colorado.

He was one of the corporators of the U. P. R. R. and the chief local mover in that enterprise, and being also a confidant and friend of Mr. Ogden, of Chicago.

He was active in the early political struggles which established republican control in Nebraska.

He was a leading republican, supporting his creed by argument and money when it was neither popular nor politic.

After the war Dr. Monell retired to the seclusion of private life, where he devoted himself to study, which with him was a passion, and to charitable and religious works which so endeared him to the community in which he lived and worked.

He was the originator, incorporator, and director of the present state deaf and dumb asylum, the charter to which he surrendered to the state when the institution was well established.

He was the founder of the Omaha City mission, whose headquarters are still on the property of his estate.

The younger generation knew him only for his good deeds and quiet life; the older also for his political labors, and his friends in New York as a great physician.

He was a ready, dramatic, and forcible speaker, a philosophical student, an enlightened citizen.

He died Sept. 30th, 1881, aged 65.

Mrs. Monell survives him and lives in Omaha with her married son, John J. Monell, while her daughter Annie, who married P. W. Hitchcock, died in 1877.

PHINEAS W. HITCHCOCK was born at New Lebanon, New York, November 30th, 1831. His ancestors were English, who settled in New England in early colonial days, and his father, Gad Hitchcock, was a soldier through the war of 1812.

He was the youngest of several children, and while never physically his father's equal he gave early indications of intellectual endowments and tastes which led his father to furnish the son with the additional advantage of an education, which for a plain farmer's son was a liberal one.

From Williams College, Mass., Mr. Hitchcock graduated in 1855, at the age of twenty-four years. He then began the study of law, which he continued for two years, at the same time supporting himself by journalistic labors on a daily paper of Rochester, New York. As a writer at this time, and in laters years in Nebraska, when he occasionally contributed articles to the Omaha *Republican*, he was terse, forcible, and incisive in style, while his thought was original and strong.

In 1857 he moved west and located at Omaha. Here a new field opened before him and he soon entered it with all the energy and ambition a naturally active mind and nervous constitution would display in a country rapidly developing and at a time of great political changes.

Engaging actively in the practice of his profession, which he supplemented with a real estate and insurance business, Mr. Hitchcock at the same time felt a great interest and took an active part in the solution of the social and political problems of the day.

He became a leading abolitionist, assisted in the organization of the republican party, and aided in establishing the first republican paper in Nebraska.

He was a member of the republican national convention, at Chicago in 1860, and had the honor of voting for Lincoln from first to last. He was appointed U. S. marshal by Lincoln in 1861, and held the position till 1864, when he was elected territorial delegate to the 39th congress. In that congress the territorial interests, in-

cluding the legislation in respect to public lands, Indian affairs, and timber culture, received his active attention.

When Nebraska was admitted as a state P. W. Hitchcock became surveyor general.

He was elected U. S. senator in 1870, and during the six years of his term engaged himself quietly but earnestly in furthering the interests of Nebraska and of the undeveloped West. He did not take prominent place as a speaker in the senate, but did achieve some distinction as a most successful advocate of the measures he introduced or supported. He was an untiring worker, and in his speeches, which were neither frequent nor lengthy, he displayed the ability to carry his point by the careful, candid, and forcible presentation of the facts with an emphatic and practical explanation of the requirements of the case.

His measures were those which were calculated to develop the West, to improve the condition of emigrants and settlers, and advance the interests of their struggling communities.

Mr. Hitchcock was defeated for renomination by a powerful coalition, which waged a bitter fight and expended much money. He thereupon devoted himself to repairing his fortune and possessions, which by the neglect of his later years of public life had been somewhat wasted and impaired. During the remaining four years of his life he declined official honors tendered him by the administration of President Hayes, and devoted himself more to his own private interests.

Mr. Hitchcock had, shortly after his arrival in Omaha, in 1857, married Miss Annie Monell, daughter of Dr. G. C. Monell, and by her had three children, Gilbert M. Hitchcock, in 1859, Grace Hitchcock, in 1862, and John G. Hitchcock, in 1865.

A very happy married life was suddenly interrupted in 1877 by the death of Mrs. Hitchcock, and to further add to the sorrows of Mr. Hitchcock's later years his favorite child, his daughter Grace, died in 1880.

From this time to the period of his death in July, 1881, Mr. Hitchcock was a sorrowful and broken-hearted man, living more in the sweet memories of the past than in the hopes of the future.

He died a few days after the assassination of President Garfield, with whom he had been a college mate at Williams and a friend in congress.

JOEL T. GRIFFEN.

The following biography was prepared by his daughter, Mrs. L. G. Egbert:

JOEL T. GRIFFEN was born in Otsego county, New York, May 22d, 1817. His parents (Rachel Willson and Stephen Griffen) were of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, American born, his father being of Welsh descent. He carried on a small farm, beside running a grist mill, at which on mill days all the farmers congregated for a friendly chat and to procure their monthly flour and meal. It was proverbial of him that he was never heard to utter an oath or laugh out loud. Joel was the third son in his father's family, having two brothers and two sisters older, and a brother and sister younger. He was educated in the common or district schools of these times. He with his elder brother, Stephen, learned the trade of millwright, and spent several summers in building mills in the western part of New York and Northern Ohio. In 1835 his father removed with his family to Washtenau county, Michigan, which was then considered the far West. There he performed great labors in felling the immense forest which encumbered this portion of the state. And here in this malarial district was sown the seed of the fatal disease which attacked him in his later years. Returning to New York he married Miss Juliette Cobb Griffin, June 11th, 1840, and for a year or two owned and run a boat on the Erie canal. Yielding at length to the entreaties of his mother, he returned to Michigan and engaged in farming. After the death of his mother, in 1852, he removed to Oakland county, where he turned his attention to fruit raising and nursery gardening, also farming in a small way. He resided here until 1856. In May of that year he came to Nebraska, and located on the highest hill in the county, about three miles from the city of Omaha, then a very insignificant village. He returned to his home in Michigan for his family, consisting of three sons and two daughters. On his way to his new home he made (in St. Louis) the purchase of a stock of provisions and a house already framed and ready to put up, so that when he arrived in Omaha with his family July 20, 1856, he also brought his house and provisions to stock it. This house built of pine was known the country round as the pine house. At that time

the country was overrun with claim hunters, and as the inhabitants were few and far between night often overtook them, and any one who has traveled a prairie country after dark knows that with the most experienced it is an easy matter to lose the trail, and by his direction a whole candle was placed in a safe position in a western window before the family retired, and often the belated traveler has found shelter, guided by the light from the pine house. In fact, often after the beds were taxed to their full capacity he would jocosely remark that they were welcome to the widest board in the floor, and the floor would oftentimes be well occupied. In the prime and vigor of life, confident of his success and of the future of Nebraska, he gave his best energies to opening a farm, which was soon second to none in the country. He began immediately to plant trees, and urged others to do so, recognizing the fact that what Nebraska most needed was wood. His example was of great value to those around him, especially in this tree planting, which was attended with many drawbacks and much labor, and about the success of which everybody seemed in doubt. Now a grand tall forest covers sixty acres which in 1856 was bare prairie, innocent of tree or shrub. He was a staunch republican, and held a prominent place in the politics of his state. He was elected several times to the territorial legislature. He was elected to represent Douglas county in the first state legislature in 1867 and again in 1869. Omaha owes him a debt of gratitude for his efforts to secure the donation of Capitol Square for school purposes. He was postmaster of Omaha during 1870 and 1871. He resigned this office and engaged for some years previous to his death in the stock business, in which he had great success. He was a man of great executive ability and indomitable will, and once started in an enterprise would never give up until his end was accomplished. He was generous to a fault. I do not think any one ever turned away empty handed who applied to him for aid. He was fond of his home and children, and though not demonstrative, was a man of deep feelings, and his domestic afflictions had a marked effect on him. The loss of a son seven years of age, in 1856, and his daughter Ettie (a very bright and promising girl of eighteen), in 1875, each in turn bowed him down with a burden of grief and years. His health failed entirely in the summer of 1883, and he was persuaded to spend the winter in Southern California. Accompanied by his daughter Mary, he reached Los Angeles

November 1st; on November 30th he received the sad news of the death of his son Jay, who was killed on the Utah Northern R. R. This was the crowning sorrow of his life, and he never rallied from the shock. Weak as he was, he came immediately home, and slowly failed until, on March 10th, 1884, after much suffering, he passed away from this life to the life beyond. He is survived by only two members of his father's family, his younger brother and sister, who are at this time residents of Nebraska. He was buried under the auspices of the Masonic order, of which he was an honored member.

BISHOP CLARKSON.

The Rt. Rev. Robert H. Clarkson, Episcopal Bishop of Nebraska, died at his home on St. Mary's Avenue, Omaha, Monday, March 10, 1884.

The following biography of Bishop Clarkson was an editorial in the Omaha *Herald*, written by Dr. Geo. L. Miller, editor.

"This morning's sun looks down upon a stricken city, and its grief brings a whole state to the ground in woe.

"At the hour of twelve-thirty of the clock yesterday morning, Bishop Clarkson breathed his last breath of mortal life. In the midst of this great calamity, could we be left to our own hearts we would sit with our personal grief in silence. But a few words must be written for the public record.

"Robert Harper Clarkson, was born at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, on the 19th of November, 1826. He was of an old and honored family. His grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Clarkson, D.D., was the first clergyman ordained by Bishop White. He was rector of St. James' church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, until he reached a great age, and he now lies in the church yard there. The Bishop's father was, during his son's boyhood, a man of extensive business and of great public esteem. Afterwards he lived in retirement. Many people in Omaha remember him, a genial, hearty, good old man. He died here several years ago.

"The Bishop's academic education was received at Pennsylvania College in the town of his birth, where he was graduated B.A. in

1844. Shortly afterwards he became tutor at the college of St. James, in Hagerstown, Maryland. The head of this interesting institution was the Rev. Dr. Kerfoot, afterwards bishop of Pittsburg. While there, young Clarkson studied theology under Dr. Kerfoot, and was ordained deacon, June, 1848.

"In some of its circumstances his early life was most happy. Far beyond what falls to the lot of most young men, he enjoyed the advantage of love and care and association of very rare men. While at the college of St. James, he learned to love, and was in turn greatly loved by the Rev. Dr. Mulenburg, whose memory still lives and will always live in St. Luke's hospital, New York, which he founded, and in the lines of the hymn, 'I would not live alway,' which he wrote. He was the immediate successor of the elder Dr. Clarkson as rector of the church in Lancaster; a tie which bound him to the young man, and in his long life of many labors our bishop was to him as a son. Dr. Bowen, also rector of the same church, and afterward Bishop of Pennsylvania, was his uncle. For his piety, learning, and great labor, his name is a treasure in the Church to this day. He gave his kinsman his solicitous affection and assistance. Dr. Kerfoot lavished upon him the vast stores of his great learning, and made known to him not only the beauty of godliness, but the power and joy of exquisite literary graces. His cousins, the Passmores, were nearly of his age, and their poetic and highly spiritual natures quickened his own. And there were others who cannot here be named. And so it was that, by inheritance and education both, he was made for such a life as now on earth is ended.

"While at Hagerstown, in 1849, he won the hand of a daughter of the house of McPherson—a great name in those parts—and ever since she has shed on his pathway the raidiance of wife's affection and the help of wife's care. On the day of their marriage, before the sounds of festivity were over, the young couple took up their long and weary way to Chicago; he to be the rector of St. James church, and both to be to their death the most cherished objects of the affection of the people there. It was a great venture. With little knowledge of men, and no experience in affairs, they came to the new, raw western city. Almost children, they were to be as leaders of the aggressive and vigorous manhood that was impatient of weakness and heedless of failures. But they proved themselves worthy son and

daughter of their great inheritance. Hardly were they settled in their new home than the cholera came to mercilessly scourge the city. Others in the sacred office fled before the terrors of the plague; they were steadfast through the whole period of its ravages. Day and night the young deacon held his way among the stricken, nursing the sick, helping the poor, holding up the hearts of the afflicted, holding the cross before the eyes of the dying, and burying the forsaken dead. Stricken down himself, he conquered the disease by his indomitable spirit, and weak and weary as he was, he went out again to the utter misery all about, never stopping to rest, never heeding the cries of fear. The record of Christian heroism tells no more affecting tale of devotion and self-sacrifice. He came out of the ordeal a conquerer, for he had conquered a city. Known of all for what he had been in the hour of agony, as ever afterwards he went in the streets and the houses there, all men paid him a loving, and almost worshipful homage.

"He was ordained priest January 5, 1851. Seventeen years he lived among that people. He built a great church, in its beauty surpassing all others in that city. He gathered a great congregation from all conditions of men. He set on foot, and nursed, and made secure many charities. Every young man coming there, of whom he could hear, was sought out and helped, and encouraged, and put in the good way. Every poor, or sick, or afflicted, or friendless person found a hand stretched out, a heart open wide for him, and the more he needed of any sort of help, the more was pressed upon him. The whole was a life of arduous work; a joy and a blessing to everybody. The friendships then formed still live—their strength unrelaxed and the gratitude to-day all it was when the service was rendered. And now the city of his first love mourns, and mourns with the city where he rests forever.

In 1857 he received his doctorate in Divinity from his *alma mater* and also from Racine College. And there, in that young school, he had his place. It was he who named the sainted DeKoven for its head, and by much persuasion, secured the appointment. And his unswerving devotion and unremitting service did much to make the college the great Rugby of America. In 1872 our own university honored itself by conferring upon him the very first of all the degrees of doctor of laws.

Eighteen years ago the general convention of his church elected him missionary bishop of Nebraska and Dakota. On the 15th of November, 1865, he was consecrated in his own church. The services of that occasion are a memory still. The Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, the presiding bishop of the church, was consecrator, assisted by Bishops Kemper, McCoskey, Lee, Whipple, and Talbot. In 1870 Nebraska was erected into a diocese, and he was unanimously elected its first bishop. He retained jurisdiction in Dakota for some years, when the western part of that territory was detached and made a separate district with a bishop of its own. Last fall he was, at his request, relieved of his missionary jurisdiction, the work having outgrown his strength. And he now looked forward to years of labor to be given wholly to Nebraska.

He repeated in his higher office of bishop his work as priest. He came again to a new, raw land, whose prairies stretched out a vast waste with a few little towns where little churches had been built, and a sparse and poor population. It was as untoward a prospect as a Christian bishop ever looked upon. But he was no more dismayed than when he first left the home of his fathers. With what heedlessness of self; with what buoyancy of spirit; with what resolute patience, despite great discouragement; with what abundant, trying, exhausting labors, he has gone on and carried on the work none know or ever will know, who were not admitted to his inmost heart! He has built fifty churches. He has carried to good success his two schools. He has been the head and moving spirit, and source of strength to all the work of his Church. He has not kept himself to the places of ease, nor even to his own home, but has gone up and down all the country, preaching in school-houses as well as churches to a few disciples wherever they could be gathered. No journey has been too long or too hard for him to travel in all seasons, so that he could reach and help and encourage any servant of the Lord. He has preached such sermons that men who cared little for such things have said they never heard him but they longed to be better, and he has taught multitudes the very rudiments of our divine religion.

His work has been before our eyes, although we have not seen it all. The poor missionary has cried to him in his utter poverty; the young man has craved his aid; the afflicted and sorely sinning have sought his counsel and comfort. And so it is that his true work, his

great work has been abundant and distressing where men could have no thought of it. And its fruits have been on every hand. They are that love that now makes so many, many men and women he has helped to a better life rise up and call him blessed.

His last great works are in our midst. The child's hospital was his child, and he loved it with a father's love. That is one. But the joy of his last days was the cathedral. He toiled and was full of anxious fears for it. There was no detail of the work he did not know, and follow, and care for. And when the work was completed and he looked upon its fair beauty, and he came to consecrate it on that lovely November day with his brethren of the episcopate about him, and his clergy around him, and his people of the goodly company he rejoiced with a great joy. His last act there he entered into with his best delight—the marriage of the daughter of one he dearly loved. And now, after that, comes the end in the holy precincts. While yet in health he spoke again and again of his wish to be laid beneath the shadow of his cathedral, and even pointed out the spot. And when he saw the time was coming fast, he repeated his request that there he should be laid. The solemn promise then was given him, and he rested on it.

And so it is to be that two days hence he is to be carried from his home, which he filled full with the affection of his great heart and the light of his happy spirit, by the hands of his own clergy to his cathedral amidst a whole people weeping and mourning, and then, his dearest friends and the prelates coming from afar to honor him, he is to be laid in the place he had chosen for himself. And it shall be from generation to generation a holy shrine for men to come to pay homage to a sainted name.

THE OBSEQUIES.

On Thursday morning at eleven o'clock the holy communion will be celebrated at the cathedral.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the body of Bishop Clarkson will be carried by his clergy to the cathedral.

At two o'clock the services at the cathedral will begin. The burial will be in the cathedral yard under the window of the south transept.

It was the desire of the deceased prelate to be buried on Sunday afternoon, in order that laboring people of all classes might witness

the services. This has been impracticable, but it is earnestly hoped that all classes of our citizens will be present, if not within the cathedral, at least in the yard when he is laid at rest. Large numbers of his friends and of the clergy from abroad, among them several of the bishops, have signified their intention to be present.

DR. ENOS LOWE.

The biography of Dr. Lowe, following, was furnished by his son Col. W. W. Lowe:

Dr. Enos Lowe was born at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, May 5th, 1804. When he was about ten years of age his parents moved to the territory of Indiana, locating at the small settlement known as Bloomington, in Monroe county, the community being mostly composed of quakers, his parents being of that denomination. When a mere boy he began the study of medicine, and soon began the practice of the profession in the midst of the many vicissitudes and privations incident to a new, wild, and sparsely settled country. Little by little, however, he accumulated enough from his practice to enable him to seek higher culture in the profession, and he entered the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati, where, in due course, he graduated with honor and high standing. He now located as a practitioner at Greencastle, and some time after moved to Rockville, continuing in active practice there for some years, during which he was sent to the Indiana legislature. In 1836, the border country having gradually extended westward, he determined to spy out the new land, and accordingly made the journey on horseback to St. Louis; thence going up the Mississippi river to Flint Hills (now Burlington), then the home of Black-Hawk and his Sac and Fox Indians. Being favorably impressed with the new country, after a brief sojourn he returned to Indiana, and during the fall of 1837 moved, by wagons, across the country to Burlington, where he continued in active practice of his profession for the following ten years, his practice becoming so extended and laborious that the writer has known him to ride thirty and forty miles to visit the sick. During his residence in Burlington he was one of her most active and patri-

otic citizens, and was one of the leading spirits in laying strong and deep the foundations of that now beautiful and prosperous city.

Among his pioneer cotemporaries of that day were such men as Hons. A. C. Dodge, Chas. Mason, O. D. Browning, J. C. Hall, Robt. Lucas, B. Henn, V. P. VanAntwerp, Jas. W. Grimes, Henry W. Starr, and others who became distinguished in the history of the state and nation. In 1847 he received, from President VanBuren, the appointment of receiver of public moneys at the land office in Iowa City, to which place he removed at once, and held the office for four years. He was a member of the Iowa legislature, and president of the senate. He was a member of both constitutional conventions of Iowa, and president of the second. About the close of his term as receiver, he was tendered the position of collector of customs at Puget Sound, which he declined. In 1853 he was appointed receiver of public moneys at Kanesville (now Council Bluffs), whither he removed, held the office two years and resigned. In the meantime, he and a few friends created the Council Bluffs and Nebraska Ferry Company, of which he became president, and he at once went to Alton, Ill., and bought the steam ferryboat "General Marion," had a full cargo put on board, and brought her to Council Bluffs. From this small beginning, the ferry company, under his guidance, became a strong organization and a most important factor in settling the great trans-Missouri country. They built several fine steamers (some of which were destroyed by ice), and during all the period preceding the advent of railways and the building of bridges, maintained a most efficient and satisfactory means of communication. Prior to the establishment of this company, or about that time, he and some few other gentlemen made a treaty with the chief, Logan Fontenelle, and his tribe, the Omahas, by virtue of which they were permitted to occupy a certain area on the west side of the river. The laying out of the town site of Omaha followed immediately, the surveying, mapping, and marking of the public highways and claim-lands being done by A. D. Jones, under Dr. Lowe's supervision as president of the ferry company. From this time he became identified with Omaha and Nebraska, and was ever active, energetic, and zealous in forwarding the public interest. No one in the community devoted more labor or gave more time gratuitously to the public weal than Dr. Lowe, and when the safety and future of the community were in

jeopardy he gave most liberally from his personal means and private property, besides devoting much of his time to the cause and making many journeys at his own expense and without reward. At this time he took a prominent and conspicuous part in the committees sent to New York and Boston to secure the building of the Union Pacific railway bridge at Omaha; and it may be well to record the fact here in the history of this pioneer, that, but for the persistent labors of those committees, *the Union Pacific bridge would not have been located at Omaha.* The citation of this fact alone is sufficient to show how great a debt we owe to such men as Dr. Lowe—a debt that can never be paid, and is all too likely to be forgotten by those who step in to fill the places of the fallen pioneers.

In 1866 the Old Settlers' Association was organized. Dr. Lowe was chosen president, and held the position until his death.

At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, Dr. Lowe, though somewhat advanced in years, felt that every able-bodied man should aid in stamping out the attempt to destroy the Nation's life, and at once entered the service as surgeon of the First Nebraska regiment, going into the field in the department of the Missouri, under General Curtis (another eminent western pioneer who has ceased from his labors), but at the solicitation of his son, General W. W. Lowe, the Doctor was soon transferred to his command in the Army of the Cumberland, with whom he served as brigade and division surgeon until his health became so impaired that, upon recommendation of his son, his resignation was accepted, and he returned to his home in Omaha. The invigorating climate of Nebraska after a time restored him to health and comparative vigor, and he renewed his active labors in the community, only to cease when health and strength departed. Many important industries and enterprises owe their existence to his creative power, nerve, and courage, among which may be named: The Omaha Gas Manufacturing Company, of which he was president; the Omaha & Southwestern Railway Company, in which he was director; the organization of the State Bank of Nebraska, of which he was vice-president; the Grand Central Hotel Company, and many other enterprises of more or less note and significance, all going to show his faith in the future of Omaha and Nebraska, and his readiness to uphold his faith by his works. And still further back in the early days, long before the U. P. railway was thought of, he and

other incorporators succeeded in getting an act through the territorial legislature, approved March 1st, 1855, to incorporate the "Platte Valley & Pacific Railway Company," for the purpose of constructing and building a railroad, single or double track, from the Missouri river at Omaha City, and also a telegraph line up the North Platte river and on the north side of the south fork. I have in my possession the original record book of proceedings of this organization, and from a memoir in the book, written by Dr. Lowe, I quote this remarkable sentence: "Let it be remembered that this great work (a Pacific railway) was actually commenced within the corporate limits of Omaha, in February, 1860." He made strenuous efforts to induce capitalists to put money into the enterprise, but they looked upon the idea of a trans-continental railway as visionary and impracticable. A few years later, however, it bore fruit, but the original projectors of the work were not participants in its benefits.

Dr. Lowe was also one of the incorporators of another pioneer railway, the Council Bluffs & St. Joseph R. R., in May, 1858.

"The character of Dr. Lowe, like his noble and stately form, dignified and commanding, never tainted by infidelity to public or private duty; always generous in service to friends and the community; wise in counsel as a citizen, and singularly gifted as a physician, with insight into disease, and a pre-vision of the thousand forms of its malignity, and of the issues of life and death, which wait upon it; is of right entitled to the veneration and perpetual remembrance of all who have made their homes in the city of Omaha, and among whose founders he was one of the first for twenty-five years of its history. After the full period allotted to man on earth, full of years and of honor, he laid himself down to rest in death."

On July 22d, 1828, Dr. Lowe was married to Kitty Ann Read, a native of Mercer county, Kentucky, who died at Burlington, Iowa, February 19th, 1870. The Doctor died at Omaha, Nebraska, in the afternoon of February 12th, 1880, of paralysis resulting from exposure. The only child, a son, Gen. W. W. Lowe, the writer hereof, now resides at Omaha, Nebraska.

MRS. CAROLINE JOY MORTON.

Caroline Joy Morton was born on the 9th of August, 1833, at Hallowell, in Maine. Her father was Hiram Joy. He was of Irish descent. His ancestry, as far back as the family records in this country go, were seafaring people. They who go down to the sea in ships learn to cast out fear, and meet danger and toil and watching with steady nerve and toughened muscle. Their children have a heritage of courage and resolution, and the breath of the salt sea air is their constant stimulant. Her mother was Caroline Hayden. She, too, was reared in the rugged hill country of Maine, and breathed the same strong air and dwelt among the same stern and vigorous scenes.

Hiram Joy, when a boy, was apprenticed to the trade of a saddler and harness maker. Hard, steady, honest work was his lot, and he bent to it with a native fidelity and docility; and he had a strong desire to help himself. His education was such as the district school of those early days, in that new country, could give. It was not much, but what it was he made wholly his own. And so heritage and education and circumstance all contributed to make him a man — a strong, hard-working, practical, tenacious man. In 1834 he removed to Detroit, Michigan, and followed the trade to which he had been bred. He had early success in it, and kept to it with his natural force and tenacity. In the spring of 1835, after a violent illness of a few weeks, his wife died, leaving the little girl, who was the only pledge of their married life. They only who have had the same experience, or have seen close at hand others in like condition, can understand what a calamity and what a risk were here. The desolate father and the unconscious child—what now should be their way in the world? He was of a temper and a training to find distraction in his work; but she, the little girl, not able to care for herself, nor even know the nature of her loss, according as she should fall into good hands or ill, so was she to be and so was to be her life. Of all sweet charities, the care for little friendless children is the sweetest—in hospitals and orphanages, if more cannot be done—but a home for the tender soul, made its own by the love and pity of strangers, is the best refuge. It is a sad thought of this world and the men and

women in it, how many motherless children there are and how few such homes are open to them.

But happily the little Caroline was one of these few, and she never ceased through all her years to bless her lot—and with good reason. Her mother had near neighbors whom she loved and trusted, and to whom had not come the gift of children, and with her dying breath she charged them with her baby, to rear in virtue and all godliness of living. Deacon David French and Cynthia Eldred French were fit to be so trusted; mild in their ways, loving in their natures, and Christian in their lives, they accepted the charge, and they kept it with fidelity. Afterward she bore the name of Caroline Joy French. Until her marriage their house was her home, and till her death they were to her father and mother, and she was to them a daughter. In 1850 her father Joy removed from Detroit to Chicago. He met the usual vicissitudes of life, but accumulated an ample fortune, enjoyed general respect and confidence, and died in 1868.

Caroline was first sent to an Episcopal school in Canada, opposite Detroit, where she remained until she was nearly fourteen years old. She was then removed to the Wesleyan Seminary at Albion, Michigan, remaining there until nearly seventeen. She was then placed at the celebrated school for girls in Utica, New York, which was under the charge of the Misses Kelley, graduating in her twentieth year. Her school life was much the same as that of such girls generally. Tractable, diligent, conscientious in the prompt performance of all her duties, and at the same time genial, vivacious, generous, and happy, she was a favorite with teachers and scholars alike. To her alma mater she always bore a loving loyalty, and to the Misses Kelley a most affectionate respect and admiration. It always pleased her to speak of them and the school, and she did so as one appreciating what both had done for her.

While she thoroughly mastered what are generally called the solid studies of such schools, she was an apt and delighted pupil in music, drawing, and painting. Her love of music was natural and very strong. She was well instructed upon the piano-forte. When she left school she was a very fine performer on that instrument, her years being considered; and in the other arts she showed taste, skill, and a desire to excel. So many young ladies do something in these ways and give promise of excellence, that it may seem superflous to men-

tion them. The difference is, that generally when the serious cares of life press upon them they cease their practice, and soon lose the skill which they have gained, while all through her life she almost daily found time, in the midst of many duties and occupations, to study and improve herself in these accomplishments.

Her best education was at home. Through her girlhood her foster-parents loved her tenderly, as the best natural parent loves his own child. But their affection was judicious. She was made to understand that her business in her girlhood was to do everything and omit nothing that would improve her physical, mental, and moral nature. She was taught that health was to be cared for as well as books, and that kindness, charity, and regard and respect for others, were as necessary as any advantage personal to herself. Definite religious training was imparted. The clear, decisive, positive teachings of religion were constantly impressed upon her mind, and she accepted them with docility and faith. She never forgot them, and when in her turn children were given to her, she seriously and rigidly imposed on them what she had received. But she was not only taught all sound religious knowledge, but she was trained to the conscientious performance of religious duties. She was not reared in a dark, austere, formal, ascetic system. Religion was to her the thankful enjoyment of all the good gifts of God, and her service to her divine Lord was willing, sweet, and sincere.

There was also another line of instruction for her. Her mother carefully taught her the duties of good housewifery. The art of wholesome cooking, and the other work of the well-regulated kitchen, and the care and service of chamber, dining-room, and parlor, were familiar to her even as a child. And amidst it all was one lesson of prime value which she learned and never forgot; it was the ethics of use, and the immorality of waste. She was generous, she was made on too large and liberal a mould to be penurious, or to deny herself or her children, or any others whose pleasure was in her care, any proper indulgence; but she was taught that wastefulness, even in the little things about the house, as well as criminal extravagance, was wrong and led to other wrongs.

At this time she was in person and mien a striking and handsome young woman; tall, slender, vigorous, active, and graceful, with luxuriant brown hair, hazel eyes, clear, dark complexion, always dressed

with taste and a due regard to occasion and circumstance, she was observed and admired by all who saw her. Her genial, cordial, gentle manners; her direct, honest, vivacious conversation; her pure, truthful, sincere nature drew to her the affections of all who knew her.

Her circumstances were very happy. Her father lavished upon his only child all his affections, and they who stood to her as father and mother were very indulgent, giving her all that wealth can buy and the largest freedom consistent with their Christian convictions and teachings. And so it was that, inheriting from her ancestry, hardened by the sea, a strong, resolute, and vigorous nature, receiving from those who were charged with her care the nurture and training of loving, Christian parents, and educated in the best methods of the best schools, she entered upon the duties and responsibilities of life an admirable Christian woman. Everybody wished her God-speed.

At the age of fourteen she was engaged to be married to him who became her husband. Nor in all her girlhood had she any experience incompatible with her promise, nor did her heart ever for a moment draw back from it. In fulfillment of that early betrothal, on the 30th of October, 1854, at the residence of David French, corner of Congress and Brush streets, Detroit, she was married to J. Sterling Morton by the Rev. Joshua Cooke, minister of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian church of that city. The young husband was her senior about a year; he had been educated at the University of Michigan, and Union College. He inclined to adopt journalism as his profession. On the day of their marriage the young pair bade adieu to the homes of their youth and turned their faces westward, to make for themselves a home in Nebraska. It was a new land. Six months had not passed since the Indians had ceded to the United States their title to this territory. Few pioneers had penetrated its borders. It was an absolutely unoccupied and vacant country.

There was a certain romance in this adventure. They gave up homes that had been made for them and the ministries which had there waited on them, the culture and elegances to which they were wont, the indulgences and pleasures of cities and of competence, for a new land where even grain for food was yet to be sown, houses to be built, and the first foundations of society to be laid. They came in a spirit of adventure, to do for themselves what their fathers had done before them, to begin their lives with the life of a new community, to

impress themselves on its institutions, and become a part of that great moral and political establishment which should fill these regions with a consistent, organized, and beneficent society. It was the same large spirit which from the earliest history of men has driven them always westward from the homes of their childhood to new countries, where they should plant new seats and establish a new civilization.

This young woman, vigorous with the nature which she inherited from a stalwart ancestry, brave, resolute, self-reliant, joined her young husband in this work, and bore her part in it with a heart never for a moment doubtful of the issue. The sequel shows that she was of the right stuff for the task, and that reward was equal to the effort and the sacrifice.

How far their new home was from the place of their childhood may be seen by tracing their journey, and the modes of their travel. They went by rail from Chicago to Alton on the Mississippi river, thence to St. Louis on that river by steamer, from St. Louis up the Missouri to St. Joseph by steamboat, and from there to Council Bluffs by stage. The whole distance occupied seven full days and nights of hard, tedious riding.

Early in November, 1854, Mrs. Morton was settled with her husband in Bellevue. Bellevue was the initial point of settlement in the new territory. For many years before, Col. Peter A. Sarpy, representative of the American Fur Company, had there a trading post, at which many treaties between the government and the Indians were negotiated and executed. Here, too, was the extensive mission of the Presbyterian church to the Omahas, under the charge of the Rev. William Hamilton. The governor of the territory, Hon. Francis Burt, had established himself at Bellevue, and it was expected that it would be made the capital of the new territory.

The home of the young pioneer was a log cabin of two rooms; it was upon the bluff about a mile below where the depot of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company now stands, and where the Missouri sweeps by in a wide and easy curve. In the mild, sunny fall of the year, the spot was one of beauty. The valley, dressed in the dull russet of the season, stretched many miles away, the view was met to the east by rugged bluffs far beyond the river on the Iowa side, and by gentle, soft hills on the west, while up and down the river—its current not turbid to the view, but silvered

in the distance—ran on its quiet course through miles and miles of the sleepy valley. Below the bluff on which the cabin stood, all that remained of the tribe of the Omahas had their tepees, and were the nearest neighbors of the new comers.

It was a strange experience for the young wife, she was almost alone. In the little hamlet the only other women were the wives of the Hon. Fenner Ferguson, the Rev. William Hamilton, Mr. Tozier, Mr. Israel Bennett, and perhaps one or two others whose names cannot be recalled. With her own hands she cooked such hard fare as could be had, and performed all the other offices of the little home. But there was no sigh for the good things left behind; no contrasting the hard present with the pleasant past. She looked with careful and abiding hope and faith to the future, always seeing in it honor and abundance and happiness for her and for him to whom she had given herself. There came often to them others who had entered on the same life, to claim their hospitality and their cheer, and a hearty welcome and brave words were given out of a generous and sympathizing heart. Many of these guests are gone, but some remain who recall with peculiar pleasure the humble home, the young wife, the cheerful, merry words, the welcome, and the generous hospitality.

In a few weeks after his arrival in the territory, Governor Burt died. The Hon. Thomas B. Cumming, the secretary, succeeded to the executive, and convened the first legislature at Omaha, where the capital was permanently fixed.

This dampened the hopes of Bellevue, and in April, 1855, Mr. Morton and his wife removed to Nebraska City. He "claimed" the tract of land near that city where they were always afterward to live, and in June they began to build the home which is known as Arbor Lodge.

Here now began in truth the real work of life, the making of a home in which should dwell not only herself, of whom she took the least account, but her husband and the children who should be given them—in which should dwell, besides, the undoubting affections of husband and wife, the kindly charities of generous souls, the woman's ministries for all within the household, and the reverend, constant, and faithful obedience of God's holy will and commandments.

The place was the naked prairie, except where a little stream with wooded banks divided the field in two. The strong, heavy grass

formed a tough sod which had never been broken. No sign of the white man's abode or steps was anywhere to be seen; it was an utter solitude, save as the bright sun shone through the clear, dry air down upon the green grass ever waving in the continual wind. The young people together marked the space for the house, a slight elevation, from which could be seen the wide valley and the distant hill on which Kearney was afterward built. The house was a long one-story building, with ample porch in front. Its rooms were, for the country and the time, large, and all its parts betokened comfort and hospitality. It was the good beginning of a home. The wife entered most heartily into the work of reclaiming from its wild nature the land about, joining to her husband's her own taste in laying off roads and lanes, and planting trees, and shrubs, and hedges. The tough sod was broken and sown; fences were built and avenues of trees were marked and planted. The work went on year by year; the soil became soft and tractable under abundant culture. The orchards of all fruits of this climate were planted, a few acres at first, more and more every year; barns, stables, sheds, and cribs for grain were built. The animals of the farm of the best blood were bought and bred and reared. Flowers and flowering shrubs, and vines and evergreens in great abundance, attested the woman's presence; time lent its aid, and the whole, along with the mistress and the family, trees of ornament and fruit, hedges and vines and flowers, under her nursing oversight, grew, until Arbor Lodge, with its more than seventy acres of orchard of every kind of fruit and all its other acres rich and mellow, and rejoicing in the good culture it had received, became a very bower, well described by the name it bore.

It was not, of course, all her work, but it was all work done under her inspiration. She knew every tree and shrub and vine, and of each had some sweet memory, and many were called by names given by her or her boys in token of some sweet association. There was the little conifer brought by her own hand from the mountains and guarded now by a stone, marked with an inscription none can read without a tear. There was the apple tree of special favor, whose fruit she most enjoyed, and known as "Mother's Tree," and so it was all about. The place is now, to those who loved her most, all alive in every spot with memories of her—her spirit as it formed and guided and nourished seems now to dwell in every thing.

A few years ago the house, which had shared the constant growth, room being added to room as there was need, was too straightened for the family, and was unequal to the taste and wishes of its mistress. The faithfulness and real poetry of the dwellers in it now showed themselves. The house was not abandoned or cast away and a new one built. The very timbers and frame and structure of the old one were sacred. Whatever greater elegance might be had in a new house, it could never have the far higher grace of association, and so it was kept, built upon and rebuilt, and there it stands to-day, an ample, handsome, delightful mansion, but still the house in which this gentleman and lady began their life and have reared their children.

It is within the renovated, enlarged, and rebuilt house that Mrs. Morton is most seen. Music of the best and highest order always sounded through this home, and there stands the piano which shall never more under her skilled fingers sing for us songs without words. Upon it is the cover those same fingers embroidered; and so clothed are table, chair, and sofa in every room. Paintings of decided merit, irrespective of the painter's name, are on the walls, some her own work and some her choice. Bric-a-brac, some collected, and much more decorated or made by her, are everywhere. The whole house seems written all over, in every place, with the sacred words, "wife and mother," for all was done by her for her husband and for her sons. What a contrast was Arbor Lodge when her eyes closed on it forever and when first they saw it, and what a life to have wrought that work!

Her first boy, Joy, was born in Detroit, on the 27th of September, 1855. Then, on the 22d of May, 1857, came Paul, in the same place; Mark was born on the 22d of November, 1858, at the hotel in Omaha then known as the Herndon house, now occupied by the Union Pacific Railroad Company for its general offices; and Carl was born at Arbor Lodge, on the 18th of February, 1865.

Arbor Lodge is Mrs. Morton's memorial, but she lives truly in these sons. As she in her youth had been trained and educated with care, affection, a discreet indulgence, and well tempered severity, so she reared her children. What most she taught them was truth, sincerity, fidelity, respect for men and reverence for God. Much she did by precept, but far more by constant and intimate companionship.

She entered heartily into all that interested them. Together they often went out, with generous provision for the hunger which was sure to come, and spent the whole day in the fields and woods, gathering nuts, lichens, ferns, shrubs, and flowers, always carefully disposing of the treasures they brought home, so that they might afterward be put to use. And often, too, they passed the whole day together in the house enjoying music, games, reading, and the telling of tales full of humour and fun. In the midst of all she was the heedful mother, correcting faults and approving what was good, and also a sister, putting no restraint on any of them, and sharing every feeling, impulse, and emotion. The mother was in this woman. How her eyes were gladdened by what she saw! She held her early marriage to be the happy circumstance of her life, and she rejoiced that the same good fortune came to Joy and Paul; and when they brought their wives to her she took them to her heart as daughters. Those were the radiant days of her life.

She was too good a woman ever to forget that when she was a little motherless child a kind friend had taken her home and reared her with judicious care. She was always remembering this when she saw another such an one, and her heart went out to it with especial tenderness and sympathy. Her friend, Mrs. Chandler, died very suddenly, leaving behind a little one who needed a home and a mother's care. She took the little Dela to Arbor Lodge to rear and train and make a woman of, such as others had made her. With what love and tenderness and patience and judicious care she did her duty to the child, and with what anxiety she gave up the charge when she gave up all the rest of the world, they only know who saw it all.

In 1858 Mr. Morton was appointed secretary of the territory, and much of his term he was acting governor. The duties of his office called him to the capital, and he had his family with him. Omaha at that time was a town of perhaps 2,000 inhabitants. There were enough to make a pleasant society, but not so many but all could know one another. During her residence there Mrs. Morton entered very heartily into social life. She was genial, affable, charitable. She was at this time a handsome lady; perhaps she never appeared to better advantage than she did then. Many who shared that early life remember her as she was then with especial pleasure. But it was in the society of her own home that she held the largest place. In

the earliest days, when hospitality was a necessity, she learned, if ever she needed to learn, to exercise it generously and graciously. Her door was always open to all comers. The poor were never sent empty away, and her friends shared whatever she had with an unlimited freedom. Arbor Lodge was always a gay house. It was a place of dancing, and games, and jollity. The young especially resorted thither with an assurance of welcome and pleasure.

And there was another charity which this good lady exercised, the care and help of the poor. Those whom others did not care for she took as her own charge. There was a poor half-breed Indian boy who had been put out at the school near Nebraska City by his father, but who had been neglected by him; he drifted away from good influences, and at last committed some trifling offense for which he was lodged in jail. The story accidentally came to Mrs. Morton's ears, and at once she set about securing his release and providing him with proper care. She asked no aid in the task but went about from man to man all over the town, getting their signatures to a petition for his discharge, and having gained that she collected money to send him to his father, seven hundred miles away. When a neighbor told her that her servant, a poor motherless girl, aspired to be a teacher, Mrs. Morton adopted the case as especially her own charge. She inspired the girl to educate herself and then to secure a place in the country to teach. When she was suffering excruciating pains in her last sickness she heard that there was a vacancy in the high school in Nebraska City which she thought the young teacher could fill. Dr. E. W. Whitten, her attending physician, was a member of the board of education, and she besought his aid; he discouraged the effort because there were many other applicants who had friends of influence, but Mrs. Morton was not to be put off; indeed in the very fact that the girl was friendless she found reason for her appointment. The evening came on which the election by the board was to be had; the doctor was attending her, but suffering greatly as she was, she refused his services and charged him to hasten to the meeting and tell the members that this was a poor, friendless girl who had educated herself and was worthy of the place; that she would go to them in person and beg the appointment but she was too ill to do so; and from her sick bed she asked this favor of them. When the doctor came the next morning, heedless of her own condition, her first question was, "What

did the board do?" When told that they had unanimously granted her request the expression of gratitude and happiness on her worn and emaciated features told of the self-forgetful, generous nature of the invalid. Her suffering only made her more heedful of others; her approach to the gates of Paradise made her spirit more than ever loving and charitable.

Mrs. Morton was not a highly intellectual lady, she made no such pretensions. Her numerous occupations and her imperious duties in so many directions did not leave her time or strength or inclination for studies and labors of a severe character; but she was thoroughly intelligent. She kept well up with current literature and with passing events. She was well informed upon the topics which occupied public attention, political, social, and religious, and she discussed them with discrimination and temperance.

The relations of Mr. and Mrs. Morton were singularly happy. It was in their childhood that they plighted their affections, and in their early maturity that they were married. There was too much force and vigor in the wife for the man to outgrow or weary of her. With no separate wish or ambition, but with common purposes and common views of life, its just modes and aims, they were each the complement of the other, and the two together were one. To her her husband was the admirable man; she shared his trials, his hopes, his disappointments, his ambitions, his growth, and rejoiced to be in all good and ill fortune his true helpmeet. To be his wife in all service and affection was her pride and joy. This was the peculiar felicity of a very happy life. And now, just as the hard work was done and the full reward was at hand, the end came. The beautiful house, the perfected homestead, rooms and decorations, trees, flowers, walks, and drives, animals, servants, and friends and sons and husband; memories, charities, friendships, affections, and the dear light of day, just when they were most cherished, were all to be given up. She looked back on all these blessings, not with repining but with devout gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. She looked forward with the same courage and faith which she bore through life. She always had a perfect contentment with what was given her; she had realized all she aspired to. In her last illness she said: "My sons have never made my hair gray. Very few women have lived so long and so happily in a human home and shed so few

tears as I." It was her habit during her husband's absence to keep a daily diary; the last entry is dated February 2, 1882. She writes: "I am suffering great pain to-day, but perhaps when the trees blossom again and the birds begin to sing I shall be better, but when I look around me and see how comfortable a home I have, I feel very thankful, and had almost as lief be sick as not."

Mrs. Morton, by a fall on the third day of July, 1880, injured her knee. She gave it little attention, and shortly afterward had another misfortune with it. She suffered great pain. The best medical attendance failed to relieve her and the disease progressed rapidly; during her illness prayers were read for her at every service in St. Mary's church, where she was a communicant, the knowledge of which was a great comfort and help to her. Her rector visited her frequently and prayed with her and for her, and administered the help and consolations of the church. A few days before her death she called her husband and her eldest son to her bedside and said: "Let me read the prayer for the sick." She wished to read it herself to express her prayer to her heavenly Father with more fervency. She read it with clear and decided but pathetic and pleading tones, and then committed to him the issue.

The last day was the 29th day of June; she lay in the library, the windows of which open to the east and receive the first light of the coming day. The time was sunrise; the windows were open, and the first warm breath of the morning came in fresh and sweet from the fields and flowers; her breath was drawn with the sound of a lullaby as though hushing a babe to sleep, the same note she had used when quieting her infant children. Joy said: "Paul and Mark cannot get here, they will never see you in life again; won't you send them a kiss by me?" She kissed him twice distinctly and perfectly. It was the last conscious act to send a kiss to each absent son. She closed her eyes and the heart was still. The night was over and the day had come.

The late afternoon of the second day following Mrs. Morton's death, Arbor Lodge was the scene of a striking event which was in harmony with her life. By common consent all business in Nebraska City was suspended and the pall of mourning was upon all the silent and empty streets. About four o'clock the people of the town, and multitudes from every part of the county, and representatives from

all portions of the state took their way toward the desolate home. There were all classes in the company, but most to be observed was the throng of the poor and of those not largely blessed with wordly means. The number of them was very great, and the sorrow of face and tone and manner spoke of a personal bereavement. They to whose wants had for so many years been given kindly and untiring ministries, they whose misfortunes and sorrows had been cheered by words and acts of thoughtful sympathy, they who had seen this life of tender, vigilant, and unselfish service for others, all came to this mansion with their other fellow citizens and fellow mourners for the one common purpose.

It was a June afternoon, and, save in the hearts of the throng of people, all was peaceful and sweet. Her own four sons, Joy, Paul, Mark, and Carl, carried her forth, assisted by four of the near friends of the family. With the setting of the sun she was laid to rest in the cemetery, Wyuka, and the grave was strewn with flowers by the hands of her own boys.

The little field thus consecrated by the sacred dust now deposited in it has been fitly marked. A shaft, twenty feet high and three feet in diameter at the base, has been erected in the midst. It is in the form of a trunk of a forest tree, which has been riven and broken at the top. At its base fitly disposed emblems of the life now ended—a sheet with the music and words "Rock of Ages," the needles and materials of embroidery, the painter's palette, pencils, and brushes, graceful ferns and large lichens, a vase upon its side with broken lilies, and ivy twining to the top. One branch hangs, symbolizing the broken life. Upon the opposite side is the cavity of a decayed knot, in which are three fledglings which have left the nest, while on the top of the trunk, looking down upon her little ones, is the anxious mother, and one other, the youngest of the brood under her wing. The little field is protected by a fence of stone, the base being a perfect resemblance of rows of stumps of trees cut to a uniform height, upon which are logs lying horizontally as they are laid in a log house.

The whole is symbolic of a life in the new country, in familiar sympathy with nature in her tenderest moods.

The inscription is: Caroline, wife of J. Sterling Morton. Died at Arbor Lodge, June 29, 1881, aged 47 years. She was the mother of Joy, Paul, Mark, and Carl Morton.

MOSES STOCKING.

Moses Stocking, of Saunders county, Nebraska, died at his residence, Friday, Sept. 30th, 1881, of paralysis. His wife, all his sons and daughters, except Mrs. White, Oregon, and Mrs. Bosworth, Colorado, were at his bedside.

The following autobiography was written by him, at the request of Geo. S. Harris, Land Commissioner B. & M. R. R.:

To Geo. S. Harris, Esq., Land Agent of the B. & M. R. R. Neb.:

Sir—In complying with your request to furnish you a short autobiography of myself, I am aware that I shall lay myself open to the charge of vanity and a desire to become conspicuous on very small capital.

I have no knowledge of the family name or history further back than my grandfather, who was a small farmer and also a tanner and shoemaker in Chatham, and later at Middletown, in the state of Connecticut. His family consisted of three sons and a daughter—my father, born in Feb., 1775, being the youngest. The oldest son, Moses, entered the marine service at the age of sixteen, in the war for independence and fought under the command of the heroic Paul Jones. Every member of the family, so far as I am able to learn, were whigs of the revolution, and gave their aid and sympathy to the party that defied the British throne. This was also true of my mother's family, the Ishams, of Colchester, Connecticut.

In 1809, my father, Reuben Stocking, emigrated to the state of New York, and settled among the hemlocks of the town of New Berlin and county of Chenango, where I was born in April, 1813. After spending in that locality ten years of the very prime of his life, in Feb., 1819, a bankrupt in purse and with a family of ten living children—the three oldest of which were girls, he moved to Monroe county and for three years was a renter. In the spring of 1822, he pushed on to the county of Genessee, and settled upon a tract of wet timbered land. Here commenced such a struggle for life as few families on these fertile and beautiful prairies will at the present day appreciate. In debt for 110 acres of wild land, one-third of which was swamp, no capital, wheat worth 25 cents per bushel, the Erie canal unfin-

ished, merchandise to be hauled in wagons from Albany, everybody poor, few schools and those of a low order. Poor as they were I was only enabled to attend them a month or two, snatched from the labor of the woods during the snowiest portion of the winter—no public libraries or newspapers from which to glean knowledge, nor time to read except the short period between a hard day's labor and much needed sleep, nor other light than a tallow dip or the kitchen fire; it is no marvel that when in my 17th year and I had finished my last day's attendance upon a school, I had only acquired the plainest rudiments of an English education.

At this age I was active and robust in constitution, possessed of a retentive memory, and ambitious to excel.

At this time Dr. L. B. Coates, of Batavia, offered me a situation in his drug store with the privilege of studying medicine under his direction. This offer I appreciated and ardently desired to accept, but poverty's stern form interposed between me and my ambition. My father had become broken in constitution, his family was still large, a heavy debt hung over his farm and I was his main dependence in the labors of the field. The doctor's offer had to be declined. This I considered as the turning point in my life; and changed it from a career of letters and scholarly attainments, to the rough realm of the frontiersman.

Continuing with my father, except when working out as a hireling, until my 23d year, I then determined to push into the western country and explore it for myself. Consequently the evening of the 3d of November, 1835, found me a passenger on the unlucky steamer North America, Capt. Appleby, bound for Detroit.

The day had been beautiful, but as we steamed out of the port of Buffalo a cloud black as Erebus lay beneath the fast declining sun. Before we could reach the bay of Erie, one of the most fearful storms of that stormy lake broke upon our staunch craft, in all its fury. Added to the other dangers was the hull of Commodore Perry's old war ship Superior, aground in the channel of the bay; in attempting to pass which the North America ran aground. We shipped her rudder, lost her anchors and drifted against the piers, where we lay until the afternoon of the second day before we got off.

From Erie I made my way to Ashtabula, Ohio, on foot; thence by stage to Willsville, on the Ohio river; thence on foot to Wheeling,

West Virginia, where I stopped three weeks with a brother there located and engaged in the jewelry business. Leaving Wheeling somewhat sooner than I contemplated I fortunately avoided a little hand to hand encounter that had been planned (without consulting me) by a highway robber, who expiated his crimes upon the gallows the next year.

With a heavy pack, pursuing my way on foot on the national pike to Dayton, Ohio; thence up the Miami valley to Fort Wayne; thence down the the Wabash to Huntingdon; thence north by section lines much of the way, fording rivers and taking the chances of finding food or lodging, tracing my way slowly through the dark forests, often marching to the tune of howling wolves, I reached, on the 8th day of Jan., 1836, in St. Joe county, Michigan, the home of an aunt, a twin sister of my mother's, whom I had been especially charged to find. Resting for one week, I had arranged my pack for a start on the next day to continue my tramp to the Mississippi, when a sudden attack of inflammatory rheumatism put me under the doctor's care instead of on the road. I remained here about sixteen months. The financial crash of 1837 having stagnated all business rendered the sale of land impossible, and being dead on my feet with ague, I returned to New York in the fall of that year. The next summer I worked for an old neighbor, married in the fall of 1838, and with my wife and father's family returned to St. Joe county, Michigan, determined if we could not sell our lands to make a living by improving them, but as events have proven, this was a mistake— we had better have given them away and searched for a healthier climate, for after fourteen years more of hard labor, sickness, and suffering, we were compelled to get away from that living graveyard, and sold a splendid farm of 186 acres for the paltry sum of $2,000, on seven years time.

Leaving my family in Michigan, the 16th day of March, 1853, found me at Glenwood, Mills county, Iowa, with a span of horses and $700 in cash. Having long been accustomed to a level country the hills about Glenwood appeared mountains to me, which, with a wrong impression of the climate together with ignorance of a prairie country, combined to make an unfavorable impression upon my mind and I continued undecided till about May, when an offer from the late J. M. Cooledge, of Glenwood, induced me to start for California with a drove of cattle. Notifying my family of my intended move-

ments, the 19th of May found us on the west side of the "Big Muddy" and our first camp in the Indian country was pitched on what is now Main street, in the city of Plattsmouth. On the 28th day of September, after four months of severest toil and never ceasing watchfulness, we reached the banks of the far famed Sacramento river, worn out, exhausted, and alkalied.

The following September I bade adieu to that wonderful land of sunshine and fruits, and took passage on an ocean steamer for my home in Michigan, via the Isthmus and New York. Looking around among old scenes and friends for a few days I determined to leave that sickly locality as soon as possible. Closing up all affairs, the 22d day of November found my family on board of a wagon and on the road for Glenwood, Iowa, where, after a cold, tedious journey, we arrived December 25th.

Being more desirous of schooling my children than acquiring wealth induced me to locate near that sheltered town, but the experience of fifty-five years discovered to me that I had made a mistake on that point—that there was but little educational spirit in the place; further, that in a commercial point of view, I was on the wrong side of the "Big Muddy." Consequently I crossed the river and located a claim on Four Mile creek, in Cass county, Neb., where I moved my family in the spring of 1856, rented ten acres of poor breaking for wheat and corn, upon which a good crop was raised. I erected a double cabin and broke about forty-five acres on my claim, upon which I raised about thirty acres of very good sod corn, but had the misfortune to lose it by a prairie fire. While attending the deathbed of a sister at Glenwood, the Pawnees stole my best ox and both of my cows. The death of my sister and her husband, within two weeks, left upon my hands their small children to provide for and educate, increasing my family to twelve persons at the commencement of the terrible winter of '56 and '57. Speculation being rife through the country, and town sites almost as numerous as the population, I was induced to take an interest in the Cedar Island town site, which, after much trouble, turned up a blank.

The dry season of 1857 gave but an indifferent crop off my forty-five acres of but partially rotted sod, excepting in potatoes and pumpkins, the yield of which was truly astonishing, but the sudden change in the weather late in October, accompanied with high wind and snow,

spoiled nearly all of the potatoes. In 1858 I put the same ground (which had now became well rotted) in wheat, oats, barley, corn, and potatoes, all of which presented a most promising appearance up to July. In fact, I had cut and shocked the barley, and cut one day on the wheat, when near sunset, a rain of twelve hours duration set in causing a most unprecedented flood on Four Mile creek. I barely saved enough of damaged barley for the next year's seed. The news of the discovery of gold on Cherry creek, in Colorado, reached the river in September. I with a party of a dozen from Plattsmouth, Pacific City, and Glenwood, on the 18th, started for the newly reported discovery, determined to prospect and discover if possible the existence of the precious metals in that then unknown land. Spending some six weeks of the most beautiful weather in prospecting along Cherry creek, the Platte river, and several of its tributaries, also among the foot hills of the mountains, and finding float gold in almost every hole we dug, the conclusion was forced upon us that when the season should favor penetrating the recesses of those grave old mountains, we should be enabled to open the vast storehouses of their hidden treasures. Therefore, when winter set in upon us, about the 1st of December, we turned our attention to the location and building of a town, as a base of future supplies. This idea gave to the world the present city of Denver. I had already seen enough of the country to be convinced that for stock growing it was second to California only in the greater severity of its winters; also that on trial a large portion would prove to be a fine agricultural region. At that time this idea was generally scouted.

The above views determined me to return to the Missouri, dispose of my farm, and arrange affairs so as to return to Denver in early spring. About December 14th, a party of two Plattsmouth men and three Laramie men, three wagons, and half a dozen yokes of cattle, took up our line of march for Plattsmouth, arriving home January 8th, 1859. At Plum Creek, on the trip, a lucky shot from my rifle brought down a buffalo cow, which saved our party from starvation. On looking into the market after my arrival home, I found the whole community struck dumb with a commercial panic. To sell a farm was an impossibility, cattle suitable for the plains very high, and could be purchased only with gold. I could make no shift that would not bankrupt me, and again I turned my attention to farming,

raised good crops, and extended the area of broken ground. In the spring of 1860, not having yet been able to make a desirable shift so as to return to the mountains, I determined to push the farming to the extent of my ability, and put in fifty-five acres of wheat, thirty acres of corn, with some minor crops. I next hitched up a pair of cows, and some two-year old steers with my oxen, started a breaking plow and the planting of a crop of sod corn. Each day's work was leveled smoothly and dragged with brush and harrow. The corn came up finely. By the first week in June, some forty-acres had been broken and planted. The wheat was headed out beautifully, the thirty acres of corn had been plowed once and second plowing commenced, and the ground clean and corn growing finely. A better prospect for a good crop could not be desired, when, presto, a change came over the spirit of my dream. About 4 P.M., June 10th, a cloud dark as Erebus came wheeling up from the horizon with the speed of a locomotive—wind blowing by turns north-west, west, and south-west. Instantly dropping chains, I started the teams towards their pasture, but before proceeding two hundred yards the storm burst upon us in all its fury. I tried to get off the yokes but found it impossible; the cattle ran for shelter at the top of their speed. The only armor between my skin and the hail and rain was a cotton shirt. Thoroughly drenched in a moment, smarting from the driving hail, I siezed a grain sack, and drawing it across my shoulders as a partial protection, hurried towards Four Mile creek as fast as I was able, and on reaching it jumped in, and got under a bridge for shelter, standing in water knee deep until the storm was over, by which time I was pretty thoroughly chilled. A more complete wreck of bright prospects than my farm presented after the storm was over could scarcely be imagined. The corn field that looked so fine two hours before was now as bare as fresh-ploughed fallow; not a hill not a plant was left to show that it had been occupied. The wheat field was no better, nothing left but pelted and broken fragments of what had been wheat plants. But, thanks to the recuperative vigor of the plants and fertility of Nebraska's soil, the corn pushed rapidly up in sight again and made a tolerable crop. The wheat stubble sprouted up and headed out with small heads, making about five bushels to the acre, and ripened but little later than the regular harvest. Having lost by fire, flood, and storm the greater portion of three out of five crops,

which I had planted in Nebraska, and fallen short of reaching expenses of the farm about $700, I determined, in September of that year, to turn over my farm to the management of my wife and three sons, the youngest yet in his teens, and for myself endeavor to strike something that would enable me to pay off my debts. Notifying my creditors of my intended course, they each readily assented. Accordingly making a careful estimate of the quantity of wheat required for seed and one year's board, I soon had the small balance in Hersel's mill, and in due time removed therefrom forty-two sacks of flour. Putting forty of them in a wagon, and hitching thereto one pair of grown and two pairs of two-year old steers, the same cattle that had already plowed and harrowed seventy-five acres of prairie that season, about noon of the 10th of October, set out for Denver.

At Wahoo Ranche I overtook the train of C. L. Cooper, and traveled with it. At Plum Creek we were caught in a severe storm of rain, hail, and high wind, so cold that their work stock froze in the corrals. At ——— creek met a snow storm that fell six inches deep; very cold weather followed the storm. At other times on the trip had very pleasant weather. Arriving at Denver, found the market glutted, left a portion of our load to be sold on commission, with the balance we started for Faryal at the foot of the Snowy range, arriving on the 14th of December, but was compelled to store our load for want of purchasers. Before reaching Faryal our cattle took the sore tongue disease, then prevalent, which reduced their flesh very much, so that when we reached winter quarters on the plains near Colorado City, they presented a sorry appearance. In February took charge of Mr. Cooper's train of seven wagons at a salary of $400.00 a year, including the privilege of my own wagon in the train and also of looking after my farm when at the Missouri river. Under this arrangement performed the business of freighting till the close of 1863, traveling each year from 3,000 to 3,500 miles, and subsisting the stock exclusively upon the grass that grew on the routes traveled. In the meantime my family had made more than a living from the farm.

In the spring of 1864 I sold my teams, and found myself in possession of $2,000, and out of debt. The Indian hostilities having rendered freighting a precarious business, I determined to try droving. Accordingly, in company with Jacob Penny, I went to Kansas for a drove of cattle. Collecting about 300 head on the Verdigris,

we made our way back to Nebraska, arriving at Wyoming about the first of July, where we sold the greater part of our herd to the Mormons, who were outfitting at that point for Salt Lake City. This venture paid us a fair profit.

Having had some experience in wool growing, I now determined to procure a flock of sheep—a class of stock that would require less help to manage, and also allow me to stay at home. For this purpose, I started in October for Wisconsin; but finding prices high and holders unwilling to sell, did not buy in Wisconsin. Returning via the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, heard of a flock of merinos at Marshalltown, Iowa, just arrived from N. Y. From this flock I purchased 100 ewes and 100 lambs, and in Story county, Iowa, I bought 90 coarse wooled sheep. In July, 1865, I started for Michigan for more sheep. Bought 500 head in Jackson county, mainly ewes and lambs. Started them on the 22d day of August, from the town of Concord; arrived at Plattsmouth the 22d day of November, after one of the most tedious journeys ever performed by sheep. Rain, rain, rain, and but two mud holes between Laporte, Indiana, and Chariton, Iowa; the Mississippi river making the division. Previous to leaving for Michigan, I had selected a location in Saunders county, and within the railroad land grant, for a sheep farm, and directing that a quantity of hay be put up for wintering. For this point, on Christmas day, I started with a flock of above 500 sheep; leaving the remainder—stock, farm, and family—in charge of our three sons. That farm of 240 acres we still own. My family moved from the Cass county farm in the spring of 1870, to our lands in Saunders county, being located on both Wahoo and Sand creeks, near where the waters of the two creeks unite.

Here in Saunders county we have plodded along slowly, adding something each year to our improvements and steadily increasing our stock. Our sheep farm at this time consists of 1040 acres of deeded and homestead land, on which we have comfortable buildings, 400 apple trees, 320 acres under cultivation, 400 acres enclosed in pasture with 1,200 rods of fence, 20 acres seeded to timothy, about five acres planted to forest timber. Besides which we occupy one section of railroad land of which 120 acres are under the plow, 400 acres of meadow, 160 rods of hedge planted, and on the same land there are 400 feet of shedding 16 feet wide, 14 inclosures fenced with

pine fencing, and three corn cribs made with pine lumber. Our stock consists of 1,500 sheep, four head of neat cattle, 25 head of horses and mules, and about 45 head of hogs.

MOSES STOCKING.

Mr. Stocking served Saunders county two years as county commissioner, and a more faithful, intelligent officer Saunders county has never before or since had. He was the first man to introduce blooded cattle in the center of the county. His first purchase was from the celebrated Daniels herd, of Sarpy county, consisting of a cow and bull. The cow cost $225, and is still owned by his son George H., and the bull, a yearling, cost $150. From this small beginning there is now a large herd of fine grade and pure blood cattle.

Mr. Stocking was for years a prominent member of the State Board of Agriculture, and at the time of his death was one of three men in this state that were elected life members of the board. In 1875 he delivered the address at the State Fair, in Omaha, which was a production worthy of the man and the occasion. He was always an active member of the board, and was also a prominent member of the State Horticultural Society.

January 16th, 1878, he was elected president of the Wool and Sheep Grower's Association. He was an original member of the society and drafted the constitution and by-laws which were adopted. He was appointed a committee of one to draft additional by-laws, providing for the regular meetings of the same.

He was an active member of the Fine Stock Breeder's Association, and was elected a vice president at its first organization.

He was a member of the State Historical Society, and one of the charter members of the same.

He was a member of a committee of awards on wool at the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and also received an award on fine wool there exhibited.

He wrote an exhaustive history of Saunders county, which was published in pamphlet form in 1875. Being an early settler here, familiar with all prominent incidents connected with the early settlement of the county, and personally acquainted with all the early settlers, made him peculiarly qualified for the task. This little book in years yet to come, will often be referred to by the future historian of Nebraska, and particularly of Saunders county.

In the fall of 1871, he was employed by the B. & M. R. R. Co. in Nebraska to examine their lands. He made a personal examination of the entire belt, and made his report of the same which is now on file in the B. & M. land office at Lincoln. About this time he contracted a severe cold which settled on his lungs, and from that day to the end his lungs were never sound. He was subject to frequent hemorrhages of the lungs, often bleeding two quarts at a single time. These spells greatly prostrated him; but he was possessed of a remarkably strong constitution, and his rapid recovery from his great prostrations was often remarked by those intimate with him. But the terrible disease was continually gnawing at his life and exhausting the great vitality with which he seemed to be invested. Though diseased in body, his mind was clear up to the last sickness. His mental faculties were always sound, and under his greatest prostration he was always cheerful and hopeful.

He was no politician, though once, in the republican convention at Lincoln, his friends run him for the office of governor. He received a very handsome vote, but failed to get the nomination.

He spent much of his time and talent in the interest of the public. He labored hard to advance the farming interests of the country and at the same time left sufficient to provide for the few that were dependent upon him for support. He was a true lover of his country and her institutions. He delighted in the substantial progress of the state of Nebraska, where he lived for more than twenty-five years. A marble monument, erected on the first ground broken by him in Saunders county, in the burying ground of the Knights of Honor, points the spot where the mortal remains of our honored and much lamented citizen repose.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

I very much regret inability to obtain more full biographies of the following deceased early settlers. I made efforts by correspondence with friends and relatives, but without success. It is hoped hereafter they can yet be made more complete.

REV. WILLIAM McCANDLISH.

Rev. Wm. McCandlish died at Omaha, Nebraska, August 5th, 1884. He was born in Scotland; came to America when he was seven years old. He was educated for the ministry at Washington college, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and was ordained as a minister of the Presbyterian denomination in 1837, and has been actively engaged in that service and in the bible cause from that date to the very hour of his death, having but returned from carrying a bible to a neighbor at 9:40 in the morning. He complained of coldness in the feet, lay down on his bed and passed away as quietly as a tired child would drop to sleep. He leaves a wife and three children, residents of Nebraska, in which state Mr. McCandlish had made his home almost continuously since 1858.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. WILLIAM McCANDLISH.

Rev. William McCandlish was born September 12th, 1810, in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland; he came with his parents to Newville, Pennsylvania, in 1817. At the age of 15 he commenced teaching school. He afterwards went to Canonsburgh, Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1834; then went to Allegheny Theological Seminary, and in 1837 he was ordained a minister in the Presbyterian church. He preached a few months in New York, then accepted a call to the church in Wooster, Ohio. He was married to Miss Maria Howells, in Allegheny City, September 10th, 1838. In 1849 he removed to the church in Lewiston, Illinois; in 1854, to a church in Quincy, Illinois.

In 1858 he went to Fontenelle, Nebraska, with his wife, four sons, and one daughter. The two oldest sons entered the army in 1862; the second son, Theodore, died in the army November 26th, 1862.

Mr. McCandlish acted as missionary in different places in Nebraska and Iowa. In 1868 he removed with his family to Omaha, and accepted the position of agent for the American Bible Society for the states of Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, and sometimes for Dakota and Utah. Mr. McCandlish died at his home in Omaha, August 4, 1884.

JOHN McCORMICK.

JOHN McCORMICK died at Omaha, June 2d, 1884; he was born on the 12th of September, 1822, at Johnstown, Westmoreland county, Penn. At an early age he was taken with his family to Cadiz, Ohio, and in 1856 removed to this city, engaging in the land and banking business. During the panic of '57 his business was injured, and in '59 he became the head of the grocery house which for a long time bore his name. He remained in business till 1869, when he engaged in grain, with which he had been identified up to his death. He built the first elevator in the city, and in other ways was counted among the leading citizens of the town.

For many years Mr. McCormick was to a great extent at the head and front of affairs in the then young city of Omaha. Public-spirited, liberal, and progressive, he stood high in the councils of those who fought the battles of our early existence. He was a great believer in Omaha and its future, and by his example in making permanent investments did much to secure that stability which has been the secret of our success. As a business man he was safe and reliable; as a friend always staunch and true, and in his family relations most devoted and kind. His removal from the scenes of his hardest commercial labor leaves a void that will be difficult to fill, as there are but few men who could exert the same influence and shape affairs so successfully as Mr. McCormick. The funeral will take place at 2 o'clock Wednesday (to-morrow) afternoon, from the family residence, corner of Dodge and Eighteenth streets. Following are a few points in the life of the deceased, which will be read with mournful interest:

John McCormick was born at Jamestown, Westmoreland county, Pa., September 12th, 1822, his father soon afterward moving with his family to Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. Mr. McCormick received his business training in a general country store, and about 1845 embarked in the same line of business on his own account. This he carried on prosperously until about 1856, when he moved to Omaha, and engaged in banking and real estate operations with Wm. Hogg, style of firm John McCormick & Co. In March, 1859, in company with Mr. J. H. Lacey, still a resident of this city, he started the

first exclusively wholesale grocery house, the firm being Lacey & McCormick. They did a large and lucrative business, and shortly afterward the partnership was extended, two of Mr. McCormick's brothers taking equal interests in the concern, and the style being changed to John McCormick & Co. Mr. McCormick was married twice, his first wife being a Miss Miller, by whom he had a daughter, Miss Woodie McCormick. The second wife was Miss Elizabeth Miser, a sister of Mrs. J. H. Lacey, two sons, Charles and John, being the fruit of the union.

In the business and social circles of Omaha the deceased was always a prominent character. When, in 1859, the present town site of Omaha was bought from the general government, John McCormick was selected as the man to hold it in trust, and the entire property was deeded to him. At the proper time he transferred the title to D. D. Belden, then mayor, and from this source all our real estate titles start.

Mr. McCormick was also quite prominent in the political affairs of the early days. He represented this district in the senate during the close of the territorial time, and was a member of the first city councils. He was largely of a speculative turn of mind, and took heavy ventures in government contracts for supplies and transportation, and also in city real estate, all of which resulted profitably. Omaha's first grain elevator, which stood near the spot now occupied by the B. & M. freight depot, was built by John McCormick. At the time of his death he was an active partner in the elevator company at the transfer, and the owner of valuable real estate on Farnam and other streets in the heart of the city, besides several tracts of land outside the city limits.

S. S. CALDWELL.

Smith Samuel Caldwell died at Omaha, ..., 1884. He was the son of a farmer in Marion, Wayne county, New York, where he was born in 1834. He was a graduate of Union College, and came to Omaha in 1859. He was a lawyer by profession, and undertook its practice here, but soon afterwards engaged in the banking business, which he successfully pursued with a high reputation as a financier for nearly a quarter of a century. He was at first in the

firm of Barrons, Millard & Co.; then in the firm of Millard, Caldwell & Co.; then in that of Caldwell, Hamilton & Co.; and latterly in the U. S. National Bank, of which he was vice-president and the largest stockholder when he died.

Mr. Caldwell was a broad-headed man, self-reliant and resolute, of high public spirit, and capable of large undertakings. The monuments of his enterprises will stand long after all that was mortal of him shall have returned to its kindred dust. The Caldwell block fitly bears his name, because, at the time it was built, without his energetic efforts it would not have been built at all. The Omaha & Southwestern railway, of which he was president, was, to a great extent, his own creation in a financial point of view. It was the parent of railways connecting Omaha with the south-western interior of the state. Mr. Caldwell was one of the leading spirits and chief organizer of the Grand Central hotel enterprise, which was regarded as a great undertaking at the time it was erected. For many years he wielded a powerful influence upon Omaha affairs, and with his positive views and energy of purpose, whatever he undertook he was pretty certain to accomplish. He was a man of fine mind, strong character, commanding personal dignity, and refined and cultivated tastes. Under a somewhat forbidding, and somewhat curt manner, he carried a warm and gentle heart, whose sympathies were never in such full play as when he was in his own home surrounded by those whom he so dearly loved.

Mr. Caldwell was married to Miss Henrietta M. Bush, of Tioga, Pennsylvania, in April, 1863, a lady who, as woman, wife, and mother, has occupied the highest position in our Omaha social life for twenty years.

HON. JOHN TAFFE.

Hon. John Taffe died at North Platte, Nebraska, March 14, 1884, aged 57 years. He was a native of Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was born Jan. 30, 1827. He received an academic education, and after a diligent study of the law was admitted to the bar in the city of his birth.

In the year 1856 he moved to this state and located in Dacotah county, where he resided until his election to congress. In 1858-9 he

served in the lower branch of the territorial legislature, and in 1860 was elected to the council and made president at the organization of that body. He married the daughter of Col. John Ritchie, of Omaha.

In 1862 he was commissioned as major of the Second Nebraska Cavalry, and served for a period of about fifteen months. Shortly after this he ran for congress, and though twice defeated by Mr. Daily, was elected to the fortieth and forty-first and re-elected to the forty-second congress, by an overwhelming majority of nearly 5,000, the vote standing in his favor 12,375 and for his opponent 7,967.

In his congressional course Mr. Taffe was a faithful worker in the interest of the state of his adoption, energy and zeal being the predominating features of his work in the halls of congress as well as at home. His work was successful without ostentation, and thorough with all the elements of a practical nature.

In the forty-second congress he served as chairman of the house committee on territories, while, at the same time, holding important positions on two other committees.

After leaving congress he became editor of *The Republican*, and filled the chair with considerable ability and success. He was a plain, practical, and earnest writer, and, on political issues, throughout the state, in those days, was considered almost infallible. An excellent proof of this is found in the fact that in a certain presidential election he not only forecast the vote of our own state to a nicety but also that of many of the states of the union.

After his retirement from *The Republican* he returned to the practice of his profession, taking some interest in mining operations.

He was honest and honorable in all his dealings, and loyalty to friends was the ruling characteristic of his head and heart.

ELDER J. M. YOUNG.

Elder J. M. Young was really the founder of the city of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska. He was born in Genesee county, New York, near Batavia, on the old Holland purchase, on November 25, 1806. In 1829 he married Alice Watson, at that time eighteen years of age, and who now survives him at the age of seventy-four. The following year he moved to Ohio and from Ohio he went to Page county, Iowa,

in 1859. In 1860 he came to Nebraska and settled at Nebraska City. In 1863, near the end of the year, he came to Salt Creek and selected as a site for a town, and what he predicted would be the capital of Nebraska, the present site of Lincoln.

The following persons located here at the same time: Thomas Hudson, Edwin Warns, Dr. McKesson, T. S. Schamp, Uncle Jonathan Ball, Luke Lavender, Jacob Dawson, and John Giles. It was the original intention to make the settlement a church colony, but the idea was never realized as projected.

On eighty acres owned by him Elder Young laid out the town of Lancaster, which was made the county seat. He gave the lots in the city away, half to the county and school district and half to Lancaster seminary, a school which he hoped to see established here for the promulgation of his faith. He built from the proceeds of the sale of some lots a building which was called the seminary, and which was occupied by the district school and church. It was burned in 1867 and was never rebuilt.

A church was organized here, and Mr. Schamp was its first pastor. Elder Young was then president of the Iowa and Nebraska conference. The next year after the capital was located the stone church was built. Elder Young's dream was to build up a strong church in the capital city. He worked assiduously for this object, and put into the work some seven or eight thousand dollars of his private means. When the church went down, and he saw that his labor in so far had been in vain—that his dream could not be realized—he was almost broken-hearted, and this was the chief cause of his departure from Lincoln, which took place in 1882, when he went to London, Nemaha county, the scene of his closing days, in the year 1884.

Elder Young began his labors as a minister soon after he moved to Ohio in 1829. He was president of the Ohio annual conference for several years, and was president of the Nebraska and Iowa conference for about twenty years. He was a man of rare vigor and zeal for the cause to which he gave his life.

Besides his wife the deceased leaves four sons to mourn his loss. John M. Young, of Lincoln; James O. Young, of London, Nemaha county; Levi Young, of this county, near Raymond, and Geo. W. Young, of Taos City, New Mexico.

The Elder had all the preparations for the funeral made under his

directions before his death. In Wyuka cemetery, where his remains were laid, he had already erected a monument over the graves of his brother and his brother's wife, and bearing also the names of himself and his wife. He had a portion of his funeral clothes made under his directions. His request was that Elder Hudson should preach his funeral sermon, and that R. D. Silver, for whom he entertained a strong friendship, should be one of the pall bearers.

CHARLES POWELL.

Charles Powell died at Omaha, ———, 1884. He was born in Geneva, N. Y., on May 13, 1811, and was therefore at the time of his demise 73 years of age. He was married in 1843 to Miss Catherine M. Bacon, a lady who was a native also of New York, the wedding taking place at Jonesville, Mich. Mr. Powell came to Nebraska in 1858, and located at De Soto, to which point he transported an extensive outfit of machinery with which he started a mill, one of the first and most valuable to settlers in this territory. Two years later Mr. Powell brought out his family, and after seven years residence at De Soto they removed to this city, where in the social, religious, and commercial life of the community they have been valued factors.

Four years ago Mr. Powell, whose health had always been somewhat delicate, retired from business life, and was elected by the people of his ward to the office of justice of the peace, which he has filled honorably and well. One of the oldest vestrymen of Trinity, having been chosen to the vestry in the days when the people worshiped in the church at Ninth and Farnam streets, Mr. Powell has also been a member of the board of education, one of the Old Settlers' Association, and also a patriarch in the order of Odd Fellows.

During the war he served with the Fifth Nebraska Cavalry. Each and every trust bestowed upon him he discharged with fidelity. Throughout his long and well rounded life he was eminently a good citizen, a modest man, and a true friend. He leaves a wife and two children, Mr. Archie C. Powell and Eloise B. Nichols, to whom the tenderest sympathies of the community go out.

His son, Mr. A. C. Powell, is paymaster of the Kansas and Colorado lines of the Union Pacific Railway.

REV. ALVIN G. WHITE.

Rev. Alvin G. White died at Lincoln, Nebraska, ..., 1884. He was born at Northfield, Massachusetts, June 18, 1833. He early in life moved to New Hampshire, and was called at that time into the ministry. He was licensed as a local preacher in 1853, while in the Wesleyan University. On account of failing health he was not able to finish the college course. He moved to Illinois in 1855, and taught school for two years. In 1857 he joined the Rock River conference, and during the year was married in 1843 to Miss Ella Thompson. In 1858 he transferred to Nebraska, and served as a supply for one year on the Brownville charge. He entered the Nebraska conference in the spring of 1860, and was returned to Brownville. He then served the church at Pawnee City for one year. His next field was Fort Calhoun, where he labored for two years. Then for three years he was chaplain in the United States army. He was then made presiding elder, and in this field he did the most important work of his life, and had his greatest usefulness. He served a full term on the Omaha district, when that district covered an area of 20,000 square miles. In this field his able ministrations, his untiring labors, his wise counsels, his care for the preachers and their families, and his urbane deportment greatly endeared him to all the people in that portion of the state.

He then served the full term as presiding elder on the Kearney district. When he began that work there was not a church nor a parsonage in that district, which comprised a territory larger than the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. He was then appointed to Lincoln district. At the end of two years he was appointed to the South Bend charge, where he labored one year. Then his work for the next two years was on the Roca and Bennett charge. The last year of his ministerial life was spent at Wahoo.

APPENDIX.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ACT OF LEGISLATURE TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THE SOCIETY.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS, WITH LIST OF MEMBERS.

APPENDIX

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROBT. W. FURNAS,

At Annual Meeting January, 1880.

"The study of history deserves serious attention, if only for a knowledge of transactions, and inquiry into the eras when each of them happened. Yet it does not concern us so much to know that there was once such men as Alexander, Cæsar, Aristides, or Cato, or that they lived in this or that period; that the empire of the Assyrians made way for that of the Babylonians, and the latter for that of the Medes and Persians, who were themselves subjected by the Macedonians, as those were afterward by the Romans. But it is of high concern to know by what methods those empires were founded; by what steps they rose to that exalted pitch of grandeur which we so much admire; what it was that constituted their true glory; and what were the causes of their declension and fall.

"It is of equal importance to study attentively the manners of different people, their genius, laws, and customs, especially to acquaint ourselves with the character and disposition, the talent, virtues, and even vices of those by whom they were governed, and whose good or bad qualities contribute to the greatness or decay. Such are some of the advantages which history presents, causing to pass in review kingdoms, empires, and men, thereby instructing us in the arts of government, the policy and maxims of civil society, and the conduct of life that best suits all ages and conditions. We acquire a knowledge of the manner in which arts and sciences were invented, cultivated, and improved. We discover and trace their origin and progress."*

We make as well as study history. The general object of this organization, as presented in its constitution, is to encourage historical research and inquiry, spread historical information, especially within the state of Nebraska, and to embrace alike, aboriginal and modern history. The more particular objects, however, are to collect into a safe and permanent depository manuscripts, documents, papers, and facts possessing historical value worthy of preservation. To en-

*Rollin's History.

courage investigation of original remains, and provide in due time a complete scientific exploration and survey of such as exist within the borders of our own state, as well as the establishment of a library of books and publications appropriate to such an institution, with convenient works for reference, and also a cabinet of antiquities, relics, etc., etc., as all other states have done. This, as many of you are aware, has been commenced at other times, by other men, and the undertaking permitted to die for want of means or interest—perhaps both. There are many good reasons why this organization should and can be made a success. First, for reasons already given, Nebraska should make and preserve a historical record. For another equally and important reason the work should no longer be procrastinated. Many of the men and women, who first set foot on the soil now embraced within state limits, those who were present at Nebraska's birth, and who have been continuously with it to the present, are still alive. They are possessed of valuable historical facts and data. From these living eye-witnesses only can they be obtained. In the inevitable course of nature, a few more setting suns at best, and they will be gathered to their fathers. Much that is valuable, and which can now be had, will be forever lost. For this particular reason all the earlier historical matter possible should be made of record without further delay. One of the first duties of this organization should be to devise means by which this can be accomplished. This I cannot too strongly urge upon the members.

The secretary's report, which is the official record of this society, will inform you in detail what has thus far been accomplished.

The want of means has impeded efforts the officers have felt should be made to accomplish the objects of the association. Few men who manifest an interest in such matters are so circumstanced that they can afford either the time or means to carry it forward at their individual expense. The membership is quite limited, and therefore revenue from that source meagre. As it is an enterprise in nowise personal, but purely of a state character, there should be obtained from that source at least sufficient means to meet essential cash demands. A bill, making a small appropriation, passed the last legislature, but by some misfortune failed to become a law.

Among other provisions made at the organization of the state was one looking to the formation and fostering of a historical society. A

block of lots in the city of Lincoln was reserved and appropriated for that purpose, known as "historical block." There was organized about that time the "Nebraska State Historical Library Association," which was one of the organizations I have referred to. Through the efforts of those feeling an interest, and to hold the real estate named, this society was revived on the 20th of last month. Whether desirable or advisable to unite the two state historical organizations is a matter for consideration on the part of both.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EMIGRATION.

ADDRESS BY HON. J. M. WOOLWORTH,

January, 1880.

It is fit that in this year of grace, 1880, and in this month of January, we should, by public exercises now held for the first time, mark a period in the history of the state.

It was in March, 1854, that the Indians, by treaty, ceded these regions to the United States, and in May, that a system of government was framed for them. In October, Francis Burt, the first governor landed on these shores. In a few weeks he died, and the work of organization devolved on Thomas B. Cuming, the secretary. On the 21st day of October he ordered a census of the new population. On the 23d of November he divided the territory into counties and precincts, and apportioned the members of the Council and House of Representatives among them. On the 12th of December an election of members of the legislature was held. On the 20th of that month Gov. Cuming constituted the judicial districts, assigned the judges to them, and appointed the terms of court; and on the 16th of January, 1855, he convened the legislative assembly at Omaha.

The work of organization was complete. The three essential branches of a political machinery, framed after the pattern which the long experience and best wit of man has contrived, now went into operation, never afterward, in all the course of time, to stand still.

From 1855 to 1880, in twenty-five years—a fraction of a century ago—one of those awful periods of time by which men measure the age of the world. These periods—centennial, semi-centennial, quar-

ter-centennial—seem to the imaginations of men peculiar and sacred. In the lives of men and of peoples they are points of pause, rest, and reflection; for their little while they are consecrated to memory and anticipation. It is fortunate for the Society that in this twenty-fifth year after the organization of regulated government, here at one of these sacred points in the existence of political society, it should enter upon its more public career, and manifest to the people of this commonwealth the beneficence of its object — that, namely, of gathering, cherishing, hallowing, and illustrating the names and events which, otherwise, must soon survive only in tradition and legend.

My general purpose in this address is an inquiry into the causes which impel men to plant new seats in unoccupied regions of country.

And I first remark, that this movement is not accidental, local, or temporary. On the other hand, it embraces all enlightened peoples, and beginning with the first dawn of intelligence, it has been going forward unchecked to this day.

From the cradle of the race the face of man has been toward the setting sun. Behind him have been the scenes of his childhood, the affections of his father's house, the altar at which he has been taught to worship God; before him have been new regions, in whose recesses his imagination has pictured better homes and freer life. Behind him have been what his elders have achieved; before him, visions of what he shall achieve. It is the order of nature; as the shades of evening gather in the east, morning breaks in the west. His march has always been from east to west, and is strewn with the relics of empires. From India, by way of Babylon, Ninevah, Jerusalem, and Egypt to Greece, with her Thebes and Athens and Corinth; to Carthage and Rome and the cities of the Moor; to beautiful France, mighty Germany, and glorious Britian; enveloping this country of ours and stretching on to Australasia, New Zealand, and the islands of the sea, it has, through all recorded time, been from east to west, one steady, direct, continual, triumphal, desolating march—too long and steady, too direct and continuous to have been an accident; too triumphant to have been marshaled by human will, and leaving in its pathway ruins too mighty, solitudes too vast, and deserts, where once was beauty, too inhospitable, to have been the wish or the work of human hearts.

Mark, too, another related fact, that in the work of colonization

there is something which, in a singular way, has always engaged the imaginations of men. The early history of every people has been a field of tradition, legend, and romance, in which the national sensibility has gathered delightsome sustenance, and to the men of those times characters are attributed so large, potential, and heroic that the national imagination imputes divine qualities to them.

How in the Odyssey and the Iliad and the tales of Herodotus, recited in every Grecian city, in the picturesque pages of Livy, the tales of Scott, and the Idyls of Tennyson, and the records of the Pilgrims, of Washington and his generals, of Adams and Jefferson and Hamilton, and their compeers, do the founders of the great nations glow and expand under the inspiration of patriotic pride; and in the contemplation of their work and character, with what a peculiar, profound, and responsive emotion does the national heart always overflow. *Conditores imperiorum* the Romans called them, and Virgil, with consummate tact, introduces his hero by the large phrase "Who planted seats in Latium." The reason for which is, that in this work of making the earliest settlements in new regions—in this work of laying the foundation and framing the structure of what becomes at last an orderly, stable, and embellished society, there is something so engaging, so beneficent, so adventurous, so far reaching, that the imagination of men, and the emotions of gratitude and ancestral pride, and a personal sense of kinship with what is heroic and admirable are caught by the contemplation and carried away captive.

The different forces have impelled, various motives have induced men to emigrate. The plethora of citizens who thronged the streets of Grecian cities; the need of Rome to fortify the conquest of her army by the introduction of her laws; the mercantile sagacity of the Netherlands extorting a thrifty trade; the plunder of the natives, and the gold and silver of their mines, which freighted the Argosy of Spain; the genuine passion for the national glory which has always inspired the Frenchman—these are the immediate motives which have prompted those nations to settle new regions. But observe how all these diverse motives are derived from, and have reference to the mother State. None of them center in the colony. That is the assistant, the contributor to the advancement and glory of the home government. It is never the ultimate nor even an independent good. The structure of the colonists has been framed, as their purpose has

been conceived, at home. Hence they have been the repetition and continuance; reproduction, hardly modified by new conditions, of the parent government. The civil polity which ruled, and the literature and arts which adorned Athens, rendered orderly and graceful the attic Amphipolis and Thurii. The Roman cities of Gaul, Hispania, and Africa displayed anew the forum, the commitia, and the temples of the immortal gods of the imperial city. Spanish, French, and Dutch colonies have known no theories of government, no forms of worship, no traditions, customs, modes, aspirations, but such as they have carried with them. There has not been the play of invention or variety of contrivance, or the vigor of a venturesome, independent, individual enterprise. The longing of the exile's heart for the pleasant abodes of his fathers has been assuaged by their reproduction in the new land, but the man has not been made more manly by endurance; nor his fiber stiffened by struggle; nor his nerves steadied by resolution. He has always been an exile, sick for the old home—not a colonist bent on building a new and a better home.

English colonization is of another character. The Englishman is singularly fitted for foreign enterprise. He is the Roman of modern times. He has the same arrogance without the least consciousness of the rights of others; the same imperious temper that dominates every foreign sentiment and every alien force; the same intense, aggressive, sublime egotism, which projects itself upon every people it is amongst, and compels a service, whether hearty or hateful, to the glory of England. Expedient, adventurous, self-seeking, self-reliant, persistent, he is the sort of man for the work of planting new seats in new regions.

And so from that little island, with an area little larger than Nebraska, have gone out emigrants into all lands, until, with her colonial possessions, Britain is an empire of universal dominion. As Webster said: "The morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the globe with the martial music of England."

The colonial enterprises of Great Britain have, in their origin, spirit, and purpose, been in strong contrast to the other modern European nations. They have not been projected by the ministry, their structure has not been framed at home; they have never had the public assistance, often not the public observation. They have been private individual adventures sent out, upheld, and maintained by private funds

and having the protection and support of the Imperial Government only when success has proved their right to be. If, as in the case of New Zealand, the form, structure, modes, customs of the new community have been prescribed at home in the infancy of the enterprise, the contrivance has soon shown its inaptness for the new conditions and circumstances, expedience and compliance have asserted themselves.

With such a nature and such a career in colonization, it is easy to see what is in the Briton which impels him to seek new places for abode and conquest. He is, and always has been a politician—he is, by the education of centuries, steeped in politics. From Magna Charta, indeed from a time long before Magna Charta, he has been absorbed in questions of government and society; he has been busy in complaining of mischief and contriving remedies by legislation. There never was a nation of such a vast, complex, varied, radical body of statutes as England, and each one of them is the ultimate formula to which long discussion, contention, and passionate struggle has at last been reduced. If that is a true saying, "happy is the nation which has no annals," then surely is Britain the most unhappy of all lands, for her annals are full. Thus educated, the passion of the Englishman is for social and public affairs, for whatever justifies a claim of right to share in the office and work of directing them. The young man coming from the public school or the university is full of the struggles of the Roman Forum or the English Commons, and he longs for the conflict. He has heard Roman laws and English statutes called by their author's name, and he is inflamed by a desire for such immortality. Or the ambition may be more subdued—content with a seat in the inferior magistracy or in the direction of public charities, or the management of private enterprise, but it is an ambition, of whatever pretension, which is born in him, and demands gratification.

The colony, the new conditions which obtain there, the plastic elements of unsettled society, to be molded to new forms, landed estates easily acquired, with castle, hall, or lodge, and whatever contributes to dignity and conspicuous station, charities, associations, monied, social, and political, houses, towns, roads, and whatever forms an embellished society, all these appealing to aspirations, natural to him and developed by education, invite him thither to the work of organization, and of projecting himself upon and perpetuating himself in

the forms, methods, traditions, customs, institutions, and principles of the immature society, which one day shall become the stable, orderly, regulated, consolidated, immortal state.

And so it is that the Englishman—expedient, venturesome, self-reliant, political, and ambitious to direct affairs, turns from the old home to a new, distant, unsettled, and undeveloped land; and so it is that British colonies planted in every land and by every sea under the whole heavens, have formed an empire, whose provinces are nations, whose subjects are of every race, whose dominion by weight of arms and sway of laws, and breadth of civilization, and supremacy of will exceeds that of imperial Rome.

The colonization of our country is in its circumstances, motives, spirit, purpose, and polity, in striking contrast to all other like enterprises. It contributes largely to constitute the century an epoch in history.

The early English settlers of our country possessed all those characteristics which we have enumerated—but they possessed them to a degree so much greater than their countrymen in general that they seem of another order and a higher quality. They were gentlemen by birth; they belonged to the rank of the gentry of England or of the upper middle class. They had been educated in public schools and universities and to all good learning of their time. They added a wide observation and a profound acquaintance with the most profound truths, and most of them were men of property, well able to bear the expense of their enterprise and the risk of their adventure. In Virginia they were the cavaliers of the civil wars of England, to whom the disasters of the royal arms made removal from the commonwealth expedient; the ancestors of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Madison. In New England they were the Puritans who sat in the Long Parliament, and filled the armies of Cromwell, and who bore such sons as the Adamses, the Winthrops, the Endicotts. Like the best of Englishmen, they were expedient, but so that they were wise in great affairs; and venturesome, but so that they risked their all for a great cause; and self-reliant, but so that their wills were iron; and they were politicians, but of such sort that they not only founded commonwealths, but founded commonwealths on new doctrines and with a new construction.

That you may duly appreciate this quality, pause here a moment to

mark what was their training in politics. It was in the school of the Revolution. There, at the fireside, in the club, in the pulpit, in Parliament, in every place of debate and conversation, and by every means by which men tell what they know, think, believe, hope for, even in the clang and carnage and awful dispute of battle, they had all their lives heard high discussion of every principle of English government and every event in English constitutional history, every theory, and doctrine, and sentiment, and tradition of free institutions and regulated liberty. To all which the Puritans added profound convictions of religion, which, while it gave a somber hue to their lives, gave also an intensity, depth, and force to their character which made them fit to be founders of empires.

And now mark a happy circumstance in their enterprise—the neglect, the ignorance, and heedlessness on the part of the Crown of what they then essayed. Charters were granted of such extensive powers that, under their sanction, government was remitted to the hands of the colonists, or else, as in the case of Plymouth, the settlement planted without authority was organized, regulated, nourished, developed, according to the intelligence and will of the settlers alone. All which, as it began without the assistance, proceeded without the observation of the Crown.

And thus happily left to themselves, observe what these men did. In 1819, in Virginia, a government was framed, with an executive of limited powers and a representative body of legislators, which was the first popular assembly in the western hemisphere, and two years afterward a written constitution was adopted by ordinance, in which the purpose of government was declared to be "the greatest comfort and benefit to the people, and the prevention of injustice, grievances, and oppression." Those maxims of liberty which form the bill of rights in the constitution of every state in the American Union to-day are there set forth almost in the very phrase which we now use—provision against arbitrary taxation and in favor of freedom of trade, immunity from military impositions, and the independence of religious societies, and reserving to the representatives of the people power to levy war, conclude peace, acquire territory, and enact laws, and to the people themselves, in their primary and sovereign capacity, the right to select their officers and rulers by universal suffrage.

And so it was in New England. Her colonies were almost pure

democracies. They were "governments of the people, by the people, for the people." But they also led the way in another and a most beneficent direction. Independent of each other in structure, they were all involved together in warfare with the Indians in their midst and the French on their border. And they soon became involved in a common dispute with the mother country for those principles and institutions which, by the sanction either of her neglect or the grants of her charter, they had secured to themselves. And then they were driven to mutual counsel, assistance, and support. And so there came out of their fortuitous necessity, by their rare aptness for political affairs, the confederation of New England—that association which was the germ, invitation, example, prototype of that most consummate contrivance of political wisdom, the union and constitution of the United States.

I pointed out to you how the emigrant Greek, Roman, Spanish, Dutch, French, and English carried with him the civil polity, the modes of life, and the religion in which he was reared, and how the misery of separation from the homes of his fathers and the institutions of his native country was assuaged by their faithful reproduction in the new land. But the colonies of America advanced beyond all the practices of English government and all the maxims of English freedom, and by a prescient, a vigorous, a resolute intelligence, opened a new prospect, a new purpose, a new life, and a new destiny for the race.

Coming now to the inquiry as to our country and times, we observe the march of the generations and of empire still steady, persistent, continuous from east to west. Hardly was the colony of Massachusetts Bay well planted before the younger Winthrop led thence an adventurous company to new settlements in the valley of the Connecticut, and the cavaliers of Virginia, to Kentucky and the valley of the Ohio, to found there new commonwealths as noble as their own. Each decennial census has shown the center of population steadily advancing from the Chesapeake and Massachusetts Bays to the Mississippi. And the question is, what force, embracing all sections of the country and operative always, compels this general movement of the populations?

The attempt has been made to explain it by a desire of each individual to better his physical condition; to make for himself a home; to acquire wealth, money, possessions more quickly and easily than is

possible in an old community. But this explanation does not take into account the breadth and duration of the movement of men from the East to the West; it attempts to account for a universal phenomenon by a circumstance and an accident. You cannot predicate individual motives of the masses of men. Each chivalrous knight who went to the rescue of the holy places, was inspired by a desire for personal glory, but that most picturesque procession of the Crusaders gathered out of every Christian people, was marshaled by no such accident, but rather by an enthusiasm encompassing all Europe, to redeem the sanctities of their religion from the sacrilegious hands of the Saracen.

A solution of our question which refers the general and perpetual act of emigration to the individual, is like attributing to the single drops of the water of the sea, the universal fact of the great tide, which, following the heavenly order and compassing all oceans, pours its mighty course from continent to continent.

Nor may the fact be attributed to a natural love of adventure and change. Doubtless the charm of adventure is something; the mere fact of removal is something. The exchange of familiar and therefore tame scenes and companionship for other lands, other seas, other skies, and other air, strangely quickens, freshens, and stimulates the pulses, sensations, thoughts, emotions, and aspirations. This is a common experience, and touching the universal fact is something, and yet it is inadequate to account for the sacrifice of so much that the heart loves, and for the endurance of so much that the heart revolts from.

The American has certain qualities of the Roman of the ancient, and the Briton of modern times—tenacity of purpose, love of dominion, and an aggressive egotism. Like them, he is fitted by nature for foreign enterprise. And as these qualities with him are enlivened by vivacity, sensibility, emotion, he, far more than they, delights in adventure. The risks, the struggle, the promise, the freedom of colonial life have for him even more than for others a charm and an attraction.

But there is another quality which he has in common with the Roman and the Briton—he is passionately political—he is the citizen. The training of the schools arouses this passion; his first lessons are of the contests of Roman freedom, and the great names and great events of Roman history live forever in his imagination. The story

of English liberty, the field where arms have conquered it, and high disputes in which it has been vindicated, are familiar passages of his early reading. His mind has been developed, his memory stored, his reason disciplined, by the study of the politics of his own country—the grand contentions which preceded the Revolution and the Rebellion, the due measure of state and national jurisdiction, the modes and results of elections, the awful question of human slavery, its extinction and abolition, its sanctity under the constitution, and iniquity under a just morality, finance, reconstruction, wars, conquests, purchases of territory, and the achievements of peaceful, beneficent, wide-spreading commerce, and the arts, and literature, and invention. Our annals, too, have been full. To the solution of the problems they reveal, no people ever brought a profounder spirit, a more resolute inquiry, a more vigorous contention.

When entering upon the field of daily action, the American citizen encounters the intense activity of our civil life. Our institutions are intensely social, and our society is intensely political. The ballot is in every hand, and every office is the potential inheritance of every citizen. Elections are of annual or more frequent occurrence, and measures nearly affecting the interests of every person are in constant agitation. Public assemblies, public speech, newspapers, periodicals and pamphlets, and the full publication of all deliberative and legislative bodies, hold the public attention to public affairs and keep it excited, curious, and in ferment.

The conditions of the West offer to the young and adventurous opportunity for the most abundant gratification of the political passion. Ease in acquiring land, freedom from prescriptive rights, unsettled methods, immature institutions, lax social customs, and opportunity for adventure, a free field for struggle, invite with alluring promises. The young citizen, with all the world before him where to choose, bids adieu to the home of his father, its settled, prescribed, regular, inflexible modes, and its constrained, contracted promises and hopes, with a sense of relief, and tries the new life of unformed society, resolved to be a man, to do a man's part in the ordering of the new community, to assert himself among its active forces, impress them with his personality, guide them by his intelligence, and have a part in the making and be a part of the product of the immortal state.

This is the solution of the phenomenon of cultivated mind turning

to uncultivated nature in the pioneer settlements of the West. It is not personal, although personal motives mingle with it; it is not individual, but it stimulates and ennobles individuals; it is not local, but so general that it is assisted by the national policy, and in turn ministers to the national glory. And so it has happened that Indian country after Indian country is ceded to the government; that territory after territory is organized; that men come, and plant, and sow, and reap, and ply commerce, and contrive institutions, and wage the awful strife of life; that state after state is admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original thirteen; in order that men may live in peace and social rest, bear among them the various lots of life, perform the great social labors, and thrive and rejoice in the arts of usefulness and of beauty, and perfect the loftier arts of virtue and of empire, and share together the protection and the glory of the nation that is one formed of many—the Union of States, one and inseparable.

And so it shall be—nor hardly may we anticipate its period—all this western country, from the British to the Mexican line, half the area of the continent, remains to be populated, fields to be tilled, mines developed, cities planted, arts nourished, and states formed, until they shall be as the stars of Heaven for multitude. Fear not for the mighty growth, it shall not crush, but rather illustrate these benign institutions of nation and of state—co-existing and related, the one the complement of the other—the two together ministering to the common peace, and wielding a different supremacy for the safety of all; and form that very perfectness of political contrivance, which, as it was equal to the small beginnings of the nation, shall still be equal to the exigencies of the mighty empire; under the beneficence of its jurisdiction, under the stable order of its judicious laws, under the stimulating instruction of its temperate agitation, and under the blessings of an intelligent, profound, vital, religious faith, civilization shall be advanced beyond what the heart of man can now conceive.

ADMISSION OF NEBRASKA INTO THE UNION.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES H. GERE,

January, 1880.

To discuss the events of 1866 and 1867 at this time has seemed to me presumptuous. Barely a dozen years have elapsed since Nebraska turned the sharp corner from territorial dependency to state sovereignty, and, as in all sharp historical turns, there was a blaze of excitement, a bitter political contest, accompanied by more than the usual amount of bumptiousness and belligerency, of heart-burnings and jealousy, over which fourteen years may have deposited a thin layer of forgetfulness, through which a foolhardy explorer might break, to the discomfiture of himself and the revival of volcanic memories. But, pressed by your esteemed President for a paper upon the admission of Nebraska to the Union, and unable, from present experience and observation, to go back farther than that period, I have consented to take up this subject, and trust that I may handle it with sufficient discretion to obtain your pardon for the presumption in choosing a topic so nearly connected with the stage and actors of to-day. In 1860 the Nebraska legislature submitted to the people a proposition for holding a convention to adopt a constitution and knock at the doors of congress for admission to the Union. But the movement was premature. The people were too poor, the country was not being rapidly settled and improved, and the taxes were high enough without taking upon the handful of settlers then scattered up and down the Missouri valley the responsibility and expense of statehood, and the proposition for a convention was defeated.

In 1864 congress passed an act to enable the people of Nebraska to form a constitution and state government, and for the admission of such state into the Union on an equal footing with the original states, in which the usual amount of lands were set apart for school purposes, embracing the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township; also, twenty sections to be appropriated for each of the public buildings for legislative and judicial purposes, fifty sections for the erection of a penitentiary, seventy-two sections for the erection of a state university, twelve salt springs, with six sections to each, adjoining them or contiguous, as may be, "for the use of the state," and five per

centum of the proceeds of all sales of lands within the boundaries of the territory previous to its admission as a state, for a common school fund. By other acts, 90,000 acres of land were granted to the state upon admission, for the endowment of an agricultural college, and 500,000 acres for internal improvements. No action was taken under this act until the meeting of the legislature of 1865 and 1866. During its session, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution for submission to the people. The committee drew up the document. The legislature, by resolution, approved it, and passed an act calling an election to be held on the twenty-first day of June, at which election not only should the question of rejection or adoption of the instrument be voted upon, but candidates for the executive, judicial, and legislative offices authorized by the instrument, should be elected.

The question of adopting the constitution was immediately made a political one. The reasons for its resolving itself into a political issue were sufficiently obvious. Under the administration of President Johnson, a considerable change was likely to be made in the boundary lines between the two great parties. The republican party was more or less divided, and the democrats were affiliating with the Johnson or liberal wing. The president was exercising the power of patronage for the success of the coalition, and the liveliest hope pervaded the ranks of the democracy and the Johnson republicans that another election or two would put congress and the government in their hands. Hence the republicans in Nebraska were exceedingly anxious to forestall such a change and assist in holding the national legislature for that party by the immediate admission of Nebraska, in which they seemed to have a good working majority, and sending two senators and one congressman of their faith to re-enforce the party in the national councils. With equal foresight, the democratic leaders saw that it was against their interests to permit this to be done; that by delaying the matter until their expected accession of strength would give them control of the nation, and eventually of Nebraska—where the majority against them was comparatively small—they would assist their friends in Washington, and at the same time keep the coveted senatorship for themselves, to take possession of as soon as they acquired the expected predominance at the polls. For this reason, the canvass became exceedingly lively, and was, in fact, the most thorough and bitterly contested of any that had thus far occurred. Each party, of course,

nominated a full state and legislative ticket. The republican orators labored for the adoption of the constitution, and the democratic stumpers worked as hard to defeat that instrument as they did to secure votes for their own candidates for governor, or judge, or member of the legislature. But, as is not seldom the case in these disputes of statesmen, the real motives of the patriots on each side were not publicly proclaimed, and the debates were ingeniously engineered so as to make it appear that purely economic and financial principles were at stake. The republicans drew rose-colored pictures of the future of the embryo state. They dotted the lone prairies of the Platte, the Salt, the Blue, the Republican, the Elkhorn, the Loup, and the Niobrara valleys with cities and towns, and drew a complex web of railroad lines on the school-house maps, and said: "All these shall we have in the next ten or fifteen years, and a population of hundreds of thousands, if we show to the people of the East and Europe our capacity of self-government, and secure the privilege of chartering and encouraging railroads." They pointed to the Rocky mountains and said: "Here is the great mining region—at our back door is a great market that we need railroads to Colorado, to New Mexico, to Montana, and Idaho to develop, and when these are built we can sell a great portion of our surplus corn, wheat, pork, and beef, at a price that will rival the markets of Illinois and Ohio." They pointed to Galveston and said: "There, only 700 miles from our border, is a seaport, and if we attain our sovereignty we shall have a line to the Gulf of Mexico, and need no longer ship our grain to Europe, to Chicago, and New York at rates of transportation that eat up all the profit." Some of the most fervent of these orators—among whom was, notably, a comparatively new man in politics, though an old settler, David Butler, of Pawnee, the republican candidate for governor—were so carried away with these prophetic views of the future that they would cut the prairies in every direction with their paper railroads, and in their highest flights of oratory predicted a line to every county seat on the map.

The democratic orators shook their heads and threw cold water upon these ardent prophecies. They took the chalk and figured upon the blackboard the enormous cost of railroad building, and called upon the honest farmers and mechanics to pause before they cast a ballot that would impose upon the new and sparsely settled community a

horde of office-holders, with unlimited power to vote taxes upon the people for their own aggrandizement. The republicans pointed to the low salaries fixed by the proposed constitution for executive and judicial officers, and the limitations by which the legislative power to bleed the people were hedged and confined. The democrats contended that these were delusions and traps, that the irresistible inclinations of the radicals for the loaves and fishes of office, and their well-known ability as public plunderers, would make these constitutional limitations mere ropes of sand, and figured up the expenses of a state till they amounted to sums far above those set by the republicans as the utmost limit of expenditure.

The event has shown that both sides had really a strong case. Even the sanguine soul of that red-hot optimist, Butler, fell short in its conception of the immense strides of the first decade of Nebraska's statehood in the building of railroads, the development of the wealth and resources of the country, and the influx of immigration; and the sarcastic tongue of the eloquent pessimist, J. Sterling Morton, his opponent in the race for the gubernatorial chair, failed to state quite high enough the figures of the annual appropriations of the state legislature for the carrying on of the machinery of the new commonwealth. Because neither of the contestants dreamed of the mighty impulse of humanity that was about to beat across the western banks of the Missouri, the one could not mark high enough the future tide of wealth and improvements, and the other failed to estimate the necessities of large expenditures of money to meet the rapid growth and development of Nebraska.

It was a stoutly fought campaign and an exceedingly close election. The majority for the adoption of the constitution was barely two hundred, and Butler was elected governor by a vote of 4,093 to 3,948 for Morton. So close was the election that the majority of Judge Crounse, one of the republican candidates for the supreme court, was only six, while William A. Little, one of the democratic candidates for chief justice, was elected.

But the battle at the polls was merely a preliminary skirmish. The advocates of state had captured the outworks, but the citadel was yet to be stormed. The republicans had secured a majority of certificates of membership in each house, but there was a large number of contested seats. Cass county had given a large majority against the

constitution, and, though the republican candidates for the senate and house from that county were declared elected, a bitter contest for their seats was opened up by their opponents, and it was considered doubtful if some republican delegates, if an issue was made squarely for or against an application to congress for admission, would not vote with the acknowledged sentiment of a majority of their constituents, against statehood.

In consequence of this critical condition of affairs, when the legislature met at Omaha in the old capitol, on the fourth day of July, 1866, excitement was exceedingly high. The party leaders were marshaled on both sides in full array, much bad blood was manifested, and it was even predicted that the session might be enlivened, after the old style, by a row, in which physical force should be more potent than oratory for the settlement of disputed points of parliamentary practice.

The scenes and incidents of that session of the first state legislature of Nebraska were impressed upon the mind and memory of at least one of the participants in its councils with a boldness of light and shade, and a vigor of coloring, that no subsequent political contests have ever erased or caused to fade. In and around it was all the energy of a young commonwealth that had just begun to feel the emotions of early manhood. There was an intensity of life, an exaggeration of earnestness, an impatience of the ordinary obstacles in parliamentary progress, that betokened the profuse vitality of Nebraska politics. The democrats had a phalanx of experienced leaders in each house, and the lobby was most ably commanded by men accustomed to rule, and conversant with all the ins and outs of parliamentary maneuvering. In the house were Robertson, of Sarpy, and Joe Paddock, of Douglas, as good a pair to draw to in a parliamentary game of poker as could be found, perhaps, in a dozen states. Able, vigilant, patient, and shrewd, they made their points with promptness, and were never caught tripping by their plucky but less experienced opponents on the floor. Otoe county contributed two veteran stalwarts — Col. Tuxbury and Capt. Anderson — who had grown gray in the service, and were staunch and true representatives of old-fashioned democracy, while the younger and more supple "Jim" Thorn made a good skirmisher around the legal rallying points in the battle, and contributed no little to the liveliness of the occasion. The somewhat sparsely settled district composed of Platte, Merrick,

Hall, and Buffalo counties, sent up that solid gentleman and conscientious, honest democrat, James E. Boyd, now one of the leading business men of the state, who made few speeches but was always in the fight. The republicans were mostly young men, though Speaker Pollock, of Nemaha, and Maxwell and Chapin, of Cass, had seen service, and were duly armed and equipped for parliamentary business. Pollock, in personal appearance and natural temperament answering well the description of Martin I. Townsend, of New York—thrown off in the heat of debate by a southern member, perhaps Ben Hill—"a snow-capped volcano"; Maxwell, slow but sure, already developing the bud of dignity that should blossom into the future Chief Justice; and Chapin, wary, watchful, and conversant with the field tactics of legislative debate. There were Hathaway, of Cass, Fairbrother, of Nemaha, Blakely, of Gage, Hoile, of Richardson, and Arnold, of Platte—young in years, and beginners in political life, but firm in the confidence that they were competent to see the thing through and hold the fort for republicanism and reconstruction. The recentness of the close of the civil war was attested by the presence of Col. Tom Majors, of Nemaha—hardly out of his teens, just from the front, with his regimentals on, awaiting his final discharge from the volunteer service—as temporary clerk. In the senate, the whole-souled and courteous Frank Welch, our late lamented congressman, presided, and on the floor the republicans marshaled Cadman, the wily veteran of Lancaster, whose mysterious whisper has long been a familiar sound to thousands of Nebraska ears; Hanna, of Cass, the solid merchant and banker, who was the unhappiest fish out of water in a political gathering that it has been the lot of any of us to encounter; Williams, of Platte, plethoric and short-winded, and carrying upon his shoulders, unaided, the political fortunes of the ponderous Judge Kellogg, and thus counting him in as a candidate for the United States senate; while the rising generation of politicians was represented by Stewart, of Pawnee, Porter, of Dixon, Rich, of Nemaha, and Tisdale, of Richardson.

The democrats were led by Megeath, of Douglas, able, experienced, and of indomitable will; Calhoun, of Otoe, a sound lawyer, an accomplished gentleman, and most radical of democrats of the modern school. Leach, of Dodge, Wilber, of Douglas, and Stevenson, of Otoe, completed the list.

The third house, however, as is usual in a political emergency

involving the election of United States senator, was the largest and most important body. The long-headed and cautious Dundy was the acknowledged tactician of the republican phalanx, while the prolific brain and heavy executive hand of Butler was everywhere efficiently employed. General Thayer, the embodiment of Nebraska's military glory; Governor Saunders, the favorite of the solid men of Omaha, conservative and peace compelling; Irish, of Otoe, rotund and plausible, with each joint in his corporeal, moral, and mental system lubricated to run like a noiseless machine; Paddock, the secretary and ex-acting governor, jolly, hospitable, and popular with the boys; E. B. Taylor, of the Indian office, shrewd and fertile of expedients; Marquett, of Cass, earnest, far-seeing, and confidence-inspiring; John I. Redick, of Omaha, the irrepressible commander of the Freedmen's Bureau, who kept his eye on Judge Kellogg; Tipton, the chaplain of the old Nebraska First, who had concluded to betake himself to his old love and abandon the pulpit for a seat in the senate; Furnas, the future agricultural magnate, and second in the gubernatorial succession; Kennard, the secretary, whose voice had not yet resounded for railroad bonds and a new capitol; and a host of others of lesser note, backed the republican boys in the legislature.

Leading the democrats was J. Sterling Morton, most congenial of companions and bitterest of foes; Dr. Miller, a veteran of scarcely less political experience, whose caustic pen was always ready for a bout with the rascally radicals; Poppleton, the ramrod of the legal profession, who didn't like politics, but whose patriotism compelled him to take a hand against the usurpers; Woolworth, the suave "chancellor," renowned in equity, his steel always sheathed in velvet, and whose familiars called him "Jim" only behind his back; Hanscomb, of fiery soul and corrugated tongue, who had been accustomed to adjourn legislatures by processes more noted for their promptness than their resemblance to parliamentary precedents; Dr. Graff and the Patricks, who made it a first duty to be in good odor with the statesmen of both sides; with a following of the square-toed and copper-clad of Douglas and adjoining counties, that made them formidable as well in numbers as in political strategy.

In law, possession is nine points; in a legislature, experience has never yet demonstrated that there are any other points, and the contested seats were a foregone conclusion when it was ocularly demonstrated that the

Republicans had the organization in both houses and could not keep it without counting in the Cass delegation, Rock Bluffs or no Rock Bluffs to the contrary notwithstanding. But the democrats had an arrow in their quiver that seemed likely to do fatal execution. It was an adjournment *sine die* immediately upon the organization of the legislature, which would leave the new state suspended between the heavens and the earth, like Mahomet's coffin, and overthrow the labor of months in the time it should take to call the roll of the two houses. The Cass county delegation was believed to be ready to unite with them in this expedient, and that would give them one majority in the senate and two in the house. The Cass county delegates had a secret meeting late at night on the evening of the 5th, the organization of the two houses having been completed, and, it was understood, agreed to be bound by a vote thus taken, which resulted in the adoption of a motion to adjourn *sine die*.

In the senate the next morning, a motion was made immediately after roll-call that the senate do adjourn *sine die*, and it was carried by a majority of one. The news spread like wildfire, and in the midst of the reading of the journal in the house, Paddock arose, and, amid much turmoil, moved to dispense with its further reading. This was declared out of order by the speaker, and the journal was finished. Mr. Paddock immediately moved that the house do now adjourn *sine die*, and declared that no further business could be done in any event, since the senate had formally ended its existence. The speaker properly ruled the motion out of order, because an adjournment *sine die*, according to legislative law, could only be had by a joint resolution. His decision was immediately appealed from, and was reversed by a vote of of twenty-one to fifteen. The motion was then put, and in the midst of the most intense excitement and activity of party leaders running to and fro, the ayes and nays were slowly called. The votes, when the list had been completed, were nineteen for adjournment to eighteen against. The speaker took the tally of the clerk and paused, as if to collect his thoughts. Maxwell, of the Cass delegation, who was not in sympathy with the adjournment, had voted "no." The speaker paused just long enough for Hathaway, of the same delegation, whose sympathies were in the same direction, to conclude that, as the delegation was not a unit, as he had supposed, he would vote to suit himself, and he changed his aye to no. The vote was announced, and the anti-state arrow missed the bull's-eye by a hair's breadth.

As soon as this break in the programme was made, the senators opposed to adjournment collected again in the hall, and, on motion of Cadman, took a recess till three o'clock P.M. At that hour a quorum presented itself, and quietly and unostentatiously proceeded to business as if nothing had happened, and the secretary as unobtrusively scored out with his ready pen all record of the matutinal hari-kari.

The next day Governor Butler read his message to the joint convention, and the machinery of the *quasi* state was fairly under motion. In accordance with the maxim, probably, "Old heads for council, young men for war," the most youthful member in each house had been made chairman of their republican committees on privileges and elections. They were both from Pawnee county, the center of Doctor Miller's once famous "hell-scorched district"—Stewart in the senate, and the writer of these memoirs in the house. For the next three or four days, these unfortunate youths were the storm centers of the virgin commonwealth. Their reports on the contested seats were ingenious, if not ingenuous, and were adopted under the spur of the previous question. All the republicans held their seats. In the meantime, the senatorial candidates had been waging their individual warfare, and there were more of them ostensibly in the field than have been since noticed on a similar occasion. The military won the fight, Maj. Gen. Thayer and Chaplain Tipton, who both won their spurs in the First Nebraska, came out ahead, and the records of the joint convention that cast the ballot show that Tipton was elected "the senator from the South Platte," and Thayer "the senator from the North Platte,"—a proceeding somewhat extraordinary, the state of Nebraska being nominally nowhere in the bond.

The seat of war was now transferred to Washington. Senators Thayer and Tipton, armed with proper credentials, as the representatives of the state organization, departed for the capital, and Hon. T. M. Marquett, who had been elected by the people as their first congressman, knocked at the door of the house. On the 18th of July, one week after the adjournment of the legislature, on the eve of the close of the long session, a bill was passed admitting Nebraska to the Union. President Johnson put it in his pocket, and congress adjourned, leaving the embryo state out in the cold. Upon the re-assembling of congress in December, our representatives were on hand pressing their claims and urging the national legislature to perform

its part of the implied contract in the enabling act of 1864. But the republicans had, in the progress of their political struggles, re-assured themselves of their solidity with the people, and were no longer anxious for accessions to their strength on the floor of the senate. There was also a growth of the stalwart feeling in favor of a franchise unlimited by a color line. The fifteenth amendment had not yet been proposed to the federal constitution, but strong efforts were being made to accomplish its object through the action of the states in severalty. The conservative gentlemen who had framed the constitution of Nebraska, had inserted the word "white." This the republican congress now objected to. The representatives of the old states were now more solicitous of preserving their sectional and individual weight in congress against the swift encroachments of the growing Northwest than in reaching out after party accessions. It was exceedingly plain that no majority less than two-thirds in each house would avail, as the president was bitterly hostile to the proposition. A bill was introduced in the senate, however, and passed that body, admitting the state in accordance with the provisions of the act of 1864, upon the following conditions:

SECTION 3. *And be it further enacted*, That this act shall not take effect except under the fundamental conditions, that within the state of Nebraska there shall be no denial of the elective franchise, or of any other right to any other person, by reason of race or color, excepting Indians not taxed, and upon the further fundamental condition, that the legislature of said state, by a solemn public act, shall declare the assent of said state to these fundamental conditions, and shall transmit to the president of the United States an authentic copy of said act, upon receipt whereof the president, by proclamation, shall forthwith announce the fact, whereupon said fundamental conditions shall be held as part of the organic law of the state, and thereupon and without any further proceeding on the part of congress, the admission of said state into the Union shall be considered as complete.

In the house for a time the fate of the bill seemed uncertain. Mr. Marquett enlisted the assistance of his old law instructor, Shellabarger, of Ohio, one of the most prominent gentlemen and eloquent speakers on the floor of the representative chamber, and he took the lead in championing the bill, and made a speech in its favor of great force and brilliancy, which was probably decisive. The bill passed the house on February 8, 1867, was vetoed by the president next day, and immediately passed over his head by the constitutional majority in both houses.

A new state legislature had been chosen by the people of the territory at the territorial election in October previous, consisting for the most part of the same gentlemen elected to the territorial council and house. On the 14th of February, Gov. Saunders issued his proclamation calling the members of the legislature to meet at the capital on the 20th inst., to take action upon the conditions proposed by congress. The legislature assembled and passed the bill accepting the fundamental conditions on February 21. In the senate, those voting in favor of the bill were Jesse T. Davis, of Washington; James E. Doom, of Cass; Isaac S. Hascall, of Douglas; Thomas J. Majors, of Nemaha; R. B. Presson, of Johnson, and E. H. Rogers, of Dodge. The "noes" were responded by F. K. Freeman, of Kearney; Mills S. Reeves and W. W. Wardell, of Otoe. Here we must pause to notice another escape of the ship of "state" from wreck, not only in sight of port, but just as she was about to cast off her line at the landing. Through the absence of a senator, detained by sickness, the republicans had but six senators, and seven was the constitutional majority. In this crisis they received an accession in the person of Hascall, of Douglas, a long-time democrat, who abandoned his fellows at the critical period. Among the pilgrims who used to go to Washington during the terms of our first senators, and claim some reward for having "saved the state," Mr. Hascall never appeared, to the knowledge of the writer, but if anybody was legally entitled to salvage, he, as being the last rescuer of the vessel and emperiled cargo, had a first mortgage on the proceeds. The air was blue with democratic expletives at the time, but if the genius of that venerable organization haunted the chamber of the offender at the solemn midnight hour, and, fixing him with his glittering eye, said, like Othello to Cassio, "No more be officer of mine," ten to one the tough and wiry Isaac hung out no signal of distress, and the ghost retired abashed.

The bill passed the house by the votes of J. R. Butler, of Pawnee; E. L. Clark, of Seward; D. Cole, W. T. Chapin, and Isaac Wiles of Cass; T. J. Collins and J. T. Hoile, of Richardson; George Crowe, C. J. Haywood, and Louis Walldter, of Nemaha; E. H. Hardenburgh, of Lancaster; J. E. Kelly, of Platte; J. T. Griffin, George W. Frost, and Dan. Parmalee, of Douglas; Austin Rockwell, of Burt; D. Slader and J. A. Unthank, of Washington. The noes were George N. Crawford and A. W. Trumble, of Sarpy; Martin

Dunham, of Douglas; J. G. Graves, A. F. Harvey, and D. P. Rolfe, of Otoe. A few moments later, Secretary of State T. P. Kennard appeared upon the floor of the senate and informed that body that His Excellency Gov. Butler had signed the bill, and the legislature met in joint convention to confer with the governor as to the topics for legislation that should be mentioned in his call for an extra session, after which it adjourned *sine die* on the second day of its existence.

On the 1st of March, the president issued his proclamation announcing the admission of Nebraska into the Union, and on the 2d inst. Hon. T. M. Marquett presented his credentials in the house of representatives and consummated the bond. Mr. Marquett's promptness was not imitated by the two senators. The thirty-eighth congress was about to expire two days later, and by waiting that length of time, the commencement of their terms of office would be dated a couple of years later, it being the custom to fix the 4th of March, upon which congress commenced its official life, as the initial point of senatorial terms. By waiting two days, our first congressman's actual term of service would have been multiplied by 365, but he said he was tired of Washington, and as John Taffe had been elected his successor, though at a time unauthorized by the enabling act, he preferrred to cast his lot with the expiring congress and return to private life. He sat two days and nights, cast the decisive vote against the appropriation of $50,000 to fix up the White House according to the taste of the president, recorded his "aye" on the famous reconstruction act, and was honorably mustered out of service.

On the 4th of April, Gov. Butler issued his call for an extra session, and on the 18th of May the legislators came together and set in motion the machinery of the state.

GOLD AT PIKE'S PEAK—RUSH FOR—STAMPEDE.

ADDRESS OF DR. A. L. CHILD,

January 11th, 1881.

There is no portion of the history of the past which is not largely obscured, distorted, or absolutely falsified through the *omission* of unwritten portions.

We are prone to forget or fail to realize how intense the interest of the future may be in the doings of *to-day*. Or if we feel the importance of leaving a record we are apt to note only the fading and vanishing items of the past. To make a record of transactions and happenings of *to-day*, of that which every one knows all about, seems uncalled for and useless labor.

Through this neglect important springs of action and leading incidents to even revolutionary acts die out of memory, and are thus lost to the historian, who, for lack of the real causes, founds upon false ones, if any. That truthful history, especially of partisan transactions, cannot be written in present time, is most unquestionably true. Partisan feeling, more or less active, will unconsciously color and distort the views of the most impartial. Still a record of the *facts* of the present may save the future historian much labor and from great error.

I do not flatter myself that I shall make you think that the episode in our history which I have to present to you this evening possesses much importance; and yet the subject matter of it is one which holds no second place in its influence on mankind.

My subject is the discovery of gold in what is now termed Colorado, or, in the language of that day, at "Pike's Peak," the rush from all parts of the country to share in it, and the subsequent stampede, and its consequences.

The announcement of the discovery of a new gold, diamond, or silver mine is not usually slow in gathering a crowd, as California, Australia, Nevada, Pike's Peak, etc., have proved.

A faint and far off sound was raised of gold found by a Cherokee cattle trader, at the mouth of Clear creek (near where Denver is now) in 1852. It was, however, too faint and uncertain to reach across the plains to the people.

Again, in the spring of 1858, a wandering miner from Georgia, rediscovered the gold, verified the previous report of the cattle trader, and announced the auriferous character of the place.

This time the country and the world heard the report, and although the nearest settlements were some 600 miles distant (on the Missouri river), the cry was forwarded, and spread over the country with such celerity and effect that by Nov. 1st, 1858, upwards of 400 men were gathered in the vicinity of the present Denver, with a hard winter, just commencing, upon them. This crowd was gathered largely from the nearest settlements in the Missouri valley, Western Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. Some had consideration and forethought enough to look before they leaped. With teams and means, they had provided food, clothing, etc., to winter upon. But the larger number, excited and crazed by the idea of unlimited gold, with loose and undefined thoughts of finding it lying around, to be gathered up by the handful—and finding in that thought alone an all sufficient supply of all imaginable wants, rushed out and joined the passing crowd, with but little if any preparation whatever.

The passage of this crowd over the plains was largely up the south side of the Platte river, along the divides of the Blues and the Republican on the south, and of the Platte upon the north. This route for the first half of the journey, and the Platte bottoms for the remaining part, formed a natural highway with but few impediments.

It was a motley crowd indeed, as it passed the writer's residence in Cass county. There were the well appointed horse and mule teams, with all desirable tools, clothes, and provisions; the single horse or mule with go-cart, or saddle and pack tied on behind; the man with the hand cart, the man with a pack upon his back, the man with naught but the clothes upon his back, and—anything more?

Yes, my friends, there was the eleven-year-old boy, with his little boy's wagon—made by himself—a piece of corn bread in it, and his ragged jacket thrown over it. And he "forgot to ask leave of his mother" when he joined the company in Mills county, Iowa. His faith was *really sublime*. He had taken his wagon to haul his gold in on his return! But *faith* was the order of the day. It led the hosts through the wilderness. Ill provided as they were, it bore them on to the promised land.

But this crowd, entirely inexperienced in ways and methods of

search, and with winter's snows and frosts closing in upon them, of course found very little gold, and a large majority none. The larger portion, swayed and governed by little else than the impulse of the moment, as suddenly sickened and became disgusted, as they had previously become excited and carried away. Gold had not automatically fallen into their hands or pockets (patient and persevering toil for it had no place in their conceptions). Their faith died a sudden and violent death. The fever heat of excitement as suddenly fell to arctic rigors.

It is not difficult to imagine the trials and sufferings of these men, confined by the rigors of winter in a place entirely beyond the reach of subsistence, and with no present means to live upon. As a matter of course, those who *had* were obliged to divide with those who *had not.* Long before the opening of spring, the poles of the magnet were reversed, and repulsion instead of attraction was the ruling power, and at the earliest possible hour the back track became again a crowded thoroughfare.

Meanwhile the cry of gold, started the previous season, had spread far and wide, and its magic power had continually increased throughout the country, and many thousands were awaiting seasonable weather to reorganize the advance, with perhaps equal impatience to that of those who would now organize retreat. The advancing and refluent waves met about midway between the Missouri river and Pike's Peak. As the advance skirmish waves met, the prevailing language on each side was of scorn and contempt. The advance saw in the retreat only an idle, lazy class of loafers and beggars, who preferred at least great hunger, if not starvation, to work. While the retreating party saw in the advance the same craze and folly which had driven themselves forward in their mad career. But, as the increasing size and depth of the opposing waves met, they began to force thought, doubt, and question. At the night camps, the meeting trains gathered in large numbers, and the nights were spent in denunciation, argument, and enquiry. At length the party in retreat began to prevail. The increasing numbers and general agreement in report so staggered the advance, that doubt, hesitation, and conviction followed, and turning face to the east the advance began to augment the reflux tide.

The avalanche from the mountain side, when once started, increases rapidly and fearfully. So, from a comparatively few scattered parties

who left Pike's Peak, the movement had grown to a crowd of thousands, a disappointed, angry, and dangerous mass. Disgusted at their own folly in being so easily duped, it took but a short time to transfer their anger from themselves to and against those who had been instrumental in duping them.

They soon arrived at the conviction that the reports and the whole matter had been devised and organized by the traders and speculators at the border or river towns, who, in it, proposed to reap a large harvest from the sale of outfitting goods and merchandise which parties would be forced to purchase before entering the uninhabited country.

That these parties, that is, the traders, had advertised largely was well known, and that they at the same time circulated all favorable gold reports was as well known. Nor was it probable that they suppressed florid reports on account of too high coloring.

Time and facts have proved that these gold reports were *founded* on truths, although in many cases grossly exaggerated.

Yet to this, in a measure, insane crowd, they were all *all* utterly false. And the more they talked and thought over the matter, the more bitter and vengeful their wrath became.

I presume all border towns had more or less difficulty with their stampeders, but my personal knowledge was of Plattsmouth more particularly, this being a prominent place of crossing the river in advance and of course in retreat.

It did a large business in the outfitting line for parties on their way to the supposed gold fields. This outfit embracing all tools, clothes, food, etc., etc., which would be required for an indefinite sojourn in a country supplying none of these necessaries.

The crowd now approaching Plattsmouth, breathing revenge and destruction on "all and every last shark" there, was but a disorganized mob. Some two or three thousand encamped about two miles west of Plattsmouth, and there tried to effect an organization to obtain redress for their wrongs.

Some advocated sacking the town, repaying themselves for all losses, and then burning it.

Others, more moderate, advocated compelling all the traders to refund all the money taken from them, and then they might have what was left of their outfits.

Many other propositions were made and many offered themselves as

leaders to "put the thing through." But fortunately for Plattsmouth, lack of confidence in each other prevailed, and they only wrangled and came to no agreement.

A disorganized company of some two hundred started out for town with great threats as to what they would do. Thus they approached the several business houses where they had previously procured their outfits and made their several and different demands. Meanwhile the larger dealers of the town, more or less (and generally *more*), alarmed by the approach of this threatening mob, seemed to feel that it would not be healthy to allow it to become too intimate with them, and were mostly "out of town."

They left their business houses in charge of the most reliable men to be found, well armed and provided for fight if circumstances should authorize it, and discretionary orders in case of combined and organized attack. In which case it was well known that all the force which could be raised would be but chaff before the wind. The individual method of attack emboldened the guards to meet them promptly and resolutely. Their momentum as individuals was not sufficient for success. They were bluffed off and retreated.

Then they attempted to seize the steam ferry and cross themselves free. But here also, they were so determinedly met and repulsed that they again retired. Finally with much bluster and threatening of what they would do in some future time, the host melted away, got themselves over the river as they could, and went on their way.

Their lack of organization and leadership was probably all that saved Plattsmouth. Well organized and led, they could have made their own terms and done as they pleased. And the spirit of vengeance rampant among them would not have been satisfied short of the destruction of the town.

Many stories are in circulation of heroism and daring by some of the citizens, but with one or two exceptions do not bear tracing back well. One which seems quite authentic ascribes much power and effect on the excited mob to the calm yet decided and resolute address of old Mr. Porter (father of Jas. R. and Wm. B.), then an aged and feeble man, many years since deceased.

Another attributes much presence of mind and resolution to Wheatly Micklewait, who ran the ferry boat, which prevented the taking it from him and running it free.

This mad rush to the mountains in the fall of 1858 and spring of 1859, was the cause of not only much mental and physical suffering, but of very great pecuniary loss. Time has proved that *gold was there.* But without experience, knowledge, or perseverance it was to the mass of seekers but an *ignis fatuus* which led only to disappointment and suffering.

The South Platte road, by which large numbers of these people advanced and retreated, followed for a large part of the way the earlier Mormon overland trail. Parties through Plattsmouth struck this trail about two miles east of the old Salt Creek ford, where Ashland has since been built.

To those who were not eye witnesses of this great movement, it must be difficult to conceive the appearance of this crowd, as it moved on in its advance, not only for a day but for weeks. In passing the writer's residence in Cass county, the trail or road for about one and a half miles, as it followed the divide between the Weeping Water and the Platte, was in plain view. At times this entire length of a mile and a half was so densely crowded by the moving throng as to entirely obscure all view of the beyond. Each team close up to its leader, and from two and three to five or six abreast, and then generally flanked on either side by bodies of footmen. It was a large river of animal life.

In the retreat of the spring of 1859, not unlike the retreat of Buonaparte's poor soldiers from Moscow, vestiges and monuments of the folly were left along the road side, remaining for several years.

As the stampede in retreat commenced its movements, it was largely with starved and hungry teams and men. As they started they gathered all that remained of their belongings. True this made up but light loads for able teams and men, but a short travel proved that they were too heavy for the remaining strength. This growing weakness compelled the gradual dropping of incumbrances by the road side. A horse or an ox would give out. To stop to rest or recruit where no means for sustenance of man or beast existed was folly; hence a part of the load was thrown out. Perhaps the four-wheeled wagon reduced to two and the one remaining animal geared in and urged forward with the rest. This but delayed the general catastrophe. A few miles further and the remaining beast fell, and then with a small selection in shape of a pack, teams, wagons, and contents were abandoned.

Of the footmen, some of whom started with a fair, possibly a large sized pack, the most found themselves forced to drop article after article by the wayside as strength failed them. Six hundred miles is a long and weary road to travel under such conditions.

Valuable property, horses, mules, oxen, wagons, chains, a great variety of mining tools, and even large quantities of provisions were thus abandoned and to the owner lost; although subsequently portions were gathered up and used by hungry followers. But for many years the entire track from the mountains to the Missouri was more or less lined with articles of a less perishable character.

I had designed to append to this sketch some account of the immense freighting business which was carried on over these plains, first by the government to supply the military posts, and then at a later day by individuals and companies increased to huge proportions for the supply of mining camps and settlements in the mountains, till the U. P. railroad came into competition and in a few months almost annihilated the trade of the "bull whacker." But ill health has prevented the effort necessary to obtain the statistics requisite to illustrate this peculiarly interesting and colossal business.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEBRASKA.

BY JAMES W. SAVAGE.

Read before the Nebraska Historical Society April 16, 1880.

We are apt to look upon Nebraska as a young state; young in its geological formation, in its political existence, and in its historical records. For descriptions of its soil, its climate, its fruits, or its inhabitants, few have sought to look further back than the commencement of the present century, and the published memorials of its history prior to the advent of the French trappers and traders have been thought too meagre to serve as a basis for any exact account. But hidden away in the lumber rooms of wealthy Spanish and French families, and piled on the shelves of national libraries in Paris, Madrid, and Mexico, are hosts of letters, journals, and reports which are gradually emerging from their seclusion and undergoing the scrutiny of acute and practiced eyes. The documents recently edited by M.

Margry, in Paris, and now in course of publication by the United States government, throw a flood of light upon early French discoveries and explorations in the West. And when the vast libraries of all the nations which took part in those adventurous travels shall give up their dead treasures, we have reason to hope that we shall be able to add many years to the authentic history of our state.

I purpose to collect and present, this evening, a few of the reasons we have for believing that four-score years before the Pilgrims landed on the venerable shores of Massachusetts; sixty-eight years before Hudson discovered the ancient and beautiful river which still bears his name; sixty-six years before John Smith, with his cockney colonists, sailed up a summer stream which they named after James the First of England, and commenced the settlement of what was afterwards to be Virginia; twenty-three years before Shakspeare was born; when Queen Elizabeth was a little girl, and Charles the Fifth sat upon the united throne of Germany and Spain, Nebraska was discovered; the peculiarities of her soil and climate noted, her fruits and productions described, and her inhabitants and animals depicted. If the arguments and citations in support of this theory shall prove more dull and prosaic than the custom of recent times requires the popular lecture to be, I shall still be able to indulge a hope that among those whose nativity or residence has caused them to entertain a peculiar affection for this state, and especially among those whose pursuits have led them to understand and appreciate the value of historical studies, the intrinsic interest and importance of my topic may prove some excuse for the bald narration of facts to which I shall be obliged to subject your patience.

There is hardly any expedition of modern times, around which hangs so much of the glamour of romantic mystery, as that undertaken about the middle of the sixteenth century for the purpose of discovering the seven cities of the buffalo and the land of Quivera. Although at least four contemporaneous narratives of this remarkable march have reached us, it is singular that hardly any two recent writers agree either in the location of the seven cities or the ultimate terminus of the journey. The cities of Cibola have been placed by different investigators at the ruins now called Zuni, in New Mexico, at a point about one hundred miles east of that spot, and on the Rio del Chaco, about an equal distance to the north. The

country called Quivera is still more rich in its variety of locations. The vicinity of Guaymas on the Gulf of California, the ruins now called Gran Quivera in New Mexico, different points in Colorado, and the region of Baxter Springs in Kansas, are but a few of the spots suggested for this forgotten land. I shall endeavor to show that none of these answer the conditions of the narratives to which I have alluded, and that the land of Quivera was situated in what is now the state of Nebraska.

It is true that the only discovery of our state which can be regarded in any sense as permanent, that which was followed by the usual horde of adventurers, traders, and explorers, dates from a long subsequent period. The city of St. Louis was established in the year 1764, and in the preceding summer its founder, Laclede Liguest, visited the Missouri. Gradually the advancing wave of commerce crept up that river, until it reached the most powerful and mighty of the savage nations of that day, the proud, wealthy, populous, and pugnacious tribe of the Omahas, with their famous chief *Wash-ing-guh-sah-ba*, or the Blackbird, whose prowess Irving has celebrated, and whose lineal descendants still exercise, on a little reservation, hereditary rule over the docile handful to which that great nation is reduced.

We catch an earlier glimpse of this region from one who had enlisted in the service of God instead of the service of Mammon. There was found a few years since, in the archives of St. Mary's College in Montreal, the identical map which Father Marquette prepared of his voyage down the Mississippi, executed by his own hand, and bearing all the marks of authenticity. Upon this map, drawn in the year of our Lord 1673, appears the territory which now forms the state of Nebraska, delineated with remarkable accuracy. The general course of the Missouri is given to a point far north of this latitude; the Platte river is laid down in almost its exact position, and among the Indian tribes which he enumerates as scattered about this region, we find such names as Panas, Mahas, Otontantes, which it is not difficult to translate into Pawnees, Omahas, and perhaps Otoes. It is not without a thrill of interest that a Nebraskan can look upon the frail and discolored parchment upon which, for the first time in the history of the world, these words were written.

So full and accurate is this new-found map that, had we not the

word of Father Marquette to the contrary, it would not be difficult to believe that during his journey he personally visited the Platte river. It was a dream of his, which, had his young life been spared, would probably have been realized. But here we will let the good father speak for himself. He is describing his descent of the Mississippi. The Pekitanoui river, of which he speaks, is the Missouri.

"We descend, following the course of the river towards the other called Pekitanoui, which empties into the Mississippi, coming from the north-west, of which I shall have something considerable to say after what I have remarked of this river. * *

"As we were discoursing, sailing gently down a still, clear water, we heard the noise of a rapid, into which we were about to plunge. I have never seen anything more frightful: a mass of large trees, with roots and branches entire, real floating islands, came rushing from the mouth of the river Pekitanoui with such impetuosity that we could not venture across without serious risk. The agitation was so great that the water was all muddy, and could not get clear.

"Pekitanoui is a considerable river, which, coming from very far in the north-west, empties into the Mississippi. Many Indian towns are ranged along this river, and I hope by its means to make the discovery of the Red or California sea.

"We judged by the direction the Mississippi takes, that if it keeps on the same course, it has its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico; it would be very advantageous to find that which leads to the south sea towards California; and this, as I said, I hope to find by the Pekitanoui. Following the account which the Indians have given me, for from them I learn that, advancing up this river for five or six days, you come to a beautiful prairie, twenty or thirty leagues long, which you must cross to the north-west. It terminates at another little river, on which you can embark, it not being difficult to transport canoes over so beautiful a country as that prairie. This second river runs south-west for ten or fifteen leagues, after which it enters a small lake, which is the source of another deep river running to the west, where it empties into the sea. I have hardly any doubt that this is the Red sea, and I do not despair of one day making the discovery, if God does me this favor and grants me health, in order to be able to publish the Gospel to all the nations of this New World, who have so long been plunged in heathen darkness."

The brave and pious heart was not to be cheered by the discoveries he had hoped for; the great highway to the California sea was to be traveled in far later days, and by another race than his; still, as his earnest voice comes down to us through the centuries, we can see that in spite of all the mistakes into which his untutored geographers led him, he made a shrewd guess at the future pathway of commerce.

But now let us turn again from the humble and unpretending labors of this member of the Society of Jesus, and gaze upon a more gorgeous spectacle. Let us look back three centuries and a half to the province of Mexico, or, as it was then called, New Spain. For the bare prairies of Illinois and the rocky shores of the lakes we have the luxuriance of tropic vegetation; for the holy vestments of a Catholic priest we have the burnished armor and the dancing plumes of a Spanish cavalier; for the low splash of the paddle and the ripple of a bark canoe we have the noisy clank of steel, the neighing of horses, the shouting of captains, and the heavy tread of mighty cavalcades. It is nineteen years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, that brilliant and heartless commander, of whose ambition, avarice, treachery, and cruelty, says an old chronicler of the time,* "God will have kept a better account than we have." Sometimes feared, sometimes hated, and always distrusted in his life-time and by his own countrymen, more than one Spanish officer was sent out while he still remained in Mexico to watch his career and check his unbridled extravagance. Of these, was one Nunez de Guzman, a rival and an enemy of Cortes, who governed the northern portion of Mexico, and who burned to excel the dethroned captain in the brilliancy of his discoveries and the magnitude of his conquests. "The life of the Spanish discoverers," says Prescott, "was one long day-dream. Illusion after illusion chased one another like the bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe—as bright, as beautiful, and as empty. They lived in a world of enchantment."

Among the slaves of this governor was a Texas Indian, who had, perhaps, cunning enough to perceive that his own success lay in ministering to his master's ambition, and ingenuity enough to concoct a tale, partly true, doubtless, which should excite his curiosity and inflame his lust for gold. Be that as it may, he came to his master one day with this strange and startling revelation. His father, he said, had been a merchant, and traded far to the north, carrying with him for barter the

* Las Casas.

rich plumage of tropic birds, and receiving in exchange vast quantities of gold and silver. When a youth, he added, he had sometimes accompanied his father on these excursions, and they had visited seven cities which might compare in wealth, population, and magnificence with the city of Mexico itself; that whole streets blazed with the shops of gold and silversmiths, and that those metals were so common as to be held in slight esteem; that rare and precious stones abounded; and that the inhabitants were gorgeously attired in rich stuffs, and lived in all the ease and luxury that wealth could bestow.

Whether this Texan (the first of whom we have any record) had really a recollection of cities which seemed to his inexperienced childhood as magnificent and grand as the dreams of the avaricious Spaniard; whether he sought to ingratiate himself with his taskmasters by stories which he knew they would seriously incline to hear, or whether thus early in the history of the country he had acquired the prevailing western habit of exaggeration, particularly where gold and silver mines are the subject of discourse, we can only guess; but the sequel will show that his gorgeous palaces and brilliant work-shops were but the fictitious creations of a lively imagination, or the dim remembrance of an old tradition.

This was the origin of the story of the mysterious "seven cities of Cibola," which, with their vague and visionary splendor, excited the curiosity and inflamed the avarice of the Spanish conquerors for so many years. Efforts were made to reach them, but the mountain ranges and the desert plains guarded their secret faithfully, and the cities for nearly a decade remained known only through the romantic exaggerations of the Texas serf.

But Spanish interest in this fabulous region was revived by a story of hardship and toil which has rarely been equaled in the history of adventure. In the year 1536, four wayfarers, half naked, worn with toil, spent with hunger, thirst, heat, cold, shipwrecks, storms, battles, and disease, reached the city of Mexico from the sierras and sandy plains of the north. They were a Spaniard named Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, one of them a Moor called Estevanico or Stephen. Eight years before, they had landed with some four hundred companions on the peninsula of Florida for the purpose of exploring that unknown country. Hostile tribes, starvation, and toil had done their work so thoroughly that of the four hundred only this perishing

sample remained. They had traversed the whole continent, had been the first of civilized beings to gaze upon "a great river coming from the north," which was afterwards to be called the Mississippi, had penetrated the north-west through parts of Kansas and Colorado, and thence turning southwardly had made their way through New Mexico and Arizona to friends and countrymen.

They, too, had their marvelous tales of opulence and pomp to tell. During their wanderings west of the Mississippi they had heard of rich and populous cities, with lofty dwellings and shops glittering with gold and silver and precious stones, of a people living in affluence, partially civilized, acquainted with the arts, and inhabiting a fertile and beautiful country.

Straightway a small force under the leadership of Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan monk, and guided by Stephen the Moor, was sent out to discover and report upon these mysterious cities, and pave the way for Spanish colonization. Friar Marcos, the commander, was of a credulous and yielding disposition, and he allowed the Moor to push forward ahead of the main body, so that he reached the seven cities while the friar was hardly half way there. Stephen had forgotten the hardships and trials of his eight years of wandering, and the favors heaped upon him by the people whom he was now coming to despoil. But he remembered well their gentleness and their treasures. Presuming upon the former, he robbed them of the latter with an unsparing hand. The mild and pacific natives bore these indignities with a patience and forbearance well calculated to excite the scorn of a Christian people; but when the libidinous Moor, swollen with pride and power and success, attempted to lay his unhallowed hands upon their wives and daughters, they found it more difficult to excuse his irregularities. So they killed him, and sent his companions back upon the road they had come. These, flying from the scene of their atrocities, met Marcos de Niza about two hundred miles away, and communicated to him their doleful story. The holy father declares that, notwithstanding the consternation their tale produced, he pursued his course, and approached so near the seven cities that from an eminence hard by he could look down upon their lofty roofs shining in the sun, and see the evidences of wealth upon every hand. But the private soldiers of the expedition strongly intimated that the fate of Stephen the Moor so far cooled his couraged and moderated his ambition, that he forthwith

made his way with considerable precipitation back to the place whence he had started. All agreed, however, that the seven cities of Cibola did, in truth, exist, and that the tales told of their richness and grandeur were so far from being mere figments of the imagination that they fell short of the reality. Of course, another and more powerful expedition was decided upon. For its command the viceroy of Mexico nominated Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who had succeeded Nunez de Guzman in the government of the northern province.

Coronado was a Spanish cavalier, born in the city of Salamanca, where he had received a good education, and had improved the advantages which wealth and gentle birth naturally confer. Intrepid, ambitious, of pleasing and ingratiating manners, skilled in all manly and martial exercises, he would have come down to us as a model of the brave, adventurous, avaricious, and cruel commanders of his age, but for a superstitious belief in evil omens and unlucky signs, which sometimes prevented him from seizing hold of success even when it was fairly within his grasp.

In his youthful days Coronado had made the acquaintance of an Arabian sage, who, after long study and travel in the East, where he had collected the knowledge and experience of ages, had taken up his abode in the classic and congenial city of Salamanca. This spare and wrinkled devotee of science possessed great skill in the kindred pursuits of astrology and necromancy, to which he added the marvelous gift of divination. To him the young Spaniard applied, with a request that the mystery of his future life might be revealed to him.

After consulting his sacred parchments, and communing with the supernatural beings who had deigned to impart to him their wisdom, the astrologer at an appointed time received Coronado into his retreat, fragrant with incense and covered with mathematical diagrams and cabalistic characters. The stars in their courses, he said, and the mystic intelligences who reveal future events to mortals, had foretold that the fiery young student should one day become the omnipotent lord of a great and distant country; but the portents thenceforward were gloomy and sinister—a fall from a horse would imperil his life. We shall see in the sequel what effect this prediction had upon the early settlement of our state.

Coming to Mexico while still in the vigorous strength of early manhood, our hero was fortunate enough to win the affections of a

daughter of one of the Spanish dignitaries who had been sent out to take part in the government of that province. Estrada had been the royal treasurer and in charge of the finances. For a time even, while the charges against Cortes were a subject of investigation, the reins of government had devolved upon him. He appears to have been a man of small mind, but arrogant and dictatorial, as small minds are apt to be; and not averse to using his office as a source of wealth, as small minds have done before and since his time. This pompous old grandee had, like Polonious and Jepthah—

> "One fair daughter, and no more,
> The which he loved passing well."

We catch but a glimpse here and there through these dry and musty old chronicles of the sweet face of Beatrix d'Estrada, but we see enough of her to know that she was beautiful and accomplished, graceful in person, refined in mind, and as different from her father as Jessica from Shylock. And so when she and Coronado met we behold again the picture which belongs to no age or time—

> "Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always;
> Love, immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

Marriage did not cool the ardor of the ambitious young warrior. He remained passionately fond of his handsome wife during the whole of his stirring and adventurous career; and her wealth and station served to elevate him above the position in which his own good qualities would have placed him.

Early in the spring of 1540 the expedition of Coronado, composed of three hundred Spaniards and some eight hundred natives, set forth from their rendezvous with bright anticipations and sanguine hopes. These were somewhat dimmed and dampened by the hardships of the way, for the country was rough, mountainous, and desert; and now and then, notwithstanding the marvels of the seven cities which they expected to see at the end of their route, distrust and homesickness overmastered their curiosity. Once a soldier rushing in to Coronado, in a well-counterfeited agony of apprehension and terror, declared that while he was bathing in a mountain stream, the devil, in his proper shape (for in those days they had not lost belief in a personal devil), had tempted him, saying, "Kill your general, and you shall marry donna Beatrix, his beautiful wife, and I will endow you with boundless wealth." This was touching the general in two tender points, his su-

perstition and his uxoriousness; so to prevent the fulfillment of the devil's desire, he ordered that the honest and sorely tempted soldier should remain at Caliacan, which was the precise object for which the cunning rogue had invented the story.

But when at last, after a tedious and toilsome march, the long expected seven cities of Cibola were reached, the whole army, as the old chronicler tells us, broke out into maledictions against Friar Marcos de Niza, who had so deceived them. "God grant," he charitably adds, "that he may feel none of them." His highly colored tales had all proved false. There were farms in Mexico better than Cibola; the seven cities were seven hamlets, the houses were small, gold was not found, the minerals were of little value, and in short, the puissant realms and populous cities which he had promised, the metals, the gems, and the rich stuffs of which he had boasted in all his discourses, had faded like an insubstantial pageant into thin air.

But the fitting out of the expedition had cost too much money, and its starting had been heralded with too much boasting to allow it to come thus speedily to an ignoble end. Were there not other cities, Coronado began to inquire, which it would be profitable to visit? The natives, always ready to lend to the Spaniards a helping hand out of their country, were not slow to answer this question in the affirmative. Two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward, they said, was a rich, peaceful, and populous province, where their desires for wealth and their ambition for power might be gratified to the fullest extent. Thither Coronado led his little army, reaching a point which even to this day is readily identified by its natural characteristics and by its ruined cities and villages with the country which is now the eastern portion of the territory of New Mexico, watered by the Rio Grande and the Pecos, and not far south of the city of Santa Fe.

The welcome which the gentle and kindly natives of this region gave to their invaders was so cordial and sincere that it seems sometimes, to weak and sentimental humanitarians of the present day, almost unfair and ungenerous for the Spaniards to plunder and kill them afterwards. But those old warriors were made of stern and unrelenting stuff. They were met by the inhabitants of the peaceful villages with warm demonstrations of friendship, great store of victuals, large quantities of stuffs, and the blue turquoise of the country; they were serenaded with the quaint music of their drums and flutes.

"Sometimes," says one of the historians of the march, "they sought to touch my garments and called me Hayota, which, in their language, signifieth a man come from Heaven."

As a recompense for these hospitable attentions, the Spaniards, who had been instructed by the viceroy of Mexico to "let these people understand that there was a God in Heaven and an emperor on earth," first imprisoned several of their chief men on some frivolous pretext, and then by way of diversion burned one of their villages. These things, says the chronicler, caused some dissatisfaction, which was not diminished by a requisition of the general for cloth enough to furnish new suits for his entire army. Winter was just coming on, and the poor natives begged for a little time to comply with this demand, so that it might not bear too severely upon them, but they were pressed so hard that they were forced to give up their own scanty garments to complete the desired tale. If the soldiers who accompanied the collectors were not content with the clothing supplied to them, and saw an Indian who had something better, they forced an immediate exchange, without troubling themselves about the rank or condition of those whom they despoiled. Such conduct, it is gravely added, irritated the natives exceedingly.

But they bore these wrongs and indignities with submission, if not in silence, till the last and crowning insult was added to them. This ignorant and barbarous people had among their peculiarities a strong and exclusive love for their wives; and so jealous were they, after their experience with the dissolute Moor, of the rude eyes of the Spanish soldiery, that they carefully concealed their females, immuring them in such strict seclusion that Coronado complained, after a long residence at Cibola, that of their females he had only been able to see two grey and withered old women. It chanced one day that an officer, whose name even the soldier who tells the story is ashamed to hand down to its deserved infamy, saw peeping from an upper window the bright and and curious eyes of a comely woman. Dismounting from his horse, he strode into the apartment, from which outcries and shrieks of agony were presently heard. The wronged husband and chiefs of the village waited upon Coronado, and with humbleness and in sadness presented their complaint. The troops and retainers of the camp were paraded, but the simple-minded Indian failed to recognize the assailant; probably, it is hinted, because he had changed his garments.

The animal he rode, however, was pointed out and positively identified, but its owner being called upon, boldly denied the charge. "Perhaps," we are told, "the Indian was mistaken, but at any rate he was obliged to return without having obtained justice."

The next morning the natives of the village were in arms and rebellion. Barricading their houses with logs, and secure behind their battlements of stone, the cowardly rascals kept their foes at bay with flights of arrows for two days; and it was not until the Spaniards had managed to dig under the walls and set fire to the town that they were obliged to surrender. Even then, smoked as they were, they would not submit until the Spanish officers had promised them quarter, whereupon they laid down their weapons. Being secured and guarded, it was concluded, notwithstanding their surrender, to burn them alive by way of setting an example to other refractory villages. But when the prisoners saw the preparations for their burning, they seized the billets of wood collected for the ante-mortem cremation, and made so stout a defense with them, that it became necessary for the Spanish cavalry to ride in among them sword in hand. As the slaughter took place in an open, level plain, not many of the natives escaped; but the few who were fortunate enough to do so, did great injury to the Spaniards by reporting that they disregarded the usages of warfare and violated truces.

As the winter was an uncommonly severe one, snow falling to a great depth, and ice sealing up the rivers, the Spaniards expressed a willingness to overlook all that had passed, and to grant a full pardon and safe conduct to all who would come in and submit to the invaders; but the Indians responded that it would be useless to make treaties with people who did not keep faith, and unwise to surrender to an enemy which burned its prisoners of war. So siege was laid to another village. Here, however, the inhabitants were better prepared for defense, and for fifty days stubbornly resisted the most daring and gallant attacks. But deprived of water they suffered untold and terrible agonies. The falls of snow within their courtyards were soon exhausted. They tried to dig a well, but its sides caved in and buried the workmen. So, with a forlorn courage, which, if they were not copper colored, might excite our sympathy, they built a great fire, into which they cast their mantles, feathers, turquoises, and all their little stores of finery, that strangers might not possess them; made a des-

perate sortie with their women and children in the midst; and not one escaped the edge of the sword, the hoofs of the horses, or the cold waves of the Rio Grande. Most of them the Spaniards mercifully slew, the wounded were spared to become slaves.

Thus, this simple, loving, virtuous people, who had greeted Coronado with the perfume of flowers and the soft music of their flutes, came to understand that there was a God in heaven and an emperor on earth.

Not unfrequently has it happened in the history of the world that when the need of a nation is the sorest a savior rises up among them; and thus it was with the unhappy and oppressed natives of these valleys. One of their number, willing to sacrifice his life for the salvation of the rest, suddenly appeared before Coronado with much mystery in his movements and a pretended hostility to the natives. His description of rich countries and large cities, remote from the secluded valley of the Pecos, surpassed all previous revelations. He came, he said from a land far to the north-east, where there was a river seven miles in width. Within its depths were fish as large as horses. Upon its broad bosom floated canoes which carried twenty oarsmen on each side; and huge vessels with sails, which bore upon their prow a golden eagle, and on the poop a sumptuous dais, whereupon their lords were wont to seat themselves beneath a canopy of cloth of gold. That every day the monarch of this favored region, named Tatarrax, long-bearded, gray-haired, and rich, took his noonday sleep in a garden of roses, under a huge-spreading tree, to the branches of which were suspended innumerable golden bells, which sounded in exquisite harmony when shaken by the wind; that this king prayed by means of a string of beads, and worshiped a cross of gold and the image of a woman, the queen of heaven; that throughout the land the commonest utensils were of wrought silver, and the bowls, plates, and porringers of beaten gold. This land of plenty, he said, was the great kingdom of Quivera, and thither he waited to conduct his white friends whenever they should be pleased to accompany him. He talked with so much assurance, and sustained their rude tests of cross-examination so well, that Coronado's oft-shaken faith was again established. It is true there were not wanting suspicions of the integrity of this new found friend. It was evident that he had some secret communication with the natives. One soldier, to

whom ablution was probably a forgotten luxury, declared that he had seen him, with his face in a washbasin full of water, talking to the devil. Still his disclosures were so specific, and their truth so desirable, that it was determined (all necessary precautions having been taken that he should not escape) to trust to his guidance.

So, on the 5th day of May, in the year 1541, Coronado and his army quitted the valleys they had pacified and Christianized so thoroughly, crossed the Pecos river, and soon entered upon the treeless and pathless prairies of what is now the Indian territory and the state of Kansas. Through mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth and wearisome, and bare of wood, so that they made great heaps of buffalo dung to guide them on their return, and in spite of all their precautions, were constantly losing stragglers from the camp, they made their way for eight hundred miles northeastwardly to the banks of a considerable river, which could have been no other than the Arkansas.

Each one, says Castaneda, a credulous, honest, sincere, and pious private soldier, who has, with others, told us the story of this march, was charged to measure the daily progress made by counting his steps. The picture which we can fancy to ourselves of this dusty band plodding its way through the long summer days over the Kansas prairies, grim, silent, and arithmetical, has something in it of the ludicrous as well as the pathetic. Still our adventurers were enabled to enliven their dreary computations by an occasional indulgence in their favorite pastime of robbery. Once finding a village with an enormous quantity of skins, they cleaned it out so completely that in a quarter of an hour there was not one to be found. The Indians, we are told, tried in vain to save them, and the women and children wept, for they had believed that the Spaniards would not take their skins, and that they would be content with blessing them as Cabeza de Vaca and his companions had done when they had passed that way.

The suspicions, which had from the first attached to their guide, had been spreading and increasing in intensity. It was noticed that when they met with the wandering nomads of the plains, if the Turk, as they called him,* was the first to converse with them, they confirmed all his stories, and pointed to the eastward as the true course;

* From a fancied resemblance to the people of that nation, some say, though it seems more probable that it was a name given to him after the discovery of his faithlessness.

while if communication was prevented, the tribes knew nothing of the riches and splendor of the land of Quivera, and insisted that that country lay to the north and not to the east.

Coronado, therefore, seeing that the Turk had deceived him, that provisions began to fail, and that, except the meat of the buffalo, there was no prospect of obtaining more in the country round about, convoked his captains and lieutenants in a council of war, to determine upon their future course. It was there decided that the general, with thirty of his bravest and best mounted men, and six foot soldiers, should proceed northward in search of Quivera, while the main army should return to the vicinity of the Pecos river. The soldiers protested with many supplications against this separation, but Coronado was inflexible, and he started north with guides which he had taken from the roving Indians of the plains, and the unhappy Turk securely bound; while the army, after slaughtering great numbers of the buffalo for their sustenance, set out upon their homeward route.

Northward then, from the Arkansas river, for many weary and anxious hours, the little band which accompanied the adventurous general pursued its way over the Kansas plains. July had come, the days were long and hot, and the sultry nights crept over the primeval prairie, seeming to rise like a shadowy and threatening spectre out of the grass. But stout hearts and good horses brought them at last to the southern boundary of Nebraska. And here, along the Platte river, they found the long sought kingdom of Quivera; here was Tatarrax, the hoary headed old ruler of the land. But alas for the vanity of human expectations! the only precious metal they saw was a copper plate hanging to the old chief's breast, by which he set great store; there were no musical bells, no gilded eagle, no silver dishes, no rosary, no image of the Virgin, no cross, no crown. In the midst of this disappointment, Coronado took a melancholy pleasure in hanging the Turk who had so egregiously misguided him; and that barbaric Curtius, after boldly avowing that he knew of no gold, that he had brought the invaders into the wilderness to perish with hunger and hardship, and that he had done this to rid the peaceful dwellers in the Rio Grande and Pecos valleys of their hated presence, met his fate with a stoicism which the Spaniards called despair and remorse.

Here, then, upon the southern boundary of this state, at a point not yet easily ascertainable, but doubtless between Gage county on the

east and Furnas on the west, Coronado set foot upon the soil of Nebraska, and here, busied with observations and explorations, he remained for twenty-five days.

I have already adverted to the fact that this location of the northern terminus of his march has not met with universal acceptation. The arguments, however, in support of the theory seem to me unanswerable.* Let us briefly examine them.

It is unimportant for the purpose of our investigation whether we fix the site of the cities of Cibola at Zuni, with General Simpson, at Acoma, with Emory and Abert, or on the Chaco with Mr. Morgan. The last place visited by Coronado, before he emerged from the mountains to the plains, was Cicuye, which is described as a well fortified village, with houses of four stories, in a narrow valley between pine-clad mountains, and near a stream well stocked with fish. These features point so unmistakably to what is now known as old Pecos, on the river of the same name, that no one can visit those desolate and melancholy ruins and remain unconvinced. The four stories may even now be distinguished by the careful observer; the place is still admirably fortified both by nature and art against any assault not aided by artillery; it is apparently completely hemmed in by mountains, and among the stone hatchets, hammers, arrow-heads, and bits of turquoise, which the curious may still find there, are not unfrequently to be seen the grooved stones which the Indians used as sinkers for their fishing nets. Some, however, have founded an objection upon the statement of Castaneda that, after leaving that place, the army did not reach the Cicuye river, which flowed near Cicuye, and took its name from that place, until the fourth day; and General Simpson, though he thinks that no other place than Pecos "in so many respects suits the conditions of the problem," is inclined to get over the difficulty by supposing that the river referred to was the Gallinas, which it might require four days to reach. With the utmost deference, however, to the opinion of so learned and skillful an explorer, I venture to suggest that it is unnecessary to suppose that four days were occupied in the march to the crossing. Supposing Coronado

* The view I have taken of Coronado's march was suggested by Mr. Gallatin, and has been supported by General Simpson. See the latter's excellent paper on this subject in the Smithsonian Report for 1879. I think, however, that the General has placed the northernmost point reached much too far to the eastward.

to have left Pecos near the close of the first day (by no means an unusual time for the commencement of a long expedition), and to have reached the crossing on the morning of the fourth, then but little more than two days would have been occupied on the way. Now, although the Pecos river flows very near the Pecos village, it is, in fact, not visible from that place, and by the old Santa Fe trail it is twenty-two miles to the ford at San Miguel. The railroad crosses five or six miles below the trail, and there is still another crossing some ten miles beyond, at Anton Chico. Inasmuch as to reach the nearest of these points through the difficult country about Pecos might well have consumed two days, it seems to me that the paragraph in question confirms instead of opposing his views. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that as the evident object of the Turk was to lead the troops as far to the eastward as possible, he would, if practicable, take them to some lower point than San Miguel on the Santa Fe trail. There seem, therefore, to be conclusive grounds for believing that Cicuye and Pecos are identical.

From Cicuye the main body marched about seven hundred miles north-easterly to a considerable river. As all the narratives of the expedition concur in bearing testimony to this fact, there is no escape from it except by the exercise of an unreasoning disbelief. After making all possible allowances for deviations from a direct line and the shortened steps of tired soldiers, it is impossible to believe that this stream could have been anything south of the Arkansas. The distance by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway from Pecos to Newton, Kansas, is five hundred and ninety-three miles. By the Santa Fe trail it is probably about the same. That the main body of the army reached a spot as far north as that cannot certainly be a violent presumption.

From the point where he left his army, Coronado must have proceeded in a direction west of north. "They have diverged too much towards Florida," says Castaneda. The time occupied in the march by the detachment is uncertain; Castaneda gives it as forty-eight days, while Coronada says in one place that it was forty, and in another forty-two days. Taking the lowest of these numbers, and conceding that it includes also the twenty-five days spent by the general in exploring Quivera, and there was ample time to reach the Platte or the Republican river.

But again, we have the positive declaration of Coronado that he gained the southern boundary of this state. "I have reached," says he in his report to the viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, "the fortieth parallel of latitude." It is a fair rule for historical investigators to take as absolutely true the statements of eye witnesses of a transaction, unless there should be something contradicting their testimony or impeaching their veracity. In this instance not only is there nothing affecting the credibility of Coronado's assertion, but on the contrary it is sustained by numerous corroborating circumstances. Among the latter are the descriptions of the soil, the flora and the fauna of the land of Quivera, which might now serve for a report of the resources of Nebraska.

"The inhabitants," says Coronado in his dispatch already alluded to, "are good hunters, cultivate corn, and exhibit a friendly disposition. They said that two months would not suffice to visit them entirely. In the whole extent of the province, I have seen but twenty-five villages, and these are built of straw. The natives have recognized your majesty, and are submissive to the puissance of their veritable lord. The men are large and the women well formed. The soil is the best which it is possible to see for all kinds of Spanish fruits. Besides being strong and black, it is very well watered by creeks, fountains, and rivers. Here I found plums, such as I have seen in Spain, walnuts, and excellent ripe grapes."

Jaramillo, one of his lieutenants, writing some years after the expedition, says of it: "The country has a fine appearance, such as I have not seen excelled in France, Spain, Italy, or in any of the countries which I have visited in the service of his majesty. It is not a country of mountains, there being but hillocks and plains, with streams of excellent water. It afforded me entire satisfaction. I judge that it must be quite fertile and well suited to the cultivation of all sorts of fruits. For a grazing country experience proves that it is admirably adapted, when we consider that herds of bisons and other wild animals, vast as the imagination can conceive, find sustenance there. I noticed a kind of plum of excellent flavor, something like those of Spain; the stems and blue flowers of a sort of wild flax, sumach along the margin of the streams, like the sumach of Spain, and palatable wild grapes."

Castaneda enumerates among the fruits, plums, grapes, walnuts, a kind of false wheat, pennyroyal, wild marjoram, and flax.

Gomara, another chronicler, says, "Quivera is on the fortieth parallel of latitude. It is a temperate country, and hath very good waters and much grass, plums, mulberries, nuts, melons, and grapes which ripen very well. There is no cotton and they apparel themselves with bison hides and deer skins."

It is interesting to compare with these dry catalogues, some extracts from Prof. Aughey's recently printed "Sketches of the Physical Geography and Geology of Nebraska." He says: "There are three type species of plums in the state, namely, *Prunus Americana, P. chicasa,* and *P. pumila.* Of these there is an almost endless number of varieties, the plums being common in almost every county, especially along he water courses, and bordering the belts of timber. These plum groves in spring time present a vast sea of flowers, whose fragrance is wafted for miles, and whose beauty attracts every eye.

"Two species of grapes, with a great number of hybrids and varieties, abound in Nebraska. It is hard to realize without seeing it, with what luxuriance the vine grows in this state. Some of the timber belts are almost impassable from the number and length of the vines which form a network from tree to tree. Straggling vines are sometimes found far out on the prairie, where, deprived of any other support, they creep along the ground and over weeds and grass.

"Along the bluffs of the Missouri and some of its tributaries, the red mulberry (*Morus rubra*) abounds. Sometimes it reaches the dimensions of a small tree.

"Though nuts are not always classed with fruits, it seems proper in this place to mention the few that abound in Nebraska. First in the list is the nut of the noble black walnut (*Juglans nigra*).

"Nebraska is remarkable, among other things, for its wild grasses. They constitute everywhere the covering of the prairies. Even where old breaking is left untilled the grasses vie with the weeds for possession, and often in a few years are victorious. Every close observer, passsing through the state in summer, must notice the great number of species and their vigorous growth. I have in my collection 149 species of grass that are native to the state.

"The smooth sumach (*Rhus glabra*) is common in Nebraska, and the dwarf sumach (*R. Copallina*) and the fragrant sumach (*R. aromatica*) are sometimes found."

Coincidences so remarkable as these certainly strongly support, if they do not firmly establish, the theory for which I contend.

Upon this march, for the first time, civilized eyes looked upon those two familiar denizens of the plains, the prairie dog and the buffalo. The description of the latter is graphic and quaint.

"These oxen are of the bigness and color of our bulls, but their horns are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore-shoulders, and more hair on their fore part than on their hinder part, and it is like wool. They have, as it were, a horse mane upon their back bone, and much hair and very long from their knees downward. They have great tufts of hair hanging down from their foreheads, and it seemeth that they have beards because of the great store of hair hanging down at their chins and throats. The males have very long tails, and a great knot or flock at the end, so that in some respects they resemble the lion, and in some other the camel. They push with their horns, they run, they overtake and kill a horse when they are in their rage and anger. Finally, it is a foul and fierce beast of countenance and form of body. The horses fled from them, either because of their deformed shape or else because they had never seen them. Their masters have no other riches nor substance; of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shoe themselves; and of their hides they make many things, as houses, shoes, apparel, and ropes; of their bones they make bodkins, of their sinews and hair, thread; of their horns, maws, and bladders, vessels; of their dung, fire, and of their calves' skins, budgets, wherein they draw and keep water. To be short, they make so many things of them so they have need of, or as many as suffice them in the use of this life."

Here, too, is a description, the accuracy of which some of us may perhaps recognize. "One evening there came up a terrible storm of wind and of hail, which left in the camp hailstones as large as porringers and even larger. They fell thick as rain drops, and in some spots the ground was covered with them to the depth of eight or ten inches. The storm caused, says one, many tears, weakness, and vows. The horses broke their reins, some were even blown down the banks of the ravine, the tents were torn, and every dish in camp broken." The last was a great loss, for from the natives they could steal nothing, not even calabashes, the inhabitants living on half-cooked or raw meat which needed no plates.

Our explorers heard of other countries and tribes further on, and especially of a great river to the eastward of them, which they con-

jectured must be the river of the Holy Ghost, which De Soto discovered, and which was undoubtedly the Missouri; but they had despaired of finding gold, and so, in August, Coronado, reaching as I think the Platte river, caused a cross to be erected, upon whose base was carved the inscription, "Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, general of an expedition reached this place." Thereupon he set his face southward, rejoined his army and went into winter quarters with the timid and submissive people who had learned from his sharp sword the doctrines of Christianity. He purposed, or at least he pretended that he purposed, to return in the spring and renew his explorations in Quivera, "but," says the pious soldier Castaneda, "that was not to take place. God has reserved these explorations for others. To us he gives only the right to boast that we were the first to make the discovery. His will be done." When the spring opened, Coronado had a fall from his horse which caused severe injuries, and recalling the predictions of the astrologer of Salamanca, his superstitious fears were so wrought upon that his only desire was to breathe his last in the arms of his beloved wife. But the soldiers who hated to return and longed to settle on the fertile prairies of Quivera, loudly complained that his sickness was in great part counterfeited, and that it was in truth only the fair wife that drew him homeward from his duty. Fifty years afterward, Bacon, perhaps with Coronado's failure in his mind, wrote, "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to Fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises whether of virtue or of mischief." But whatever the cause, Coronado returned to Mexico, was ill received by the viceroy, who had spent more than half a million of dollars on the expedition,* lost his reputation and his government, and so with Donna Beatrix, his beautiful wife, passes out of our sight forever.

One of the discoverers of Quivera, however, lingers within our gaze for a short time longer. A Franciscan friar, John of Padilla, burned to teach these natives the doctrines of Christ in a more humane fashion than they had hitherto been inculcated; and earnest in his desire to save souls, announced his intention of returning to Quivera as a missionary. He had all the sincere faith, the dauntless courage, and the lively enthusiam of his class; and he would have echoed the pious sentiments of one of his brethren in the new world,

* Three-score thousand pesos of gold, says Gomara.

whose devout aspirations, after a concealment of more than two hundred years, have just been brought to light. "America," says the good father,* "is a school where one learns perfectly to seek nothing but God, to desire nothing but God, to have his whole thoughts upon God, and to rely only upon the paternal providence of God. To live among the missions of the new world is to live in the bosom of the Almighty, and to breathe only the air of his divine conduct. How fragrant this atmosphere! How fine the holy horrors of these forests! What lights in the thick darkness of this barbarism! The joy of having baptized one savage, who, dying soon after, may go straight to heaven, surpasses all which one can imagine of joy in this world. He who has once tasted the sweetness of Jesus Christ prefers it to all the empires of the earth. America is not without its sufferings. One is sometimes tortured by so many pains, wasted by such rude labors, environed by so great perils, and so abandoned by human aid, that he finds but God alone. But to lose all to find God is a profitable loss, a holy usury. One never encounters the cross, the clouds, and the thorns, but he finds Jesus in the midst of them."

Actuated by pious considerations like these, Padilla, with a few followers, returned to Nebraska, taking with him horses, mules, sheep, fowls, and the necessary dresses and ornaments for the celebration of the mass. He was not long in finding the reward he sought. Either to possess themselves of his humble chattels, or because they resented his determination to preach to a tribe with which they were at war, the natives soon bestowed upon him the crown of martyrdom; his companions betook themselves to more civilized regions, and the darkness of barbarism again for more than two hundred years settled down over the land of Quivera.

Near the margin of the Pecos river, in a little crevice between the rocks, and among bones knawed by the wolves, there were found, some ten or twelve years since, the helmet, gorget, and breastplate of a Spanish soldier. Straying perhaps from his companions, perhaps wounded in a skirmish, perhaps sick and forsaken, he had crawled to this rude refuge; and far from the fragrant gardens of Seville, and the gay vineyards of Malaga, had died alone. The camp fires of Quivera were consumed more than three centuries ago; the bones of the profane Moor and the self-devoted Turk have bleached in the sunshine

* Pere Claude Allouez.

and decayed; the seven cities of Cibola have vanished; the cross of Coronado has mouldered into dust, and these rusted relics are all that remain of that march through the desert and the discovery of Nebraska.

NOTE—The student of Spanish conquests in America will, of course, understand that the suggestion that this armor belonged to a soldier of Coronado's expedition is merely fanciful. It is, however, by no means, an impossible surmise; though it must be admitted that defensive armor was used in America against the rude missiles of the natives, long after the use of gunpowder had banished it from European warfare.

Since the delivery of this lecture, an antique stirrup, of the exact shape and character of those used for centuries by Moorish horsemen, has been found near the Republican, at a spot about seven miles north of Riverton, in Franklin county. It was buried so deep in the ground as to preclude the idea that it had been covered by natural causes, and its presence there may afford a curious subject for conjecture.

It is worthy of note also, that the engineers of the new branch of the Union Pacific Railway, now building northward along one of the forks of the Loup, report numerous ancient mounds along their route, and many evidences of once populous cities. Specimens of the ancient pottery, with the shards of which the ground is thickly strewn, are almost identical with those still to be found at Pecos and other cities in New Mexico. This fact is peculiarly interesting, in view of one of the statements of the Turk, just before his execution, to the exasperated Spaniards, that the cities to which he was conducting them, "were still beyond."

THE PLACE OF HISTORY IN MODERN EDUCATION.

BY PROF. GEO. E. HOWARD, NEBRASKA STATE UNIVERSITY.

The following is an abstract of an address delivered by Prof. Howard at the opening of the winter term of the Nebraska University, at the time the Nebraska State Historical Society was in session, and by agreement before a joint session of the two organizations, to serve also as the annual address of the Historical Society:

History is the youngest of the studies to claim a place in higher education, and as a disciplinary study it is still regarded by many as on trial—on probation.

It is thought that it has, at most, no higher claim than as a culture study or means of general information. This opinion finds frequent

and varied expression. One says: It is not necessary to study history in college, since it may be mastered subsequently as a means of recreation or relaxation between the hours of business. Another says: History may be sufficiently taught as an adjunct of some other branch, as Latin or Greek. A third: History is not a science, and therefore not entitled to a large space in the academic course.

Now these statements are made in all sincerity by men of culture. May they not rest on a misapprehension of the character of modern history? May they not possibly be based on the conception of history as it was and not as it is understood by scholars?

In short, what is its place in modern education?

It seems desirable as a starting point of this discussion to make two preliminary statements: First, as to the condition of historic study outside the schools. Second, as to its condition within the schools.

If the familiar aphorism of Mr. Freeman, that "history is past politics, and politics present history," be accepted, there will be little difficulty in perceiving that the thought of this generation is pretty liberally engaged in the actual making of history.

On the other hand, equally patent is its astonishing productiveness in historic writings.

There is scarcely a topic of general or special interest which is not treated by a formidable catalogue of authors. The bare enumeration of authorities which must be consulted on such a topic as the history of the German mark or Old English local government, requires many closely printed pages. It is no exaggeration to say that the past fifty years have produced a more splendid array of historic talent than all the preceding generations combined.

Our precocious scientific genius is the mark of the nineteenth century, and the most striking thing connected with modern science is its historic tendency. It is full of suggestion that the word historic is frequently used by writers in other departments of thought to characterize the trend or form of their investigations, notably in the natural sciences, philology, and jurisprudence. In fact there is little practical difference between the terms comparative, inductive, and historic. Each is opposed to *a priori* or assumption, and each implies that the present must be viewed in the light of the past.

To trace the persistence in type, note the transformation in variety in animal or vegetable forms, or mark the phonetic corruption of a

word, differs little from observing the continuity in growth of an institution.

The phenomenal historic activity of our age, then, is the first statement.

What is the condition of historic study within the schools?

In Germany, history has long occupied an honorable position in the university as the peer of philology and science. And the recent utterances of Prof. Paulsen, of the university of Berlin, seem to indicate that a movement has begun pointing to a reconstruction of the gymnasial course through a liberal substitution of history and other modern studies for Latin and Greek.

In England, until recently, the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge have contributed little to the encouragement of this study. Few of the throng of illustrious scholars whose names are the glory of English historical literature have been called to professorial chairs. The same is true of the leading scientists. Hallam, Kemble, and Palgrave, like Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer, owed nothing to the encouragement of these schools.

But in England a new era has already dawned for history, shown by the presence of such scholars as Bryce and Stubbs at Oxford, and Seeley and Freeman at Cambridge; and by the new appreciation of the educational value of the study of English institutions, inspired largely by the publication under the wise patronage of the government, of those wonderful national records contained in the "Rolls Series" and the "Calendars of State Papers."

In our own country the study of history in the schools is in a most peculiar condition: neglected by the many and exalted by the few. In the majority of the common schools either no provision is made, or else the subjects chosen and the methods adopted are so unfit that little results save dislike for studies which should be as intensely fascinating as they are essential to the duties of citizenship.

Year after year is spent in ciphering through the dreary round of the rules of arithmetic, including the dark mysteries of "circulating decimals" and "alligation alternate," and not an hour is devoted to he history and organization of the state, county, or city in which the pupil lives.

The only wonder is that the youth passes the ordeal with enough judgment left to solve any practical problem of life without recourse to his customary machine, the "rule."

The condition of things in the college is in happy unison with that of the common school. Few of the several hundred institutions of nominal college rank are conscious apparently of the movement of the times. History still stands at the threshold asking in vain for worthy recognition.

If the study is not entirely neglected, at most select morsels are doled out by the professor of Latin or Greek, without regard to previous diet or the power to digest such strange viands. Occasionally some poor tutor, in addition to his usual double portion of work, is allowed, for a term or so, in order to swell the list of facilities in the annual announcement, to hear a class call off a catalogue of hard names usually denominated "General History."

Happy is the student who can now and then enjoy a lecture or course of lectures by some non-resident plebeian, who is suffered, like the old tribune of the plebs, to shout out the demands of the millions through the doors of the sacred edifice, instead of being invited to enter, put on the badge of office, and take a seat with the elders at the council board.

But recently several of the leading and more liberal universities have set on foot a movement which is destined to effect an entire revolution in the college curriculum, and bids fair to place historic science in the front rank of studies for which academic honors are given.

The leader in the new movement is the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore; not so much from the variety of instruction offered, as on account of originality of organization, scientific method, the emphasis of American local institutions as the most fruitful field for academic work, and on account of her admirable system of co-operation, which already embraces the most enterprising scholars throughout the country. This latter system is already stimulating production to a remarkable degree. The monographic serial published through this medium is the most important contribution to the study of our local institutions which has yet appeared; especially as suggesting the direction which independent academic investigation may most readily take. In this university are three professors in the department, offering an aggregate of twenty-three hours instruction a week, besides the work of the seminary. One of the seven undergraduate courses, is the course in history. For the completion of this course the degree of Bachelor of Arts is given, as it is also given for that in Latin and Greek and the other courses.

[The speaker then gave at some length a detailed account of the "School of Political Science" in the university of Michigan; of the "Wharton School of Finance and Economy" in the university of Pennsylvania; noticed the significant fact that Cornell University has established a separate chair for American history, a precedent recently followed by the university of Pennsylvania; stated that Harvard was now giving the degree of Bachelor of Arts for work, which, under the elective system, may consist almost wholly of history; showed that history had already taken a prominent place in Yale College, the universities of Kansas, California, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Syracuse, and in Columbia and Iowa Colleges; he then proceeded:]

What is the evident interpretation of these facts? It is this: A number of the foremost institutions of the United States affirm that historic studies are worthy to form the substance of a liberal education which should be recognized by an academic degree; and that degree, in the two leading instances, is the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

They say that the subjects which more than any others are stirring the thoughts of men in this generation, should find a corresponding place in modern education.

Are these schools justified in this position? The remainder of this discussion will be an attempt to furnish the material for an answer by enquiring: First, What is history? Secondly, What are its advantages as a means of mental discipline?

WHAT IS HISTORY?

and, first, what is its theme, its subject?

Briefly stated the beginning and the end of history is man. Whatever bears the impress of his thought is its sphere. Whatever will enable the historian to get closer to the average common man of any age is precious to him.

Surely no more interesting nor useful study can be imagined than the intellectual history of our kind.

The naturalist does not scorn the pettiest detail in the structure of the most rudimentary forms of animal or vegetable life, even in remote geological ages, and his science justly finds an honored place in institutions of learning.

Shall not the habits, the customs, the institutions, the achievements

of man be equally respected? History is to the intellectual man what biology or physiology is to the physical.

It is the recognition of its proper subject, the right point of view, which has suddenly filled the study with human interest; has made it practical, and therefore immensely productive, even in material benefits; and which, by leading to the scrutiny of every part of the vast field of human activity, has greatly widened its boundaries.

Historians of the old or annalistic type were entirely too fond of fine society. They loved especially to frequent the palaces of princes and prelates, to prattle of pageants and progresses, of banquets and battles, of the virtues and vices of kings. Fortunate, indeed, if the arid waste of annals be occasionally enlivened by a glimpse of man in a Thucydides, a Gregory of Tours, a Philip de Comines, or a Pepys.

But the scholar is no longer nice in his tastes. He is more eager to visit a Saxon town moot than the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He is much more interested in the chances for justice in the old hundred court than in the corruption of Lord Chancellor Bacon. More partial to a peasant's daughter than to a countess. Would give more for an hour with a villein of Edward First's day than for a week in the saloons of the Grand Monarch. It is infinitely more valuable to him to know the wages of a ploughman or the prices of beef, barley, or pork, in a by-gone age, than to know that Elizabeth left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, or that a gentleman of her day, to use the quaint words of Harris, "often put a thousand goats and a hundred oxen on his coat," or "carried a whole manor upon his back."

HISTORY A SCIENCE.

In the second place history is a science—a comparative science.

But I hasten to relieve you of the apprehension that I am about to inflict upon you a psychological thesis. For the present purpose it is perfectly indifferent whether Mr. Buckle's doctrines of general averages or of the determining influence of physical environment are true or not. I shall not attempt to prove that man is or is not a free moral agent, and hence, that he is independent or not of physical causes. Whether the career of intellectual man can be predetermined with the same certainty as can that of physical man, is an interesting question but need not be answered to establish the scientific character of history.

It is sufficient to say that human nature is steadfast, governed by persistent natural laws, to which, doubtless, the will as well as the other mental faculties renders due obedience. But even if this premise, which I think will not be disputed, were not true, yet, if the study of history, though not the relation of its facts, is subject to scientific method, still my use of the term science is justified, as in analogous cases it is justified, notably for linguistics and geology, each of which is still to some degree tentative, though the subject is capable of scientific method, and furnishes excellent mental discipline. And that the study of history is capable of scientific treatment and has an elaborate scientific apparatus, is well known, and their efficiency demonstrated by the experience of those leading schools already mentioned.

Indeed the methods and the apparatus of the historian are strikingly similar to those of the naturalist. The library is his laboratory; the institutions of his city or county are the analog of the geologist's local formations; the survival of a custom in a distorted and scarcely recognizable form, the analog of the fossil remains of a trilobite, each must be detached from its environment with care, properly classified, and labeled for the cabinet.

It was the clear recognition of history as a comparative science, which, a few years ago, gave such an impulse to investigation. It was a phase of the wonderful productivity produced by the advent of comparative philology—the perception of the fact, that the comparative or historic method is the vitalizing principle of all science. History is a very comprehensive science. It is important to note this in determining whether it furnishes material for a liberal education. History means more than it once did.

As already said, the recognition of man as its proper object suddenly enlarged its boundaries by ennobling, so to speak, whole groups of facts previously neglected, but since regarded as auxiliary sciences or special departments.

In the first place, under history, in the usual or restricted sense, are embraced two great divisions: narrative history and institutional history. The former includes the religious and political story of man in all countries, at all times, in all crises. The latter, itself amply sufficient for a special if not a liberal education, comprehends history of political constitutions, ancient and modern; comparative politics, ancient law, including the history of Roman law, comparative manners

and customs, comparative mythology, ecclesiastical institutions. Secondly, there is a congeries of sciences, scarcely to be distinguished from history, and often classed with it under the common head of political science; these are: political economy, finance, social science, administration, international law, political ethics, local government, constitutional law, etc.

There is also a second congeries of correlated studies whose practical results are indispensable to the historian. Ethnology and ethnography, geography, epigraphy, comparative philology, archæology, anthropology, the history of philosophy, literature, and the fine arts.

So important are these complementary branches that the historian must often depend almost wholly upon one or the other of them for a right understanding of an epoch or a movement.

For example, the age of the Antonines is unintelligible without the history of philosophy; the Renaissance, without that of art; the age of Chaucer or of Elizabeth, without that of literature; the age of Anne, without that of Grub street and the coffee-house.

But no one of these subjects is more important and so little appreciated as ethnology and ethnography, the classification and characteristics of races. A concrete example will illustrate: Doubtless the most important crisis for civilization was that Titanic duel of a century and a quarter between Rome and Carthage. But who can accurately estimate the value of the stake, or sympathize with the great leaders without perceiving that it was the clash of opposing civilizations, the impact of diverse races? On the one hand, Fabius and Scipio, best Roman examples of our Aryan stock. On the other, the great-souled Hamilcar and the chivalrous Hannibal, sons of the Tyrian city of Dido, and descendants of those old Phœnician Canaanites whom the children of Israel were commanded to drive from the Promised Land; that those Semitic worshipers of Moloch were the blood relatives of their deadly enemies, the followers of Jehovah; and that those two Carthaginian heroes were racial first cousins of those doughty old warriors, Gideon, David, and Judas Maccabeus.

What I wish to enforce with special emphasis is the institutional character of history, the growing tendency to treat all history, even narrative, from an institutional point of view. It is this fact which enables us to see clearly that it is a science in matter as well as in method.

An institution is an organic being instinct with life. It is as much a living thing as is a plant or an animal—nay, it is of a higher order. Its vitalizing principle is the mind of man itself, in response to whose desires it develops organs and performs functions. It is as much a part of man as is his body. Without institutions man, a social being, cannot exist. He does not consciously create them. They grow with his growth and decay with his decay. The organic and vital nature of institutions is embodied in the great modern doctrine of survival and continuity. Just as in the animal or vegetable world, persistence in type, perpetuity in genus and species is the rule; so with an institution, continuity is the rule in all essential features. But just as an animal organ which no longer has a function to perform, or is employed for a different function becomes rudimentary or transformed, so an institution may survive as a meaningless custom or become dif ferentiated into a number of new and co-existent forms or varieties.

Institutional history thus takes its place as a natural science.

Before leaving this part of my subject I must point out two practical advantages of institutional history of great importance in estimating its educational value. The first is as a preparation for law and practical politics. This quality is expressly recognized in the annual announcement of the school of political science of Michigan university, and is formally set forth as the object of the endowment of the Whar ton school of finance in the university of Pennsylvania.

Since the days of Bentham English and American jurisprudence has shown a healthy tendency to simplification. This tendency may b described as a gradual substitution of equitable for technical rules in every part of legal procedure by pruning off archaic and barbarous forms. This is a direct result of the study of comparative institutions. It is well known that the Norman lawyers employed the selfish craft of their profession to conceal the primitive and healthy kernel of Germanic legal custom in the factitious and cumbrous environment of forms and technicalities; but during the past few decades, guided by a new sense for the rational and organic nature of institutions, scholars have been unwinding this artificial covering and disclosing once more the original and healthy germ.

No higher nor more necessary service can be rendered by education than to offer the best facilities for the formation of broad scholarly views of the organic character of institutions on the part of future lawyers, legislators, and statesmen.

In this form of education rests our hope finally to surmount three of the greatest dangers which threaten our republic: crude legislation, bad economy, and the defeat of justice in the courts of law.

The second advantage is the opportunity for independent and original investigation. It is an advantage possessed over botany and other natural sciences, because comparatively little has yet been done in the local field of American history. Especially important is the fact that independent work may begin in the public school. The history and organization of the school district, town, or county in which the pupil lives is unwritten. The boy or girl can collect facts in regard to the city council or school board as easily as he can classify butterflies or flowers. Nay, he may begin still nearer home—with his father's family. Its history and organization are also unwritten. And let me say that this institution is too much slighted by educators.

How few are prepared to give an intelligent analysis of its organization? The system and mode of reckoning relationship, the simpler mutual property rights of parents and children, the nature of a will, why and when it should be made, what is an administrator, mutual moral obligations of the various members of the family, and the grounds on which they rest, is the family a political body? etc.

A few lessons devoted to this institution might prove a remedy for some very serious social evils arising in ignorance or heedlessness touching many of the fundamental duties of men and women.

HISTORY AS A MEANS OF MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

Passing now from the consideration of the aim and character of historic science, I invite your attention to the second inquiry: History as a means of mental discipline, and first in its relation to the study of language.

The first way in which history furnishes a discipline in language is in the study of historic etymology, or the history embodied in proper names. The terminology of institutional history is unique. Its class names are not artificial labels, manufactured from the stock of the dead languages, but natural products co-existent with the thing itself, and almost always containing an epitome of its history. The use made by writers of this source of history is very extensive. The first work published on the subject was Jacob Grimm's history of the German

language, but since its appearance a formidable literature has arisen devoted to the study of proper and local names. I will only mention William Arnold's great work on the "Settlements and Wanderings of the German Races," and Isaac Taylor's "Words and Places," the last of which every English student should read. As you are aware nearly all that is known of our Aryan ancestors is derived from the results of comparative philology. Witness the use made by Mommsen in the first chapters of his history of Rome of the etymology and meaning of words. Many of the gravest discussions of constitutional history turn on the derivation of a word. For example the word "king." If the views of one party be accepted, it is derived either from the cognate of a sanskrit root meaning father of a family, or from a cognate of the German koennen, to be able, to have power; hence the man of power, the able man, as Carlyle styles him.

If the views of another party be accepted, it comes from the Anglo-Saxon cyn, meaning gens, race, or clan, and the patronymic ing meaning son of, born of, hence child of the race. In other words, in the first explanation, we behold either a patriarch with power of life and death over his family, or an absolute monarch in embryo, divine prerogrative, the justification of Charles I., and James II., and George III. In the second, we see a rudimentary constitutional king, the servant of his people, the justification of Cromwell and William of Orange and Washington.

Thus the intelligent teacher of history constantly calls attention to a feature of language almost entirely neglected in education save by the professional philologist—the organic living nature of words; the fact that each is a little world with an eventful history all its own.

But perhaps the most important discipline in respect to language, constantly required by the study of history, consists in the use of class names and general propositions.

No department of logic is more important than that which treats of genus and species in the use of terms. The child thinks in concrete details, the man in general forms; and no subject insists on this principle as an essential to comprehensive thought, more constantly than history. No task is more difficult than to lead the student to analyze his subject, to devise class-names for the genus, species, and variety of his argument. Institutional history is nothing if not analytic.

So important is this practical application of logic, that I would like to insist on the student's depositing a mental brace synopsis of each subject in the *tablinum* of his memory.

I am aware that this is trespassing on the benefits supposed to be peculiar to the study of language; but I am convinced that a science which is essentially analytic calls the attention more sharply to the importance of observing the connotation of words than an abstract subject with which no immediate practical use is necessarily connected.

DISCIPLINE OF THE REASON AND THE JUDGMENT.

In the second place what discipline has our science for the reason and the judgment?

I have termed history a science, but it is by no means an exact science. I am profoundly glad that it is not an exact science.

It is remarkable how seldom in real life we can avail ourselves of the forms of mathematical reasoning. In trying to forecast the future in actual business, do our utmost, we can seldom arrive at more than a moral certainty—a probability. In planting a crop, choosing a course of study, training a child, deciding on the right or wrong, the justice or injustice of an action, estimating the probable demand or supply of a commodity, we cannot use square and compass, nor avail ourselves of the propositions of Euclid.

We cannot be certain of our major premise. There are a thousand starting points, each of which may be the major premise. Would it not be fortunate for the student, if the college course should fortify his mind for the long and arduous struggle before it, which he can in no honorable way evade?

History has for its subject these very problems. The historian regards the experience of all generations as so many experiments performed for his instruction. No other science has such a number and such a variety of recorded experiments, performed under such absolutely perfect conditions.

History is pre-eminently the study which produces breadth of view and comprehensiveness of judgment. It seeks ever for cause and effect. It requires the intellect to gather up in one firm grasp a multitude of interlacing threads, tangled and twisted, and stretching over vast spaces to the event or phenomenon to be explained. It stimulates the desire

to grasp the utmost number of facts, in order to deepen and strengthen the resulting generalization.

In this process the exercise of what has been called the "historic sense," costs a supreme effort on the part of the reason. This may be defined as the recognition in respect to any act or thing of the principle of historic relativity. An act is great or ignoble, good or bad, according to the ethical standard of the age in question, and not according to our own notions of right or wrong. Indeed, an act which, if done by one of our own number, we should unhesitatingly condemn, may be worthy of praise, if committed by a man of the middle ages. In history, one has little use for the terms good or great, except relatively. The student of man must ever obey the maxim, "Put yourself in his place." He must try to strip off his present environment, his personal bias, his social, religious, or political prejudice, and by a sort of mental self-translation, rehabilitate himself in the new environment.

In studying the men of other ages and conditions of life, as Sir Henry Maine has so often enjoined, we must never commit the blunder of ascribing our emotions and sentiments to them.

DISCIPLINE IN MORALS.

Rightly studied, the history of man is a first-rate teacher of ethics —a thousand fold better than the ordinary treatise on moral philosophy.

What better training in principles of conduct can be imagined than familiarity with the lives and characters of great men? To follow a soul through all its vicissitudes of pain and pleasure, failure and triumph, always viewing it as a factor in the movement of the age, cannot fail to teach the nature of moral conduct.

What a supreme privilege to sympathize in the magnanimity, the unparalleled self-restraint, the sublime patience of Hamilcar; to scrutinize the insatiable ambition, the fatal self-conceit, the inchoate, noble instincts of Pompey; to weigh the vanity and modesty, the learning and superficiality, the strength and weakness of Cicero; to trace the devious windings and sinister motives of Sulla's precocious intellect; to compare the mingled licentiousness, frank magnanimity, and profound wisdom of Julius with the cunning and artificial virtue of Augustus; to admire the constancy of Washington; and to witness that

sublimest soul struggle of all—the mighty spirit of Cromwell, as with pain and prayer he bears the burden which human liberty had imposed upon him.

Thus the student acquires a sense, an instinct for comparative ethics. Dogmatic ethics may be well enough, but the study of relative or historic ethics is indispensable to the highest moral development.

HUMANISM AND TOLERATION.

There is a most interesting result of the constant habit of viewing all things in the light of historic relativity: the development of a sentiment of generous toleration for all opinions and institutions — what the men of the Renaissance called humanism.

Surely no one will say that this sentiment is not much needed in our seething modern life; and surely a science which makes this sentiment an essential to its successful study affords a vital element of liberal education in the best sense of the word.

A whole college course does not always accomplish so much!

The spirit of that true son of the Renaissance, Pico of Mirandola, is worthy of admiration. Filled with a passionate love of men, he strove to reconcile all their great thoughts. The creation of the world as recorded in Genesis, seemed to him consistent with that of the Timaeus of Plato; and he would fain defend 900 paradoxes against all comers.

The student should emulate the example of Coleridge, who, it is said, always approached reverently anything which he proposed to investigate, charitably presuming that it had served some useful purpose, satisfied some human need, however useless it had now become.

The wise student will learn to discriminate between men and movements. Even for Torquemada, the Scourge of the Inquisition, he will have sympathy; for, in the self-abasement and agony of spirit which preceded even his severest judgments, he will recognize a conscience, performing faithfully, according to its light, the painful duty demanded of it.

In Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Order of Jesus, he will recognize an honest man, striving to use the great instrument of the Renaissance itself—education, to stem the current of new ideas, and sustain the tottering structure of the Mediæval church.

Before despising an institution, he will seek the "reason of its

being," as the French say. For example, the doctrine of divine right of kings: At first blush, the pretensions of a Charles II. or a James II. to divine attributes, seem preposterous, ludicrous. The idea of the arch libertine, Charles II.'s curing the scrofula by the laying on of hands, through the emission of virtue divine, is essentially absurd. One is apt to sympathize with William of Orange, when he petulantly dismissed the only unfortunate whom he ever "touched," with the wish that God might give him "better health and more sense."

Yet this superstition was once reverenced by the learned scholars and divines of Christendom, and oceans of blood were shed to sanctify it. Even Sam Johnson, in his childhood, drew upon the divine virtue of good Queen Anne to cure his distemper.

But the philosophic student will not despise even this dogma, but will seek for the causes of its origin. Among the many far-reaching generalizations of Mr. Bryce, in his admirable book on the Holy Roman Empire, is that of the psychological immaturity or helplessness of the Christians of the early middle ages. They were unable to grasp the conception of a spiritual God, to be approached only in spirit. Hence they resorted to concrete intermediate forms as a material support for faith. On the one hand arose the adoration of images and saints and the whole system of Mariolotry. On the other, the Pope, who was invested with the divine attributes formerly possessed by the Roman emperor, and before him, by the Aryan hero-kings. The Pope became a world-priest, and vicegerent of God on earth. You know how this attribute was abused—how the Pope grasped at worldly wealth and temporal power; how, at length, when men's patience was exhausted, the little monk of Wittenberg, as the good elector of Saxony saw in his dream, reached his pen out and out, and touched the triple crown of the Pope—and it fell.

But though the Protestant world had thus destroyed the divine prerogative of popes, they were scarcely less psychologically helpless than the men of the middle ages. Luther's doctrine of "justification by faith alone," was only half comprehended. They needed a new crutch for faith; they found it in the king, who as earthly head of the church was again clothed in divinity; and Sir John Filmer in his "Patriarchia" formulated the doctrine for Christendom. Again you remember how the new divine man abused his opportunity, to oppress

and rob his subjects; and how finally Cromwell arose, and like Luther, reached out his sword and touched the head of Charles Stuart —and it was the crack of doom for the divinity of kings. Thus even the dogma of divine prerogative is seen to have satisfied the need of aryan, mediæval, and modern man, even though that need originated in human infirmity.

I might expand further on the discipline furnished by history for the imagination, or point out its advantages as a means of general culture, but I will not protract the discussion.

Allow me simply to gather into one view the substance of this argument:

History deals with intellectual man. It is a comparative science and possesses a scientific method and apparatus. It is comprehensive, largely institutional, treats of organic life, and thus takes rank as a natural science.

Institutional history has two practical advantages: As a preparation for law and politics, and as affording the readiest opportunity for independent investigation, and this investigation may begin in the common school.

As a means of mental discipline, it affords a training in language in two ways: in the history of words, thus emphasizing their living character, and in the use of generalization and class-terms, logic.

It disciplines the reason in those questions which will occupy it during life. It gives breadth of view, teaches practical and comparative ethics, and, best of all, inculcates principles of humanism and generous toleration.

Whether this is sufficient to justify the exalted rank which history is taking in the order of studies, time will render a verdict.

Fellow Students: In days of old Clio, the muse of history dwelt upon Olympus and communed only with gods and heroes. We are more favored than the Greeks. The muse has come down from the mountain and now dwells among men. Let us greet her, and she will reveal those living fountains of knowledge, which will give us power as useful citizens of this great commonwealth.

THE ORGANIC ACT.

An act to aid and encourage the "Nebraska State Historical Society."

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Nebraska:

SECTION 1. That the "Nebraska State Historical Society," an organization now in existence—Robt. W. Furnas, president; James M. Woolworth and Elmer S. Dundy, vice-presidents; Samuel Aughey, secretary, and W. W. Wilson, treasurer, their associates and successors—be, and the same is hereby recognized as a state institution.

SEC. 2. That it shall be the duty of the president and secretary of said institution to make annually reports to the governor, as required by other state institutions. Said report to embrace the transactions and expenditures of the organization, together with all historical addresses, which have been or may hereafter be read before the society or furnished it as historical matter or data of the state or adjacent western regions of country.

SEC. 3. That said reports, addresses, and papers shall be published at the expense of the state, and distributed as other similar official reports, a reasonable number, to be decided by the state and society, to be furnished said society for its use and distribution.

SEC. 4. That there be and is hereby appropriated annually the sum of five hundred dollars ($500) for the use and benefit of said "Nebraska State Historical Society," to be used under the direction of its officers exclusively in defraying expenses, collecting and preserving historical matter, data, relics, for the benefit of the state.

Approved February 27, A.D. 1883.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS,

WITH LIST OF MEMBERS.

NAME OF THE SOCIETY.

The society shall be known as the Nebraska State Historical Society.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The general object of this society shall be to encourage historical research and enquiry, spread historical information, especially within the state of Nebraska, and to embrace alike aboriginal and modern history.

2. The particular objects of this society shall be: *First*, The establishment of a library of books and publications appropriate to such an institution, with convenient works of reference, and also a cabinet of antiquities, relics, etc.; *Second*, The collection into a safe and permanent depository, of manuscripts, documents, papers, and tracts possessing historical value and worthy of preservation; *Third*, To encourage investigation of aboriginal remains, and more particularly to provide for the complete and scientific exploration and survey of such aboriginal monuments as exist within the limits of this state.

OFFICERS.

1. The regular officers of this society shall consist of a president, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, corresponding secretary, and a recording secretary.

2. All the above named officers shall be chosen by ballot at the annual meeting of the society, and hold their respective offices until their successors shall be duly elected and qualified.

3. Vacancies occurring from any cause in any of the regular offices of the society shall be filled by ballot at any regular meeting, notice of such election to be given by the recording secretary in calling the meeting at which such election shall take place.

MEMBERSHIP.

The membership of this society shall be composed of three classes, viz.: Active, corresponding, and honorary.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

To be an active member of this society the member must be a resident of the state of Nebraska. The active members shall exclusively conduct its affairs, elect its officers, admit its members, and fill its offices. They shall pay an admission fee of three dollars, and an annual assessment of two dollars, as long as they continue members.

CORRESPONDING AND HONORARY MEMBERS.

1. The admission of corresponding and honorary members shall be regulated by the by-laws.

2. Such members shall have the right of attendance at any of the society's meetings, and of participating in any scientific or historical discussions, but they shall not vote nor hold any regular office in the same, and they shall be exempt from all charges, fees, and assessments.

FORFEITURE OF MEMBERSHIP.

1. Failure to pay the regular assessment before the succeeding annual meeting shall entail forfeiture, unless the member is absent from the state and has not been duly notified by the society.

2. Conduct unsatisfactory to the members, and by them deemed incompatible with membership, shall work a forfeiture. The mode of enquiry and proceedings therein to be prescribed by the by-laws.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The annual meeting for the election of officers shall be held on the second Tuesday of January in each year. Quarterly meetings may be held at such dates in April, July, and October, and at such places as may be agreed upon and directed.

2. All regular and special meetings of society shall be held at such time and places, and be conducted by such rules and order of business as shall be determined in the by-laws.

QUORUM.

Five active members shall constitute a quorum at any meeting except at the annual meeting for the election of officers, when the required number shall be at least ten active members.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Special meetings may be called under the direction of the president, or in case of his absence, by one of the vice-presidents, for the dispatch of extraordinary business, of which seasonable written or printed notice shall be given to all the active members; *Provided, however*, That the spirit of this constitution and the by-laws of the society shall in no case be violated by the transactions of such meeting.

MANUSCRIPTS, CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

All manuscripts, correspondence, and unpublished papers deposited with this society shall be forever held by them in trust for the public benefit, and shall remain in possession of the society, unless otherwise directed by the donors, or those having legal control of the same. Copies of the same shall never be taken or removed out of the society's immediate custody, without express permission from the society, previously asked and obtained.

SEAL AND DIPLOMA.

This society shall have a seal, bearing such emblems, devices, or mottoes as shall be agreed upon by the members. A suitable form of diploma or certificate of membership shall be furnished by the secretary, duly executed by the president, secretary, and treasurer, with the seal of the society attached thereto.

OFFICERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings of the society, and to conduct its proceedings in conformity to its constitution and by-laws; *Provided, however*, That it may be at his discretion, and when present, to call any member temporarily to the chair. He shall also deliver an appropriate address at the close of his term of office.

The Vice-Presidents. It shall be the duty of the vice-presidents, in the order of their election, to perform the duties of the president in his absence.

Treasurer. The treasurer shall collect and have charge of the funds and securities of the society. He shall pay no moneys, except by a vote of the society, or by order of the board of directors. He shall keep regular and faithful accounts in proper books of the society of all moneys and securities of the society that may come into his hands, and of all receipts and expenditures connected with the same, and shall present a full and accurate report thereof to the society at their annual meeting. His accounts shall always be open to the inspection of the board of directors, and he shall make a written quarterly statement to said board of the amount then in the treasury. He shall deposit all sums of money received or collected by him for the society in some banking house in the city of Lincoln, in the name of the society, as soon as he shall have in his hands or under his control the sum of at least $25, and shall not draw out the same or any part thereof, except for payments duly authorized, and then only by his official check countersigned by the president or one of the vice-presidents, or chairman of directors. A copy of this article shall be left at the place of deposit, and the signatures of the officers for countersigning, and of the treasurer, shall be always kept there. Whenever there shall be any occasion for the services of the treasurer, and the same cannot be had in convenient time, then any two of the board of directors may perform such duties with like effect and validity as if performed by the treasurer. He shall purchase a blank book at the expense of the society, which shall be regarded as official and the property of the society, and in which he shall enter every and all acts of his official doings, with their respective dates and balances struck at the time reports are made to the society, showing the statements to be exact copies of his cash book account. The treasurer shall be required to give bonds with security, to be approved by the society, for the faithful performance of the duties of his office. The amount of said bond shall be determined by a vote of the society before the annual election of officers, and be increased from time to time as occasion may require.

1. *Recording Secretary.* The recording secretary shall keep a record of all the society's meetings, which record shall be duly signed

and certified by him and read at the opening of the succeeding meeting for information and revision. He shall have charge of the seal, charter, certificates, constitution, and records of the society.

2. He shall also duly notify in print or writing, in conformity to the constitution and by-laws, the several active members of all meetings, and also all new members of their election.

3. All written communications relating to the society and its operations, which may be received or made by him in the interval of the society's meetings, shall be duly preserved by him, and deposited with the society's collections, and a report of the same shall be made by him to the members at the next meeting.

4. He shall have charge of the library and cabinet, including all manuscripts, papers, and documents in the society's possession, and do his utmost to increase the society's historical and biographical treasures.

5. He shall prepare a suitable catalogue of the same and have all papers and manuscripts properly numbered, filed, or arranged for security and convenient reference.

6. He shall keep an account of all books taken from the library by the members or any person specially authorized so to do by the society, and by whom taken, and mark their return.

7. He shall in no case allow manuscripts to be taken from his possession, or copies of the same to be made, or articles to be removed from the cabinet, without express permission from the society previously asked and obtained.

8. He shall also keep a record of all donations, in a book specially set apart for that purpose, giving date of donations, how received, name of donor, where residing, full description of books, pictures, manuscripts, tracts, antiquities, or relics presented, how said donations were disposed of by the society, and when acknowledgment was made to donor; where donation is to be found, how endorsed, numbered, and filed.

9. It shall also be his duty to provide for the full security of all books and collections belonging to the society, by reporting, as occasion may require, their condition, and recommend such steps as he shall judge necessary for their perfect preservation, and make an annual report in writing to the society of all donations and general condition of cabinet and library.

10. He shall perform all other duties specially required of him by the constitution and by-laws.

11. In case of the absence of the secretary, a secretary *pro tempore* shall be appointed by the presiding officer.

1. *Corresponding Secretary.* To the corresponding secretary shall properly belong the charge of all communications and correspondence, not otherwise provided for, between this and other societies or individuals, relating to the objects or operations of this society.

2. He shall make report at the regular meetings of the society of all communications received or written by him, which shall be duly filed and deposited in the collections of the society.

UNION OF OFFICERS IN THE SAME INDIVIDUAL.

The offices of treasurer, recording secretary, and corresponding secretary, or any of them, may be conferred on the same individual, when in the judgment of the society the same shall be deemed expedient.

STANDING COMMITTEES AND THEIR DUTIES.

Committees on Business. There shall be appointed by the president at the annual meeting, standing committees of business, to be composed of three members each, on the following subjects, namely:

1. *A Committee of Publication.* To select and prepare all articles, papers, or essays proposed for publication by the society, and with its approval to superintend the printing thereof.

2. *A Committee on the Library and Cabinet.* To counsel and assist the secretary in enlarging and preserving the society's collections, and also to prepare and recommend such regulations for the use of the same as shall be judged necessary, to be approved by the society.

3. *A Committee on Membership.*

REMOVAL FROM OFFICE.

Any officer of this society, or member of a standing committee may be removed from office by a vote of a majority of members present at any meeting; *Provided,* That ten active members be present, and the party moved against be notified for two months next previous, if in the state of Nebraska.

INITIATION FEE AND ANNUAL ASSESSMENT.

Every active member shall pay an initiation fee of $3, and an annual assessment of $2 to the treasurer within three months after the annual meeting, or incur an additional charge of twenty cents per month, as fine for not paying within the time specified.

REVISION OF THE LIST OF MEMBERS.

A revision of the list of members of this society shall be made at the annual meeting of the society for choice of officers, at which time shall be erased or discontinued the names of such members as by virtue of the society's constitution or by-laws shall have ceased to be entitled to membership therein.

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS.

Any person may be admitted as a corresponding member of this society by the vote of two-thirds of the members present at any meeting, provided that the candidate shall have been duly nominated at the preceding regular meeting, and the nomination regularly referred and considered by the committee on membership.

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Honorary members may be chosen by vote at any regular meeting, the nomination having been made and referred at the regular meeting previously held.

REMOVAL OF MEMBERS.

In all cases of complaint against *any* member for misdemeanor, or conduct incompatible with membership, the party complained of shall be served by the secretary with a copy of the specific charges preferred against him; he shall also notify him to appear before the committee on membership at a certain place and time therein specified, to show cause why he should not be dismissed from membership of the society. The decision of the committee on membership shall be sent to the defendant by the secretary.

ALTERATION IN THE CONSTITUTION.

This constitution may be altered by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that ten of the members shall be present; *And provided further*, That any proposed alteration or amendment shall have been submitted at the second regular meeting next previously held, and read publicly at the last previous meeting to the one at which the vote shall be taken.

BY-LAWS.

1. The regular meetings of the society shall be held at such a place as the officers may select, on or near the second Tuesdays of January, April, July, and October, the hour to be designated by the secretary in the notice of the meeting.

NOTICES.

2. Written or printed notice of each meeting shall be given by the secretary to the active members not less than three days next before such meeting shall be held, either through the post-office, or by leaving the same at their usual place of abode, or by publication in at least one of the daily newspapers published in the city of Lincoln.

ADJOURNMENTS.

3. Any meeting of this society may be adjourned, whether a quorum be present or not, to such time as the majority of the members present shall determine; *Provided, however*, That notice of that adjournment shall be given by the secretary to the members, as aforesaid in section two.

ELECTION OF CORRESPONDING AND HONORARY MEMBERS.

4. At any regular meeting of the society, a quorum being present, any member may propose others for corresponding or honorary membership; if seconded by two additional members, a vote shall be taken and a majority of two-thirds of the members present shall constitute an election.

NEW MEMBERS.

5. After the publication of this constitution all new members shall be elected by ballot, a majority of three-fourths of the members—a quorum being present—shall constitute an election. And no one shall be deemed an active member until he has signed the register of members, or accepted his election as a member in writing.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. The president shall preside at all meetings, but in case of his absence, one of the vice-presidents shall take his place; and should both the president and vice-presidents be absent, *a president pro tempore* may be elected by a majority of the members present.

2. Upon being called to order and duly organized, the proceedings of the society at its regular meetings shall be as follows:

First. The record of the proceedings held at the previous meeting shall be read.

Second. This shall be followed by reports from the recording secretary, the librarian, and the corresponding secretary.

Third. Reports from standing and special committees shall be next in order.

Fourth. The secretary shall then call the roll of active members in alphabetical order, affording an opportunity to each member to communicate any information, or propose any measure of interest to the society. All such communications must be put in writing and become the property of the society.

Fifth. At any special meeting called for extraordinary business, of which the members shall be notified in the calls to the meeting, the order of proceeding at the regular meeting provided for in the preceding section (2), may be for the time being suspended or modified as shall be determined by a majority of the members present, but no other business shall be transacted besides that notified in the call, except such as may belong to the ordinary transactions of the society.

NOMINATION OF SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

All special committees shall be nominated by the presiding officer of the society for their approval unless their election shall be otherwise provided for by the express vote of a majority of the members present.

RULES OF ORDER.

The rules of order in this society at its meetings, unless otherwise specified in its by-laws, shall be those of Cushing's Manual.

OFFICERS, 1885.

ROBT. W. FURNAS, President.
J. M. WOOLWORTH, First Vice-President.
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ERRATUM.

Page 204, lines 21 and 22 should read: "as Bryce, Stubbs, or Freeman at Oxford, and Seeley at Cambridge," etc.

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